

RANDOM PD ENCYCLOPEDIA – V

VENICE IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE NORMANS.

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TRANI.

1881.

The solemn yearly marriage between the Venetian commonwealth and the Adriatic sea had much more effect on the eastern shore of that sea than on the western. On the eastern side of the long gulf there are few points which have not at some time or other "looked to the winged lion's marble piles," and for many ages a long and nearly continuous dominion looked steadily to that quarter. On the western shore Venice never established any lasting dominion very far from her own lagoons. Ravenna was the furthest point on that side which she held for any considerable time, and at Ravenna we are hardly clear of the delta of the Po. In the northern region of Italy her power struck inland, till at last, defying the precepts of the wise Doge who could not keep even Treviso, she held an unbroken dominion from Bergamo to Cividale. That she kept that dominion down to her fall, that that dominion could live through the fearful trial of the League of Cambray, may perhaps show that Venice, after all, was not so unfitted to become a land-power as she seems at first sight, and as Andrew Contarini deemed her in the fourteenth century. Yet one might have thought that the occupation of this or that point along the long coast from Ravenna to the heel of the boot would have better suited her policy than the lordship over Bergamo and Brescia. And one might have thought too that, amid the endless changes that went on among the small commonwealths and tyrannies of that region, it would have been easier for the Republic to establish its dominion there than to establish it over great cities like Padua and Verona. Yet Venice did not establish even a temporary dominion along these coasts till she was already a great land power in Lombardy and Venetia. And then the few outlying points which she held for a while lay, not among the small towns of the marches, but within the solid kingdom which the Norman had made, and which had passed from

him to kings from Swabia, from Anjou, and from Aragon. It is this last thought which gives the short Venetian occupation of certain cities within what the Italians called _the Kingdom_ a higher interest in itself, and withal a certain connexion in idea with more lasting possessions of the commonwealth elsewhere. At Trani and at Otranto, no less than in Corfu and at Durazzo, the Venetian was treading in the footsteps of the Norman. Only, on the eastern side of Hadria the Republic won firm and long possession of places where the Norman had been seen only for a moment; on the western side, the Republic held only for a moment places which the Norman had firmly grasped, and which he handed on to his successors of other races. And, if we pass on from the Norman himself to those successors, we shall find the connexion between the Venetian dominion on the eastern and the western side of the gulf become yet stronger. The Venetian occupation of Neapolitan towns within the actual Neapolitan kingdom seems less strange, if we look on it as a continuation of the process by which many points on the eastern coast had passed to and fro between the Republic and the Kings of Sicily and afterwards of Naples. The connexion between Sicily and southern Italy on the one hand and the coasts and islands of western Greece on the other, is as old as the days of the Greek colonies, perhaps as old as the days of Homer. The singer of the *Odyssey* seems to know of Sikels in Epeiros; but, if his Sikels were in Italy, we only get the same connexion in another shape. A crowd of rulers from one side and from the other have ruled on both sides of the lower waters of Hadria. Agathoklès, Pyrrhos, Robert Wiscard, King Roger, William the Good, strove alike either to add Epeiros and Korkyra to a Sicilian dominion or to add Sicily to a dominion which already took in Epeiros and Korkyra. So did Manfred; so did Charles of Anjou. And after the division of the Sicilian kingdom, the kings of the continental realm held a considerable dominion on the Greek side of the sea. And that dominion largely consisted of places which had been Venetian and which were to become Venetian again. To go no further into detail, if we remember that Corfu and Durazzo were held by Norman Dukes and Kings of Apulia and Sicily—that they were afterwards possessions of Venice—that they were possessions of the Angevin kings at Naples, and then possessions of Venice again—it may perhaps seem less wonderful to find the Republic at a later time occupying outposts on the coasts of the Neapolitan kingdom itself.

It was not till the last years of the fifteenth century, when so many of her Greek and Albanian possessions had passed away, that the Republic appeared as a ruler on the coasts of Apulia and of that land of Otranto, the heel of the boot, from which the name of Calabria had long before wandered to the toe. It was in 1495, when Charles of France went into southern Italy to receive for himself a kingdom and to return,—only to return without the kingdom,—that the Venetians, as allies of his rival Ferdinand, took the town of Monopoli by storm,

and one or two smaller places by capitulation. What they took they kept, and in the next year their ally pledged to them other cities, among them Trani, Brindisi, Otranto, and Taranto, in return for help in men and money. These cities were thus won by Venice as the ally of the Aragonese King against the French. But at a later time, when France and Aragon were allied against Venice, the Aragonese King of the Sicilies, a more famous Ferdinand than the first, took them as his share in 1509. We cannot wonder at this; no king, or commonwealth either, can be pleased to see a string of precious coast towns in the hands of a foreign power. Again in 1528 Venice is allied with France against Aragon and Naples, and Aragon and Naples are now only two of the endless kingdoms of Charles of Austria. For a moment the lost cities are again Venetian. Two years later, as part of the great pageant of Bologna, they passed back from the rule of Saint Mark to the last prince who ever wore the crown of Rome.

So short an occupation cannot be expected to have left any marked impress on the cities which Venice thus held for a few years at a late time as isolated outposts. These Apulian towns are not Venetian in the same sense in which the Istrian and Dalmatian towns are. In those regions, even the cities which were merely neighbours and not subjects of Venice may be called Venetian in an artistic sense; they were in some sort members of a body of which Venice was the chief. Here we see next to nothing which recalls Venice in any way. The difference is most likely owing, not so much in the late date at which these towns became Venetian possessions, as to the shortness of time by which they were held, and to the precarious tenure by which the Republic held them. As far as mere dates go, Cattaro and Trani were won by Venice within the same century. But, as we have seen, the architectural features which give the Dalmatian towns their Venetian character belong to the most part to times even later than the occupation of Trani. Men must have gone on building at Cattaro in the Venetian fashion for fully a century and a half after Trani was again lost by Venice. There are few Venetian memorials to be seen in these towns; and if the winged lion ever appeared over their gates, he has been carefully thrust aside by kings and emperors. More truly perhaps, kings and emperors rebuilt the walls of these towns after the Venetian power had passed away. Still the occupation of these towns forms part of Venetian history, and they may be visited so as to bring them within the range of Venetian geography. Brindisi is the natural starting point for Corfu and the Albanian coast, and Brindisi is one of the towns which Venice thus held for a season. The two opposite coasts are thus brought into direct connexion. The lands which owned, first the Norman and the Angevin, and then the Venetian, as their masters, may thus naturally become part of a single journey. We may have passed through the hilly lands, we may have seen the hill-cities, of central Italy; we may have gone through lands too far from the sea

to suggest any memories of Venice, but which are full of the memories of the Norman and the Swabian. We find ourselves in the great Apulian plain, the great sheep-feeding plain so memorable in the wars of Anjou and Aragon, and we tarry to visit some of the cities of the Apulian coast. The contrast indeed is great between the land in which we are and either the land from which we have come, or the land whither we are going. Bari, Trani, and their fellows, planted on the low coast where the great plain joins the sea, are indeed unlike, either the Latin and Volscean towns on their hill-tops, or the Dalmatian towns nestling between the sea and the mountains. The greatest of these towns, the greatest at least in its present state, never came under Venetian rule. Bari, the city which it needed the strength of both Empires to win from the Saracen, is said to have been defended by a Venetian fleet early in the eleventh century, when Venetian fleets still sailed at the bidding of the Eastern Emperor. Further than this, we can find few or no points of connexion between Venice and these cities, till their first occupation at the end of the fifteenth century. But that short occupation brings them within our range. We are passing, it may be, from Benevento to fishy Bari, as two stages of the "iter ad Brundisium." Thence we may go on, in the wake of so many travellers and conquerors, to those lands beyond the sea where the Lords of one-fourth and one-eighth of the Empire of Romania, and the Norman lords of Apulia and Sicily, the conquerors of Corfu and Albania, were alike at home. Between Benevento and Bari the eye is caught by the great tower of Trani. Such a city cannot be passed by; or, if we are driven to pass it by, we must go back to get something more than a glimpse of it. And Trani is one of the towns pledged to Venice by Ferdinand of Naples. In the midst of cities whose chief memories later than old Imperial times carry us back to the Norman and Swabian days of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, we find ourselves suddenly plunged into the Venetian history of the end of the fifteenth.

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Trani then will be our introduction to the group of towns with which we are at present concerned. At the present moment, it is undoubtedly the foremost among them; but it is hard to call up any distinct memory of its history till we reach the times which made it for a moment a Venetian possession. Trani, like other places, doubtless has its history known to local inquirers; but the more general inquirer will very seldom light upon its name. It is hard to find any sure sign of its being in Roman times, but it must be the "Tirhennium quæ et Trana" of the geographer Guido. Let us take such a common-place test as looking through the indices to several volumes of Muratori and Pertz till the task becomes wearisome. Such a task will show us the name of Trani here and there, but only here and there. We do by searching find

it mentioned in the days of King Roger and in the days of the Emperor Lothar, but it is only by searching that we find it. The name of Trani does not stand out without searching, like so many of the cities even of southern Italy. Yet Trani is no inconsiderable place; it is an archæpiscopal see with a noble metropolitan church; and in our own day, though much smaller than its neighbour Bari, it seems to share in the present prosperity of which the signs at Bari are unmistakeable. The visitor to Trani will find much to see there, but he will not find the stamp of Venice on the city. Trani, like its fellows, had received its distinctive character long before it had to do with Venice, and that character was not one that was at all marked by Venetian influences. The city is not without Venetian monuments; the memory of its Venetian days is not forgotten even in its modern street nomenclature. There is a _Piazza Gradenigo_, and an inscription near one of the later churches records the name of Giuliano Gradenigo as the Venetian governor of Trani in 1503, and as having had a hand in its building. The castle might be suspected of containing work of the days of the Republic; but a threatening man of the sword forbids any study of its walls even with a distant spy-glass; not however till the chief inscription has been read, and has been found to belong to days later than those of Venetian rule. There is no knowing what may not happen to places when they have once fallen into the hands of soldiers; to the civilian mind it might seem that, when a king writes up an inscription to record his buildings, he wishes that inscription to be read of all men for all time. It is hard too to see how an antiquary's spy-glass can do anything to help prisoners confined within massive walls to break forth, as Italian—at least Sicilian—prisoners sometimes know how to break forth. The metropolitan church of Trani is happily not in military hands; neither are the streets and lanes of the city, the houses, the smaller churches, the arcades by the haven, the buildings of the town in general. All these may therefore be studied without let or hindrance; civil officials, even cloistered nuns, see no danger to Church or State if the stranger draws the outside of a window or copies an inscription on an outer wall. But though we may find at Trani bits of work which might have stood in Venice, it is only as they might have stood in any other city of Italy. There is nothing in Trani, besides the memorial of Gradenigo, which brings the Serene Republic specially before the mind. The great church, the glory of Trani, bears the impress of that mixed style of art which is characteristic of Norman rule in Apulia, but which is quite different from anything to be found in Norman Sicily. It has some points in common with its neighbours at Bitonto and Bari, and some points very distinctive of itself. It is undoubtedly one of the noblest churches of its own class. If we were to call it one of the noblest churches of Christendom, the phrase would be misleading, because, to an English ear at least, it would suggest the thought of something on a much greater scale, something

more nearly approaching the boundless length of an English minster or the boundless height of a French one. In southern Italy bishops and archbishops were so thick upon the ground that even a metropolitan church was not likely to reach, in point of mere size, to the measure of a second-class cathedral or conventual church in England or even in Normandy. But mere size is not everything, and, as an example of a particular form of Romanesque, as an example of difficulties ably grappled with and thoroughly overcome, the church of Trani might almost claim to rank beside the church of Pisa and the church of Durham. And higher praise than that no building can have.

[Illustration: CATHEDRAL, TRANI.]

Fully to take in the effect of this grand church, it will be well not to hurry towards it on reaching the city. Go straight from the railway-station towards another bell-tower, not to that of the _duomo_. That course will lead to the so-called _villa_ or public garden. The suppressed Dominican convent close by its gate has no attractive feature except its tower, one of the usual Italian type, only with pointed arches. But the grounds of the _villa_, raised on the ancient walls of the monastic precinct, look down at once on the waves of Hadria. In the northern view we look out on lands and hills beyond the water; but no man must dream that the eastern peninsula of Europe is to be seen from Trani. We look out only over the gulf of Manfredonia—the name of the Hohenstaufen king is as it were stamped upon the waters—to the Italian peninsula of Mount Garganus. Hence, on our way to the metropolitan church, we pass by the basin which forms the haven of Trani, a basin which reminds us of the _cala_ which is all that is left of the many waters of Palermo. The distant view clearly brings out its main outline; above all, it brings out those arrangements of the eastern end which form the most characteristic feature. We see the tall tower at the south-west corner; we see the line of the clerestory with its small round-headed windows; above all, we see—so unlike anything in Northern architecture—the tall transept seeming to soar far above the rest of the church, with the three apses, strangely narrow and lofty, treated simply, as it would seem, as appendages to the transept itself. Those who have not seen Bitonto and Bari will not guess how great a danger these soaring apses have escaped. The Norman of Apulia did not, like the native Italian, deal in detached bell-towers; he clung to the use of his native land which made the tower or towers an integral part of the church. But he seems to have specially chosen a place for them which is German rather than Norman, and then to have treated them in a way which is neither German, Norman, nor Italian. At Bitonto and in the two great churches of Bari, a pair of towers flanks the east end. In Italy it might be safer to say the apse end; but we think that in all these cases the apse end is the east end or nearly so. Such pairs of eastern towers

are common in Germany; but there the great apse projects between them. At Bari and Bitonto the whole apsidal arrangement is masked by a flat wall. The towers rise above the side apses; the great central apse is hidden by the wall carried in front of it. We thus get at the east end a flat front, like a west front; we lose the curves of the apses, and with them the arcades and grouped windows which form so marked a feature in the ordinary Romanesque of Germany and Italy. A single window, of larger size than Romanesque taste commonly allows, marks the place of the high altar. And this window is adorned with shafts and mouldings of special richness, and with animal figures above and below the shafts. Now here at Trani, though all the apses stand out, yet a like arrangement is followed. The central apse has only a single window of the same enriched type; the side apses have also only a single window each, but of a much plainer kind. Thus much, without taking in every detail, we can mark in our distant view; we can mark too somewhat of the unusually rich and heavy cornice of the transept, and the upper part of the transept front, the wheel window and the two rich coupled windows beneath it. We can mark too the arrangements of the great square tower, crowned with its small octagonal finish; and even here we can see that, with all its majesty of outline, it is far from ranking in the first class of Italian bell-towers. Its composition lacks boldness and simplicity, while it has nothing remarkable in the way of ornament. Saint Zeno among the simpler towers, Spalato among the more elaborate, stand indeed unrivalled. But the cathedral tower of Trani, when closely examined, is less satisfactory than its own majestic neighbour at Bari. It is not merely that the pointed arch, always out of place in an Italian bell-tower, is used in the upper stages. The pointed arch is used with better effect, both far away in the noble tower of Velletri, and close by at Trani itself, in the far humbler tower of the Dominican church. The fault lies in this, that the windows, instead of being spread over the whole face of each stage, are gathered together in the centre of each, while two of them have rather awkward pointed canopies over the groups of windows. Still, seen from far or near, it is a grand and majestic tower, though its faults, which catch the eye at a distance, become more distinct as we draw nearer.

The road by which we approach the _duomo_ will give us no view of it from the west, and, till we come quite near to the church, we shall hardly see how closely it overhangs the sea. We take our course by the harbour, for part of the way is under heavy and dark arcades which remind us of Genoa. Presently, before we reach the great church, we come across the east end of a smaller one, with which we shall afterwards become better acquainted from its western side. At this end it seems to be called _Purgatorio_; at the other end we shall find that its true name is _Ogni Santi_—All Hallows. Here there is no transept; still the three apses may pass for a miniature of those in

the metropolitan church; there is the same single large and elaborate window in the mid apse, the same smaller single windows in the side apses. We go landwards for a short way, and we presently find ourselves on a terrace overlooking the sea, close under the east end of the _duomo_. We now better take in both the grandeur and the singularity of the building whose general effect we have studied from a distance. We take in some fresh features, as the tall blank arcades along the walls, a feature shared by Trani with Bari, and we guess that the extraordinary height of the apses must be owing to the presence of a lofty under-church. We see signs too at the east end which seem to show that at some time or other there was a design for some other form of east end, inconsistent with the present design. The visitor will now perhaps be tempted to go at once within, though he ought in strictness to pass under the tower in order to finish his outside survey at the west end. It is curious to see how the same feeling which prevails in the east end prevails in the west front also. Here we have no continuous arcades like Pisa, Lucca, and Zara—happily we have no sham gables like the great one at Lucca; we have again the single great window with the small ones on each side. Only here the mid window has over it a rich wheel, the favourite form of the country, a form which the apsidal east end would not allow. And it is treated in exactly the same way, with the same kind of surrounding ornaments, as the single-light windows.

This west front, as it now stands, has a rather bare look; the windows have too much the air of being cut through the wall without any artistic design, and there is too great a gap between the windows and the west doorway with its flanking arcades below. But this last fault at least is not to be charged on the original design, which clearly took in a projecting portico. We may doubt however whether the portico could have been high enough to have much dignity, and we shall find this feature far more skilfully treated in the other smaller church of which we have already spoken. And here we must confess that it is possible to make two visits to Trani, and each time to make a somewhat careful examination of its great church, and yet to miss—not at all to forget to look for, but to fail to find—the bronze doors which form one of the wonders of Trani. This may seem incredible at a distance; it will be found on the spot not to be wonderful. We will not describe the doors at second-hand; we will rather hasten within to gaze on the surpassing grandeur of an interior, which, as an example of architectural design, may, as we have already hinted, rank beside the church by the Arno and the church by the Wear, beside the Conqueror's abbey at Caen and King Roger's chapel at Palermo.

We say King Roger's chapel advisedly; for the palace chapel of Palermo, were every scrap of its gorgeous mosaics whitewashed over, would still rank, simply as an architectural design, among the most

successful in the world. And the chapel of Palermo has points which at once suggest comparison and contrast with the great church of Trani. We see the traces of the Saracen in both; but at Palermo the building itself is thoroughly Saracenic, at Trani the Saracen contributes only one element among others. In Sicily, where the Saracen was thoroughly at home, the Norman kings simply built their churches and palaces in the received style of the island, a style of which the pointed arch was a main feature. In southern Italy, where the Saracen was only an occasional visitor, a style arose in which elements from Normandy itself—elements, that is, perhaps brought first of all from northern Italy—are mixed with other elements to be found on the spot, Italian, Saracenic, and Byzantine. The churches of Bari, Bitonto, and Trani, all show this mixture in different shapes. One feature of it is to take the detached Italian bell-tower, and to make it, Norman fashion, part of the church itself. In such cases the general character of the tower is kept, but Norman touches are often brought into the details; for instance, the common Norman coupled window, such as we are used to in Normandy and England, often displaces the oecumenical _mid-wall_ shaft which the older England shared with Italy. Thus here at Trani, the tower joins the church, though it is not made so completely part of its substance as it is at Bari and Bitonto. The inside of the church shows us another form of the same tendency. The Norman in Apulia could hardly fail to adopt the columnar forms of the land in which he was settled; but he could not bring himself to give up the threefold division of height and the bold triforium of his own land. An upper floor was not unknown in Italy, as we see in more than one of the Roman churches, as in Saint Agnes, Saint Laurence, and the church known as _Quattro Coronati_, to say nothing of Modena and Pisa, and _Sta. Maria della Pieve_ at Arezzo. But in some of these cases the arrangement is widely different from the genuine Norman triforium, and the threefold division certainly cannot be called characteristically Italian, any more than characteristically Greek. But it is characteristically Norman; and when we find it systematically appearing in churches built under Norman rule, we must set it down as a result of special Norman taste. At Trani each of the seven arches of the nave has a triplet of round arches over it, and a single clerestory window above that. The Norman in his own land would have made more of the clerestory; he would have drawn a string underneath it to part it off from the triforium; he would have carried up shafts to the roof to mark the division into bays. But the triforium itself, as it stands at Trani, might have been set up at Caen or Bayeux, with only the smallest changes in detail. But where in Normandy, where in England, where, we may add, in Sicily, is there anything at all like the arcades which in the church of Trani support this all but thoroughly Norman triforium? These have no fellow at Bitonto; they have hardly a fellow at Bari. In those cities the Norman adopted the columnar arcades of the basilica, while in Sicily the Saracen still at

his bidding placed the pointed arch on the Roman column. At Trani too we see the work, or at least the influence, of the Saracen; but it takes quite another form. The pointed arch would have been out of place; in Normandy and England it is ever a mark of the coming Gothic, and there is certainly no sign of coming Gothic at Trani. But the coupling of two columns with their capitals under a single abacus—sometimes rather a bit of entablature—to form the support of an arch, is a well-known Saracenic feature. Not that it was any Saracen invention. In architecture, as in everything else, the Saracen was, as regards the main forms, only a pupil of Rome, Old and New; but, exactly like the Norman, he knew how to develop and to throw a new character into the forms which he borrowed. The coupled columns may truly be called a Saracenic feature, though the Saracen must have learned it in the first instance from such buildings as the sepulchral church known as Saint Constantia at Rome. We may fairly see a Saracenic influence in a crowd of Christian examples where this form is used in cloisters and other smaller buildings where the arches and columns are of no great size. It is even not uncommon in strictly Norman buildings in positions where the shafts are merely part of the decorative construction, and do not actually support the weight of the building. It was a bolder risk to take a pair of such columns, and bid them bear up the real weight of the three stages of what we may fairly call a Norman minster.

[Illustration: CATHEDRAL, TRANI, INSIDE.]

But the daring attempt is thoroughly successful; there is not, what we might well have looked for, any feeling of weakness; the twin columns yoked together to bear all that would have been laid on the massive round piers of England or their square fellows of Germany, seem fully equal to their work. It may be that the appearance of strength is partly owing to the use of real half-columns, and not mere slender vaulting-shafts, to support the roofs of the aisles. But the slender shaft comes in with good effect to support both the arch between the nave and the transept, and the arch between the transept and the great apse. The lofty transept is wholly an Italian idea; but the general idea of these two tall arches is thoroughly Norman.

In looking at such a church as this, so widely different from any of the many forms with which we are already familiar, there is always a certain doubt as to our own feelings. We admire; as to that there is no doubt. But how far is that admiration the result of mere wonder at something which in any case is strange and striking? how far is it a really intelligent approval of beauty or artistic skill? Both feelings, we may be pretty sure, come in; but it is not easy to say which is the leading one, till we are better acquainted with the building than we are likely to become in an ordinary journey. It is

familiarity which is the real test. It is the building which we admire as much the thousandth time as the first which really approves itself to our critical judgement. We have not seen Trani for the thousandth time; but we did what we could; we were so struck with a first visit to Trani that, at the cost of some disturbance of travelling arrangements, we went there again, and we certainly did not admire it less the second time than the first. And, whatever may be the exact relation of the two feelings of mere wonder and of strictly critical approval, it is certain that a third feeling comes in by no means small a measure. This is a kind of feeling of historic fitness. The church of Trani is the kind of church which ought to have been built by Normans building on Apulian ground, with Greek and Saracen skill at their disposal.

But at Trani, as commonly in these Apulian churches, it is not enough to look at the building from above ground. The great height of the apses will have already suggested that there is a lower building of no small size; and so we find it, conspicuously tall and stately, even in this land of tall and stately under-churches—crypt is a word hardly worthy of them. The under-church at Trani shows us a forest of tall columns, some of them fluted, with a vast variety of capitals of foliage. A few only can be called classical; some have the punched ornament characteristic of Ravenna. A good many of the bases have leaves at the corners, a fashion which in England is commonly a mark of the thirteenth century, but which in Sicily and Dalmatia goes on at least till the seventeenth.

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But the metropolitan church is not all that Trani has to show. In some of the buildings which we pass by in its narrow streets, we see some good windows of the style which it is most easy to call Venetian, though it might be rash hastily to refer them to the days of Venetian occupation. And there are other windows seemingly of earlier date, certainly of earlier character, which bear about them signs of the genuine Norman impress. But the strength of Trani, even setting aside the great church, lies in its ecclesiastical buildings; the best pieces even of domestic work are found in one of the monasteries. Two smaller churches deserve notice; one of them deserves special notice. This is the church of All Saints, of which we saw the east end on our way to the great minster, and on whose west end we shall most likely light as we come away from it. That west end is covered by a portico, or rather something more than a portico, as it contains a double row of arches. The front to the street forms part of a long and picturesque range of building, of which the actual arcade consists of four arches. One only of these is pointed, and that is the only one which rests on a column, the others being supported by square piers.

But beyond this outer range, the vaulted approach to the church displays a grand series of columns and half-columns, with capitals of various forms. One is of extraordinary grandeur, with the volutes formed of crowned angels; the forms of the man and the eagle, either of them good for a volute, are here pressed into partnership. Within, the church is a small but graceful basilica, which, notwithstanding some disfigurements in 1853 which are boastfully recorded, pretty well keeps its ancient character, its columns with their capitals of foliage. He who visits Trani will doubtless also visit Bari, and such an one will do well both to compare the great church of Trani with the two great churches of Bari, and to compare and contrast this smaller building with the smaller church at Bari, that of Saint Gregory. Besides this little basilica, Trani possesses, not in one of its narrow streets, but in its widest _piazza_, a church, now of Saint Francis, but which, among many disfigurements, still keeps the form of the Greek cross within, and some Romanesque fragments without. Here, as also at Bari and at Bitonto, oriental influences—something we mean more oriental than Greeks or even than Sicilian Saracens—may be seen in the pierced tracery with which some of the windows are filled. In these cases this kind of work suggests a mosque; with other details, it might have carried our thoughts far away, to the great towers of the West of England.

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Among the other members of this group of cities we might have expected to find Brindisi, so famous as a haven of the voyager in Roman days, and no less famous in our own, fill a high, if not the highest, place among its fellows. And Brindisi has its points of interest also, one of them of an almost unique interest. Over the haven rises a commemorative column—its fellow has left only its pedestal—which records, not the dominion of Saint Mark, but the restoration of the city by the Protospatharius Lupus. Is this he whose name has been rightly or wrongly added to certain annals of Bari? Anyhow there the column stands, one of the few direct memorials of Byzantine rule in Italy. There is the round church also, the mosaic in the otherwise worthless cathedral, and one or two fragments of domestic work. The lie of the city and its haven is truly a sight to be studied; we see that in whatever language it is that _Brentesion_ means a stag's horn, the name was not unfittingly given to the antler-like fiords of this little inland sea. We trace out too the walls of Charles the Fifth, and we see how Brindisi has shrunk up since his day. But we are perhaps tempted to do injustice to Brindisi, to hurry over its monuments, when we are driven to choose between Brindisi and the greater attractions of the furthest city of our group, in some sort the furthest city of Europe. We pass by Lecce, which lies outside our group, as between Trani and Brindisi we have been driven to pass

Monopoli, the spot which saw the first beginnings of the short Venetian rule in these parts. Everything cannot be seen, and we shall hardly regret sacrificing something to hasten to a spot which may well call itself the end of the world, and which forms the most fitting link between the central and the eastern peninsulas of Europe.

FROM VERSAILLES TO BRITTANY

Project Gutenberg's *My Days of Adventure*, by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly
1914

War-correspondents at Versailles—Dr. Russell—Lord Adare—David Dunglas Home and his Extraordinary Career—His _Séances_ at Versailles—An Amusing Interview with Colonel Beauchamp Walker—Parliament's Grant for British Refugees—Generals Duff and Hazen, U.S.A.—American Help—Glimpses of King William and Bismarck—Our Safe-Conducts—From Versailles to Saint Germain-en-Laye—Trouble at Mantes—The German Devil of Destructiveness—From the German to the French Lines—A Train at Last—Through Normandy and Maine—Saint Servan and its English Colony—I resolve to go to the Front.

It was dark when we at last entered Versailles by the Avenue de Choisy. We saw some sentries, but they did not challenge us, and we went on until we struck the Avenue de Paris, where we passed the Prefecture, every one of whose windows was a blaze of light. King, later Emperor, William had his quarters there; Bismarck, however, residing at a house in the Rue de Provence belonging to the French General de Jessé. Winding round the Place d'Armes, we noticed that one wing of Louis XIV's famous palace had its windows lighted, being appropriated to hospital purposes, and that four batteries of artillery were drawn up on the square, perhaps as a hint to the Versaillese to be on their best behaviour. However, we drove on, and a few moments later we pulled up outside the famous Hôtel des Réservoirs.

There was no possibility of obtaining accommodation there. From its ground-floor to its garrets the hotel was packed with German princes, dukes, dukelets, and their suites, together with a certain number of English, American, and other war-correspondents. Close by, however—indeed, if I remember rightly, on the other side of the way—there was a café, whither my father and myself directed our steps. We found it crowded with officers and newspaper men, and through one or other of the latter we succeeded in obtaining comfortable lodgings in a private house. The _Illustrated London News_ artist with the German staff was Landells, son of the engraver of that name, and we speedily discovered his whereabouts.

He was sharing rooms with Hilary Skinner, the *Daily News* representative at Versailles; and they both gave us a cordial greeting.

The chief correspondent at the German headquarters was William Howard Russell of the *Times*, respecting whom—perhaps because he kept himself somewhat aloof from his colleagues—a variety of scarcely good-natured stories were related; mostly designed to show that he somewhat over-estimated his own importance. One yarn was to the effect that whenever the Doctor mounted his horse, it was customary for the Crown Prince of Prussia—afterwards the Emperor Frederick—to hold his stirrup leather for him. Personally, I can only say that, on my father calling with me on Russell, he received us very cordially indeed (he had previously met my father, and had well known my uncle Frank), and that when we quitted Versailles, as I shall presently relate, he placed his courier and his private omnibus at our disposal, in after years one of my cousins, the late Montague Vizetelly, accompanied Russell to South America. I still have some letters which the latter wrote me respecting Zola's novel "La Débâcle," in which he took a great interest.

Another war-correspondent at Versailles was the present Earl of Dunraven, then not quite thirty years of age, and known by the courtesy title of Lord Adare. He had previously acted as the *Daily Telegraph's* representative with Napier's expedition against Theodore of Abyssinia, and was now staying at Versailles, on behalf, I think, of the same journal. His rooms at the Hôtel des Réservoirs were shared by Daniel Dunglas Home, the medium, with whom my father and myself speedily became acquainted. Very tall and slim, with blue eyes and an abundance of yellowish hair, Home, at this time about thirty-seven years of age, came of the old stock of the Earls of Home, whose name figures so often in Scottish history. His father was an illegitimate son of the tenth earl, and his mother belonged to a family which claimed to possess the gift of "second sight." Home himself—according to his own account—began to see visions and receive mysterious warnings at the period of his mother's death, and as time elapsed his many visitations from the other world so greatly upset the aunt with whom he was living—a Mrs. McNeill Cook of Greenville, Connecticut [He had been taken from Scotland to America when he was about nine years old.]—that she ended by turning him out-of-doors. Other people, however, took an unhealthy delight in seeing their furniture move about without human agency, and in receiving more or less ridiculous messages from spirit-land; and in folk of this description Home found some useful friends.

He came to London in the spring of 1855, and on giving a *séance* at Cox's Hotel, in Jermyn Street, he contrived to deceive Sir David Brewster (then seventy-four years old), but was less successful with another septuagenarian, Lord Brougham. Later, he captured the imaginative Sir Edward Bulwer (subsequently Lord Lytton), who as author of "Zanoni" was

perhaps fated to believe in him, and he also impressed Mrs. Browning, but not Browning himself. The latter, indeed, depicted Home as "Sludge, the Medium." Going to Italy for a time, the already notorious adventurer gave _séances_ in a haunted villa near Florence, but on becoming converted to the Catholic faith in 1856 he was received in private audience by that handsome, urbane, but by no means satisfactory pontiff, Pio Nono, who, however, eight years later caused him to be summarily expelled from Rome as a sorcerer in league with the Devil.

Meantime, Home had ingratiated himself with a number of crowned heads—Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie, in whose presence he gave _séances_ at the Tuileries, Fontainebleau, and Biarritz; the King of Prussia, by whom he was received at Baden-Baden; and Queen Sophia of Holland, who gave him hospitality at the Hague. On marrying a Russian lady, the daughter of General Count de Kroll, he was favoured with presents by the Czar Alexander II, and after returning to England became one of the "attractions" of Milner-Gibson's drawing-room—Mrs. Gibson, a daughter of the Rev. Sir Thomas Gery Cullum, being one of the early English patronesses of so-called spiritualism, to a faith in which she was "converted" by Home, whom she first met whilst travelling on the Continent. I remember hearing no little talk about him in my younger days. Thackeray's friend, Robert Bell, wrote an article about him in _The Cornhill_, which was the subject of considerable discussion. Bell, I think, was also mixed up in the affair of the "Davenport Brothers," one of whose performances I remember witnessing. They were afterwards effectively shown up in Paris by Vicomte Alfred de Caston. Home, for his part, was scarcely taken seriously by the Parisians, and when, at a _séance_ given in presence of the Empress Eugénie, he blundered grossly and repeatedly about her father, the Count of Montijo, he received an intimation that his presence at Court could be dispensed with. He then consoled himself by going to Peterhof and exhibiting his powers to the Czar.

Certain Scotch and English scientists, such as Dr. Lockhart Robertson, Dr. Robert Chambers, and Dr. James Manby Gully—the apostle of hydropathy, who came to grief in the notorious Bravo case—warmly supported Home. So did Samuel Carter Hall and his wife, William Howitt, and Gerald Massey; and he ended by establishing a so-called "Spiritual Athenaeum" in Sloane Street. A wealthy widow of advanced years, a Mrs. Jane Lyon, became a subscriber to that institution, and, growing infatuated with Home, made him a present of some £30,000, and settled on him a similar amount to be paid at her death. But after a year or two she repented of her infatuation, and took legal proceedings to recover her money. She failed to substantiate some of her charges, but Vice-Chancellor Giffard, who heard the case, decided it in her favour, in his judgment describing Home as a needy and designing man. Home, I should add, was at this time a widower and at loggerheads with his late wife's relations in Russia, in respect to her property.

Among the arts ascribed to Home was that called levitation, in practising which he was raised in the air by an unseen and unknown force, and remained suspended there; this being, so to say, the first step towards human flying without the assistance of any biplane, monoplane, or other mechanical contrivance. The first occasion on which Home is said to have displayed this power was in the late fifties, when he was at a château near Bordeaux as the guest of the widow of Théodore Ducos, the nephew of Bonaparte's colleague in the Consulate. In the works put forward on Home's behalf—one of them, called "Incidents in my Life," was chiefly written, it appears, by his friend and solicitor, a Mr. W.M. Wilkinson—it is also asserted that his power of levitation was attested in later years by Lord Lindsay, subsequently Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, and by the present Earl of Dunraven. We are told, indeed, that on one occasion the last-named actually saw Home float out of a room by one window, and into it again by another one. I do not know whether Home also favoured Professor Crookes with any exhibition of this kind, but the latter certainly expressed an opinion that some of Home's feats were genuine.

When my father and I first met him at Versailles he was constantly in the company of Lord Adare. He claimed to be acting as the correspondent of a Californian journal, but his chief occupation appeared to be the giving of *_séances_* for the entertainment of all the German princes and princelets staying at the Hôtel des Réservoirs. Most of these highnesses and mightinesses formed part of what the Germans themselves sarcastically called their "Ornamental Staff," and as Moltke seldom allowed them any real share in the military operations, they doubtless found in Home's performances some relief from the *_taedium vitae_* which overtook them during their long wait for the capitulation of Paris. Now that Metz had fallen, that was the chief question which occupied the minds of all the Germans assembled at Versailles, [Note] and Home was called upon to foretell when it would take place. On certain occasions, I believe, he evoked the spirits of Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Blücher, and others, in order to obtain from them an accurate forecast. At another time he endeavoured to peer into the future by means of crystal-gazing, in which he required the help of a little child. "My experiments have not succeeded," he said one day, while we were sitting with him at the café near the Hôtel des Réservoirs; "but that is not my fault. I need an absolutely pure-minded child, and can find none here, for this French race is corrupt from its very infancy." He was fasting at this time, taking apparently nothing but a little *_eau sucrée_* for several days at a stretch. "The spirits will not move me unless I do this," he said. "To bring them to me, I have to contend against the material part of my nature."

[Note: The Germans regarded it as the more urgent at the time of my arrival at Versailles, as only a few days previously (November 9), the new French Army of the Loire under D'Aurelle de Paladines had defeated the

Bavarians at Coulmiers, and thereby again secured possession of Orleans.]

A couple of years later, after another visit to St. Petersburg, where, it seems, he was again well received by the Czar and again married a lady of the Russian nobility, Home's health began to fail him, perhaps on account of the semi-starvation to which at intervals he subjected himself. I saw him occasionally during his last years, when, living at Auteuil, he was almost a neighbour of mine. He died there in 1886, being then about fifty-three years old. Personally, I never placed faith in him. I regarded him at the outset with great curiosity, but some time before the war I had read a good deal about Cagliostro, Saint Germain, Mesmer, and other charlatans, also attending a lecture about them at the Salle des Conferences; and all that, combined with the exposure of the Davenport Brothers and other spiritualists and illusionists, helped to prejudice me against such a man as Home. At the same time, this so-called "wizard of the nineteenth century" was certainly a curious personality, possessed, I presume, of considerable suggestive powers, which at times enabled him to make others believe as he desired. We ought to have had Charcot's opinion of his case.

As it had taken my father and myself three days to reach Versailles from Paris, and we could not tell what other unpleasant experiences the future might hold in store for us, our pecuniary position gave rise to some concern. I mentioned previously that we quitted the capital with comparatively little money, and it now seemed as if our journey might become a long and somewhat costly affair, particularly as the German staff wished to send us off through Northern France and thence by way of Belgium. On consulting Landells, Skinner, and some other correspondents, it appeared that several days might elapse before we could obtain remittances from England. On the other hand, every correspondent clung to such money as he had in his possession, for living was very expensive at Versailles, and at any moment some emergency might arise necessitating an unexpected outlay. It was suggested, however, that we should apply to Colonel Beauchamp Walker, who was the official British representative with the German headquarters' staff, for, we were told, Parliament, in its generosity, had voted a sum of £4000 to assist any needy British subjects who might come out of Paris, and Colonel Walker had the handling of the money in question.

Naturally enough, my father began by demurring to this suggestion, saying that he could not apply *_in formâ pauperis_* for charity. But it was pointed out that he need do no such thing. "Go to Walker," it was said, "explain your difficulty, and offer him a note of hand or a draft on the *_Illustrated_*, and if desired half a dozen of us will back it." Some such plan having been decided on, we called upon Colonel Walker on the second or third day of our stay at Versailles.

His full name was Charles Pyndar Beauchamp Walker. Born in 1817, he had seen no little service. He had acted as an *_aide-de-camp_* to Lord Lucan in the Crimea, afterwards becoming Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2nd Dragoon Guards. He was in India during the final operations for the suppression of the Mutiny, and subsequently in China during the Franco-British expedition to that country. During the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 he was attached as British Commissioner to the forces of the Crown Prince of Prussia, and witnessed the battle of Königgratz. He served in the same capacity during the Franco-German War, when he was at Weissenburg, Wörth, and Sedan. In later years he became a major-general, a lieutenant-general, a K.C.B., and Colonel of the 2nd Dragoon Guards; and from 1878 until his retirement in 1884 he acted as Inspector General of military education. I have set out those facts because I have no desire to minimise Walker's services and abilities. But I cannot help smiling at a sentence which I found in the account of him given in the "Dictionary of National Biography." It refers to his duties during the Franco-German War, and runs as follows: "The irritation of the Germans against England, and the number of roving Englishmen, made his duty not an easy one, but he was well qualified for it by his tact and geniality, and his action met with the full approval of the Government."

The Government in question would have approved anything. But let that pass. We called on the colonel at about half-past eleven in the morning, and were shown into a large and comfortably furnished room, where decanters and cigars were prominently displayed on a central table. In ten minutes' time the colonel appeared, arrayed in a beautiful figured dressing-gown with a tasselled girdle. I knew that the British officer was fond of discarding his uniform, and I was well aware that French officers also did so when on furlough in Paris, but it gave my young mind quite a shock to see her Majesty's military representative with King William arrayed in a gaudy dressing-gown in the middle of the day. He seated himself, and querulously inquired of my father what his business was. It was told him very briefly. He frowned, hummed, hawed, threw himself back in his armchair, and curtly exclaimed, "I am not a money-lender!"

The fact that the *_Illustrated London News_* was the world's premier journal of its class went for nothing. The offers of the other correspondents of the English Press to back my father's signature were dismissed with disdain. When the colonel was reminded that he held a considerable amount of money voted by Parliament, he retorted: "That is for necessitous persons! But you ask me to *_lend_* you money!" "Quite so," my father replied; "I do not wish to be a charge on the Treasury. I simply want a loan, as I have a difficult and perhaps an expensive journey before me." "How much do you want?" snapped the colonel. "Well," said my father, "I should feel more comfortable if I had a thousand francs (£40) in my pocket." "Forty pounds!" cried Colonel Walker, as if lost in amazement. And getting up from his chair he went on, in the most theatrical manner

possible: "Why, do you know, sir, that if I were to let you have forty pounds, I might find myself in the greatest possible difficulty. To-morrow-perhaps, even to-night-there might be hundreds of our suffering fellow-countrymen outside the gates of Versailles, and I unable to relieve them!" "But," said my father quietly, "you would still be holding £3960, Colonel Walker." The colonel glared, and my father, not caring to prolong such an interview, walked out of the room, followed by myself.

A good many of the poorer people who quitted Paris with us never repaired to Versailles at all, but left us at Corbeil or elsewhere to make their way across France as best they could. Another party, about one hundred strong, was, however, subsequently sent out of the capital with the assistance of Mr. Washburne, and in their case Colonel Walker had to expend some money. But every grant was a very niggardly one, and it would not surprise me to learn that the bulk of the money voted by Parliament was ultimately returned to the Treasury-which circumstance would probably account for the "full approval" which the Government bestowed on the colonel's conduct at this period. He died early in 1894, and soon afterwards some of his correspondence was published in a volume entitled "Days of a Soldier's Life." On reading a review of that work in one of the leading literary journals, I was struck by a passage in which Walker was described as a disappointed and embittered man, who always felt that his merits were not sufficiently recognized, although he was given a knighthood and retired with the honorary rank of general. I presume that his ambition was at least a viscounty, if not an earldom, and a field-marshal's bâton.

On leaving the gentleman whose "tact and geniality" are commemorated in the "Dictionary of National Biography," we repaired-my father and I-to the café where most of the English newspaper men met. Several were there, and my father was at once assailed with inquiries respecting his interview with Colonel Walker. His account of it led to some laughter and a variety of comments, which would scarcely have improved the colonel's temper. I remember, however, that Captain, afterwards Colonel Sir, Henry Hozier, the author of "The Seven Weeks' War," smiled quietly, but otherwise kept his own counsel. At last my father was asked what he intended to do under the circumstances, and he replied that he meant to communicate with England as speedily as possible, and remain in the interval at Versailles, although he particularly wished to get away.

Now, it happened that among the customers at the café there were two American officers, one being Brigadier-General Duff, a brother of Andrew Halliday, the dramatic author and essayist, whose real patronymic was also Duff. My father knew Halliday through their mutual friends Henry Mayhew and the Broughs. The other American officer was Major-General William Babcook Hazen, whose name will be found occasionally mentioned in that

popular record of President Garfield's career, "From Log Cabin to White House." During the Civil War in the United States he had commanded a division in Sherman's march to the sea. He also introduced the cold-wave signal system into the American army, and in 1870-71 he was following the operations of the Germans on behalf of his Government.

I do not remember whether General Duff (who, I have been told, is still alive) was also at Versailles in an official capacity, but in the course of conversation he heard of my father's interview with Colonel Walker, and spoke to General Hazen on the subject. Hazen did not hesitate, but came to my father, had a brief chat with him, unbuttoned his uniform, produced a case containing bank-notes, and asked my father how much he wanted, telling him not to pinch himself. The whole transaction was completed in a few minutes. My father was unwilling to take quite as much as he had asked of Colonel Walker, but General Hazen handed him some £20 or £30 in notes, one or two of which were afterwards changed, for a handsome consideration, by one of the German Jews who then infested Versailles and profited by the scarcity of gold. We were indebted, then, on two occasions to the representatives of the United States. The *laissez-passer* enabling us to leave Paris had been supplied by Mr. Washburne, and the means of continuing our journey in comfort were furnished by General Hazen. I raise my hat to the memory of both those gentlemen.

During the few days that we remained at Versailles, we caught glimpses of King William and Bismarck, both of whom we had previously seen in Paris in 1867, when they were the guests of Napoleon III. I find in my diary a memorandum, dictated perhaps by my father: "Bismarck much fatter and bloated." We saw him one day leaving the Prefecture, where the King had his quarters. He stood for a moment outside, chatting and laughing noisily with some other German personages, then strode away with a companion. He was only fifty-five years old, and was full of vigour at that time, even though he might have put on flesh during recent years, and therefore have renounced dancing—his last partner in the waltz having been Mme. Carette, the Empress Eugénie's reader, whom he led out at one of the '67 balls at the Tuileries. Very hale and hearty, too, looked the King whom Bismarck was about to turn into an Emperor. Yet the victor of Sedan was already seventy-three years old. I only saw him on horseback during my stay at Versailles. My recollections of him, Bismarck, and Moltke, belong more particularly to the year 1872, when I was in Berlin in connexion with the famous meeting of the three Emperors.

My father and myself had kept in touch with Mr. Wodehouse, from whom we learnt that we should have to apply to the German General commanding at Versailles with respect to any further safe-conducts. At first we were informed that there could be no departure from the plan of sending us out of France by way of Epernay, Reims, and Sedan, and this by no means coincided with the desires of most of the Englishmen who had come out of

Paris, they wishing to proceed westward, and secure a passage across the Channel from Le Havre or Dieppe. My father and myself also wanted to go westward, but in order to make our way into Brittany, my stepmother and her children being at Saint Servan, near Saint Malo. At last the German authorities decided to give us the alternative routes of Mantes and Dreux, the first-named being the preferable one for those people who were bound for England. It was chosen also by my father, as the Dreux route would have led us into a region where hostilities were in progress, and where we might suddenly have found ourselves "held up."

The entire party of British refugees was now limited to fifteen or sixteen persons, some, tired of waiting, having taken themselves off by the Sedan route, whilst a few others—such as coachmen and grooms—on securing employment from German princes and generals, resolved to stay at Versailles. Mr. Wodehouse also remained there for a short time. Previously in poor health, he had further contracted a chill during our three days' drive in an open vehicle. As most of those who were going on to England at once now found themselves almost insolvent, it was arranged to pay their expenses through the German lines, and to give each of them a sum of fifty shillings, so that they might make their way Channelwards when they had reached an uninvaded part of France. Colonel Walker, of course, parted with as little money as possible.

At Versailles it was absolutely impossible to hire vehicles to take us as far as Mantes, but we were assured that conveyances might be procured at Saint Germain-en-Laye; and it was thus that Dr. Russell lent my father his little omnibus for the journey to the last-named town, at the same time sending his courier to assist in making further arrangements. I do not recollect that courier's nationality, but he spoke English, French, and German, and his services were extremely useful. We drove to Saint Germain by way of Rocquencourt, where we found a number of country-folk gathered by the roadside with little stalls, at which they sold wine and fruit to the German soldiers. This part of the environs of Paris seemed to have suffered less than the eastern and southern districts. So far, there had been only one sortie on this side—that made by Ducrot in the direction of La Malmaison. It had, however, momentarily alarmed the investing forces, and whilst we were at Versailles I learnt that, on the day in question, everything had been got ready for King William's removal to Saint Germain in the event of the French achieving a real success. But it proved to be a small affair, Ducrot's force being altogether incommensurate with the effort required of it.

At Saint Germain, Dr. Russell's courier assisted in obtaining conveyances for the whole of our party, and we were soon rolling away in the direction of Mantes-la-Jolie, famous as the town where William the Conqueror, whilst bent on pillage and destruction, received the injuries which caused his death. Here we had to report ourselves to the German Commander, who, to

the general consternation, began by refusing its permission to proceed. He did so because most of the safe-conducts delivered to us at Versailles, had, in the first instance, only stated that we were to travel by way of Sedan; the words "or Mantes or Dreux" being afterwards added between the lines. That interlineation was irregular, said the General at Mantes; it might even be a forgery; at all events, he could not recognize it, so we must go back whence we had come, and quickly, too--indeed, he gave us just half an hour to quit the town! But it fortunately happened that in a few of the safe-conducts there was no interlineation whatever, the words "Sedan or Mantes or Dreux" being duly set down in the body of the document, and on this being pointed out, the General came to the conclusion that we were not trying to impose on him. He thereupon cancelled his previous order, and decided that, as dusk was already falling, we might remain at Mantes that night, and resume our journey on the morrow at 5.45 a.m., in the charge of a cavalry escort.

Having secured a couple of beds, and ordered some dinner at one of the inns, my father and I strolled about the town, which was full of Uhlans and Hussars. The old stone bridge across the Seine had been blown up by the French before their evacuation of the town, and a part of the railway line had also been destroyed by them. But the Germans were responsible for the awful appearance of the railway-station. Never since have I seen anything resembling it. A thousand panes of glass belonging to windows or roofing had been shivered to atoms. Every mirror in either waiting or refreshment-rooms had been pounded to pieces; every gilt frame broken into little bits. The clocks lay about in small fragments; account-books and printed forms had been torn to scraps; partitions, chairs, tables, benches, boxes, nests of drawers, had been hacked, split, broken, reduced to mere strips of wood. The large stoves were overturned and broken, and the marble refreshment counter--some thirty feet long, and previously one of the features of the station--now strewn the floor in particles, suggesting gravel. It was, indeed, an amazing sight, the more amazing as no such work of destruction could have been accomplished without extreme labour. When we returned to the inn for dinner, I asked some questions. "Who did it?" "The first German troops that came here," was the answer. "Why did they do it?--was it because your men had cut the telegraph wires and destroyed some of the permanent way?" "Oh no! They expected to find something to drink in the refreshment-room, and when they discovered that everything had been taken away, they set about breaking the fixtures!" Dear, nice, placid German soldiers, baulked, for a few minutes, of some of the wine of France!

In the morning we left Mantes by moonlight at the appointed hour, unaccompanied, however, by any escort. Either the Commandant had forgotten the matter, or his men had overslept themselves. In the outskirts, we were stopped by a sentry, who carried our pass to a guard-house, where a noncommissioned officer inspected it by the light of a lantern. Then on we

went again for another furlong or so, when we were once more challenged, this time by the German advanced-post. As we resumed our journey, we perceived, in the rear, a small party of Hussars, who did not follow us, but wheeled suddenly to the left, bent, no doubt, on some reconnoitering expedition. We were now beyond the German lines, and the dawn was breaking. Yonder was the Seine, with several islands lying on its bosom, and some wooded heights rising beyond it. Drawing nearer to the river, we passed through the village of Rolleboise, which gives its name to the chief tunnel on the Western Line, and drove across the debatable ground where French Francstireurs were constantly on the prowl for venturesome Uhlans. At last we got to Bonnières, a little place of some seven or eight hundred inhabitants, on the limits of Seine-et-Oise; and there we had to alight, for the vehicles, which had brought us from Saint Germain, could proceed no further.

Fortunately, we secured others, and went on towards the village of Jeufosse, where the nearest French outposts were established. We were displaying the white flag, but the first French sentries we met, young fellows of the Mobile Guard, refused for a little while to let us pass. Eventually they referred the matter to an officer, who, on discovering that we were English and had come from Paris, began to chat with us in a very friendly manner, asking all the usual questions about the state of affairs in the capital, and expressing the usual satisfaction that the city could still hold out. When we took leave, he cordially wished us _bon voyage_, and on we hastened, still following the course of the Seine, to the little town of Vernon. Its inquisitive inhabitants at once surrounded us, eager to know who we were, whence we had come, and whither we were going. But we did not tarry many minutes, for we suddenly learnt that the railway communication with Rouen only began at Gaillon, several leagues further on, and that there was only one train a day. The question which immediately arose was—could we catch it?

On we went, then, once more, this time up, over, and down a succession of steep hills, until at last we reached Gaillon station, and found to our delight that the train would not start for another twenty minutes. All our companions took tickets for Rouen, whence they intended to proceed to Dieppe or Le Havre. But my father and I branched off before reaching the Norman capital, and, after, arriving at Elbeuf, travelled through the departments of the Eure and the Orne, passing Alençon on our way to Le Mans. On two or three occasions we had to change from one train to another. The travelling was extremely slow, and there were innumerable stoppages. The lines were constantly encumbered with vans laden with military supplies, and the stations were full of troops going in one and another direction. In the waiting-rooms one found crowds of officers lying on the couches, the chairs, and the tables, and striving to snatch a few hours' sleep; whilst all over the floors and the platforms soldiers had stretched themselves for the same purpose. Very seldom could any food be

obtained, but I luckily secured a loaf, some cheese, and a bottle of wine at Alençon. It must have been about one o'clock in the morning when we at last reached Le Mans, and found that there would be no train going to Rennes for another four or five hours.

The big railway-station of Le Mans was full of reinforcements for the Army of the Loire. After strolling about for a few minutes, my father and I sat down on the platform with our backs against a wall, for not a bench or a stool was available. Every now and again some train prepared to start, men were hastily mustered, and then climbed into all sorts of carriages and vans. A belated general rushed along, accompanied by eager _aides-de-camp_. Now and again a rifle slipped from the hand of some Mobile Guard who had been imbibing too freely, and fell with a clatter on the platform. Then stores were bundled into trucks, whistles sounded, engines puffed, and meanwhile, although men were constantly departing, the station seemed to be as crowded as ever. When at last I got up to stretch myself, I noticed, affixed to the wall against which I had been leaning, a proclamation of Gambetta's respecting D'Aurelle de Paladines' victory over Von der Tann at Orleans. In another part of the station were lithographed notices emanating from the Prefect of the department, and reciting a variety of recent Government decrees and items of war news, skirmishes, reconnaissances, and so forth. At last, however, our train came in. It was composed almost entirely of third-class carriages with wooden seats, and we had to be content with that accommodation.

Another long and wearisome journey then began. Again we travelled slowly, again there were innumerable stoppages, again we passed trains crowded with soldiers, or crammed full of military stores. At some place where we stopped there was a train conveying some scores of horses, mostly poor, miserable old creatures. I looked and wondered at the sight of them. "They have come from England," said a fellow-passenger; "every boat from Southampton to Saint Malo brings over quite a number." It was unpleasant to think that such sorry-looking beasts had been shipped by one's own countrymen. However, we reached Rennes at last, and were there able to get a good square meal, and also to send a telegram to my stepmother, notifying her of our early arrival. It was, however, at a late hour that we arrived at Saint Malo, whence we drove to La Petite Amelia at Saint Servan.

The latter town then contained a considerable colony of English people, among whom the military element predominated. Quite a number of half-pay or retired officers had come to live there with their families, finding Jersey overcrowded and desiring to practise economy. The colony also included several Irish landlords in reduced circumstances, who had quitted the restless isle to escape assassination at the hands of "Rory of the Hills" and folk of his stamp. In addition, there were several maiden ladies of divers ages, but all of slender means; one or two courtesy lords

of high descent, but burdened with numerous offspring; together with a riding-master who wrote novels, and an elderly clergyman appointed by the Bishop of Gibraltar. I dare say there may have been a few black sheep in the colony; but the picture which Mrs. Annie Edwardes gave of it in her novel, "Susan Fielding," was exaggerated, though there was truth in the incidents which she introduced into another of her works, "Ought We to Visit Her?" On the whole, the Saint Servan colony was a very respectable one, even if it was not possessed of any great means. Going there during my holidays, I met many young fellows of my own age or thereabouts, and mostly belonging to military families. There were also several charming girls, both English and Irish. With the young fellows I boated, with the young ladies I played croquet.

Now, whilst my father and I had been shut up in Paris, we had frequently written to my stepmother by balloon-post, and on some of our letters being shown to the clergyman of the colony, he requested permission to read them to his congregation—which he frequently did, omitting, of course, the more private passages, but giving all the items of news and comments on the situation which the letters contained. As a matter of fact, this helped the reverend gentleman out of a difficulty. He was an excellent man, but, like many others of his cloth, he did not know how to preach. In fact, a year or two later, I myself wrote one or two sermons for him, working into them certain matters of interest to the colony. During the earlier part of the siege of Paris, however, the reading of my father's letters and my own from the pulpit at the close of the usual service saved the colony's pastor from the trouble of composing a bad sermon, or of picking out an indifferent one from some forgotten theological work. My father, on arriving at Saint Servan, secluded himself as far as possible, so as to rest awhile before proceeding to England; but I went about much as usual; and my letters read from the pulpit, and sundry other matters, having made me a kind of "public character," I was at once pounced upon in the streets, carried off to the club and to private houses, and there questioned and cross-questioned by a dozen or twenty Crimean and Indian veteran officers who were following the progress of the war with a passionate interest.

A year or two previously, moreover, my stepmother had formed a close friendship with one of the chief French families of the town. The father, a retired officer of the French naval service, was to have commanded a local Marching Battalion, but he unfortunately sickened and died, leaving his wife with one daughter, a beautiful girl who was of about my own age. Now, this family had been joined by the wife's parents, an elderly couple, who, on the approach of the Germans to Paris, had quitted the suburb where they resided. I was often with these friends at Saint Servan, and on arriving there from Paris, our conversation naturally turned on the war. As the old gentleman's house in the environs of the capital was well within the French lines, he had not much reason to fear for its safety,

and, moreover, he had taken the precaution to remove his valuables into the city. But he was sorely perturbed by all the conflicting news respecting the military operations in the provinces, the reported victories which turned out to be defeats, the adverse rumours concerning the condition of the French forces, the alleged scandal of the Camp of Conlie, where the more recent Breton levies were said to be dying off like rotten sheep, and many other matters besides. Every evening when I called on these friends the conversation was the same. The ladies, the grandmother, the daughter, and the granddaughter, sat there making garments for the soldiers or preparing lint for the wounded—those being the constant occupations of the women of Brittany during all the hours they could spare from their household duties—and meanwhile the old gentleman discussed with me both the true and the spurious news of the day. The result of those conversations was that, as soon as my father had betaken himself to England, I resolved to go to the front myself, ascertain as much of the truth as I could, and become, indeed, a war-correspondent on "my own." In forming that decision I was influenced, moreover, by one of those youthful dreams which life seldom, if ever, fulfils.

THE VALLEY-ROAD GIRL

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Child and Country*, by Will Levington Comfort

The Abbot had been with me about three months when he said:

"We were out to dinner yesterday to a house on the Valley Road, and the girl there is interested in your work. She asked many things about it. She's the noblest girl I know."

That last is a literal quotation. I remember it because it appealed to me at the time and set me to thinking.

"How old is she?"

"Seventeen."

"What is she interested in?"

"Writing, I think. She was the best around here in the essays."

"You might ask her to come."

I heard no more for a time. The Abbot does not rush at things. At the end of a week he remarked:

"She is coming."

It was two or three days after that before I saw them walking down the lane together.... She took a seat by the door-she takes it still, the same seat. It was an ordeal for her; also for The Abbot who felt in a sense responsible; also for me.... I could not begin all over again, in justice to him. We would have to continue his work and the little girl's and gradually draw the new one into an accelerating current. We called her The Valley-Road Girl. She suffered. It was very strange to her. She had been at school eleven years. I did not talk stars; in fact, I fell back upon the theme of all themes to me—a man's work, the meaning of it; what he gets and what the world gets out of it; intimating that this was not a place to learn how to reach the book and story markets. I said something the first day, which a few years ago I should have considered the ultimate heresy—that the pursuit of literature for itself, or for the so-called art of it, is a vain and tainted undertaking that cannot long hold a real man; that the real man has but one business: To awaken his potentialities, which are different from the potentialities of any other man; to express them in terms of matter the best he can, the straightest, simplest way he can. I said that there is joy and blessedness in doing this and in no other activity under the sun; that it is the key to all good; the door to a man's religion; that work and religion are the same at the top; that the nearer one reaches the top, the more tremendous and gripping becomes the conception that they are one; finally that a man doing his own work for others, losing the sense of self in his work, is touching the very vitalities of religion and integrating the life that lasts.

I have said this before in this book—in other books. I may say it again. It is the truth to me—truth that the world is in need of. I am sorry for the man who has not his work. A man's work, such as I mean, is production. Handling the production of others in some cases is production. There are natural orderers and organisers, natural synthesisers, shippers, assemblers, and traffic masters. A truth is true in all its parts; there are workmen for all the tasks.

The Valley-Road Girl's work, in the first days, reminded me of my own early essay classes. Old friends were here again—Introduction, Discussion, Conclusion. Her things were rigid, mental. I could see where they would make very good in a school-room, such as I had known. Her work was spelled and periodic, phrased and paragraphed. The eyes of the teachers, that had been upon her these many years, had turned back for their ideas to authors who, if writing to-day, would be forced to change the entire order and impulse of their craft.

She was suffused with shyness. Even the little girl so far had not

penetrated it. I was afraid to open the throttle anywhere, lest she break and drop away. At the end of a week, The Abbot remained a moment after she was gone, and looked at me with understanding and sorrow.

"I'm afraid I made a mistake in asking her to come," he said.

Just then I was impelled to try harder, because he saw the difficulty. We had missed for days the joy from the session, that we had come to expect and delight in. Yet, because he expressed it, I saw the shortness and impatience of the point of view which had been mine, until he returned it to me.

"We won't give up," I said. "It didn't happen for nothing."

When he went away I felt better; also I saw that there was a personal impatience in my case that was not worthy of one who undertook to awaken the young. I introduced The Valley-Road Girl to Addison's "Sir Roger." There is an emptiness to me about Addison which I am not sure but partakes of a bit of prejudice, since I am primarily imbued with the principle that a writer must be a man before he is fit to be read. If I could read Addison now for the first time, I should know. The Valley-Road Girl's discussion of Addison was scholarly in the youthful sense.

The day that she brought in this paper we got somehow talking about Fichte. The old German is greatly loved and revered in this Study. He set us free a bit as we discussed him, and I gave to the newcomer a portion of one of his essays having to do with the "Excellence of the Universe." The next day I read her paper—and there was a beam in it.

I shut my eyes in gratitude that I had not allowed my stupidity to get away. I thanked The Abbot inwardly, too, for saying the words that set me clearer. The contrast between Addison and Fichte in life, in their work, in the talk they inspired here, and in The Valley-Road Girl's two papers—held the substance of the whole matter—stumbled upon as usual. We had a grand time that afternoon. I told them about Fichte losing his positions, writing to his countrymen—a wanderer, an awakened soul. And this brought us the hosts of great ones—the Burned Ones and their exaltations—George Fox and the Maid of Domremy—the everlasting spirit behind and above mortal affairs—the poor impotency of wood-fire to quench such immortality. Her eyes gleamed—and all our hearts burned.

"We do not want to do possible things," I said. "The big gun that is to deposit a missile twelve miles away does not aim at the mark, but at the skies. All things that are done—let them alone. The undone things challenge us. The spiritual plan of all the great actions and devotions which have not yet found substance—is already prepared for the workmen

of to-day to bring into matter—all great poems and inventions for the good of the world. They must gleam into being through our minds. The mind of some workman is being prepared for each. Our minds are darkened as yet; the sleeping giant awaits the day. He is not loathe to awake. Inertia is always of matter; never of spirit. He merely awaits the light. When the shutters of the mind are opened and the grey appears, he will arise and, looking forth, will discover his work.

"Nothing common awaits the youngest or the oldest. You are called to the great, _the impossible_ tasks. But the mind must be entered by the light—the heavy curtains of the self drawn apart...."

That was the day I found the new, sweet influence in the room. It was not an accident that the boy had gone to dinner at her house. I saw that my task with The Valley-Road Girl was exactly opposite to the work with The Abbot—that he was dynamic within and required only the developed instrument for his utterances, and that she had been mentalised with obscuring educational matters and required a re-awakening of a naturally splendid and significant power; that I must seek to diffuse her real self through her expression. The time came that when she was absent, we all deeply missed her presence from the Study.

Months afterward, on a day that I did not give her a special task, she brought me the following which told the story in her own words of something she had met:

WHAT THE SCHOOLS DO FOR CHILDREN

Try to remember some of your early ideas and impressions. Can you recall the childish thoughts that came when a new thing made its first impress on your mind? If so, try to feel with me the things I am struggling to explain.

I like to look back at those times when everything to me was new; when every happening brought to me thoughts of my very own. Just now I recall the time I first noticed a tiny chick raise its head after drinking from a basin of water. To me that slow raising of the head after drinking seemed to indicate the chick's silent thanks to God. It meant that for each swallow it offered thanks. This was before I went to school.

There I learned the plain truth that the chick must raise its head to swallow. School had grasped the door-knob of my soul. The many children taught me the world's lesson that each man must look out for himself. If the simpler children did not keep up, that was their look-out. There was no time to stop

and help the less fortunate. Push ahead! This is what I came to learn.

At school I met for the first time with distrust. At home I had always been trusted; my word never doubted. Once I was accused of copying; that was the first wound. How I would have those all-powerful teachers make the child know he is trusted.

At school there were many other lessons for me to learn. One of the chief was competition. I learned it early. To have some of the class-stars shine brighter than I was intolerable. To shine as bright, was sufficient compensation for any amount of labour. The teachers encouraged competition. It lent life to labour; made the children more studious. Our motto was not to do our best, but to do as well as the best. Competition often grew so keen among my school friends that rivalry, jealousy and dislike entered our hearts. I am afraid we sometimes rejoiced at one another's misfortunes. Yet these competitors were my school friends. Out of school we were all fond of one another, but in school we grew further apart. My sister would compete with no one. I have often since wondered if that is why she, of all my school companions, has ever been my closest friend. The child filled with the competitive spirit from his entrance to his egress from school, enters the world a competitive man. It is hard for such a one to love his neighbour.

The one thing I consider of great benefit from school life is the taste of the world it gave me. For school is the miniature world. A man is said to benefit from a past evil.

The school did not teach me to express myself; it taught me how to echo the books I read. I did not look through my own eyes, but used the teacher's. I tried to keep from my work all trace of myself, reflecting only my instruction, knowing well that the teacher would praise his perfect reflection. Sometimes I feel that the door of my soul has so far shut that I can but get a glimpse of the real Me within.

Unless the school can trust children, show them that they should also be interested in their less fortunate school-mates, try to do always their best at the particular work to which they are best adapted, it must go on failing. A child had much better remain at home, a simple but whole-souled creature, learning what he can from Nature and wise books.

* * * *

... I had talked to them long on making the most of their misfortunes. This also which came from The Valley-Road Girl, I thought very tender and wise:

MAY EVENING

A spirit of restlessness ruled me. Each night I retired with the hope that the morning would find it gone. It disturbed my sleep. It was not the constant discontent I had hitherto felt with the world. This was a new disquietude.

One May evening I followed our little river down to the place it flows into the Lake. Slowly the light of day faded. From my seat upon the green bank of a stream, a wonderful picture stretched before me. The small stream and the surrounding country were walled in by dense green trees. To the west the cool, dark depths parted only wide enough for the creek to disappear through a narrow portal. Through small openings in the southern wall, I caught glimpses of the summer cottages on the sandy shore. To the north stretched the pasture-lands with shade-trees happy to hide their nakedness with thick foliage. Here, too, a large elm displayed all its grace. To the east was a bridge and a long lane. From behind a misty outline of trees, the sun's crimson reflections suffused the western sky. Two men paddled a boat out into the light and disappeared under the bridge. Nothing disturbed the peace of the stream save the dip of the paddles, and the fish rising to the surface for food. A circle on the surface meant that an insect had lain at its centre; a fish had risen and devoured it. Circles of this kind were continually being cut by the circumferences of other circles.... A dark speck moved down the stream. A turtle was voyaging.

Now, far in the shadows, I saw a man sitting on the bank fishing. His patience and persistence were remarkable, for he had been there all the time. But the fish were at play. The occasional splash of the carp, mingling with the perpetual song of the birds and the distant roar of the waves breaking on the shore to the south, formed one grand over-tone.

A feeling of awe came over me. I felt my insignificance. I saw the hand of God. My relation to my surroundings was very clear. My soul bowed to the God-ness in all things natural. The God-ness in me was calling to be released. It was useless

to struggle against it, and deafen my ears to the cry. It must be given voice. I felt my soul condemning me as an echoer and imitator of men, as one whose every thought becomes coloured with others' views. Like a sponge I was readily receptive. Let a little mental pressure be applied and I gave back the identical thoughts hardly shaded by inward feelings. This was my soul's complaint.

No tree was exactly like one of its neighbours. Each fulfilled its purpose in its particular way. Yet all proclaimed the One Source. Performing its function, it was fit to censure me and I took the cup.

... The sun had set. Darkness was wrapping the basin of the little stream; heavy dew was falling. Mother Nature was weeping tears of sympathy for one so short-sighted and drawn to failure.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Project Gutenberg's *From the Easy Chair*, vol. 1, by George William Curtis

Going the other evening to see "Rip Van Winkle," the old question of its moral naturally came up, and Portia warmly asserted that it was shameful to bring young children to see a play in which the exquisite skill of Jefferson threw a glamour upon the sorriest vice.

"See," she said, "the earnest, tearful interest with which these boys and girls near us hang upon the story. The charm to them of the scene and of the acting is indescribable. Do you suppose they can escape the effect? All their sympathy is kindled for the good-natured and good-for-nothing reprobate, and when Gretchen turns him out into the night and the storm, they cannot help feeling that it is she, not he, who has ruined the home, and that the drunken vagabond, who has just made his endearments the cover of deception, is really the victim of a virago. And when he returns, old and decrepit, and, we might hope, purged of that fatal appetite which has worked all the woe, it is his old victim, the woman whose youth his evil habits ruined, and who, in consequence of those habits was driven into the power of the tormentor, Derrick von Beekman, who hands him 'the cup that shall be death in tasting,' as if it were she, and not he, who had been properly chastened and converted from the fatal error of supposing

that drunkenness is not a good thing.

"No, no," said Portia, indignantly and eloquently, raising her voice to that degree that the Easy Chair feared to hear the appalling "'sh! 'sh!" of the disturbed neighbors; "it is a grossly immoral spectacle, and the subtler and more fascinating the genius of Mr. Jefferson in the representation, the more deadly is the effect."

The drop had just fallen, and the scene on the mountains was about to open. The house had been darkened, and as the clear, quiet, unforced tone of Rip, yielding, not remonstrating, to the doom that we all knew and he did not, fell upon the hushed audience, the eyes of men and women were full of tears; while the orchestra murmured, *_mezzo voce_*, during the storm within and without the house, the tenderly pathetic melody of the "Lorelei:"

"I know not what it presages,
This heart with sadness fraught;
'Tis a tale of the olden ages
That will not from my thought."

It was not easy to find in the emotion of that moment a response to Portia's accusation of gross immorality. There was but a poetic figure in the mind—the sweet-natured, weak-willed, simple-hearted vagabond of the village and the mountain—touching the heart with pity, and, in the drunken scene, with sorrow. This figure excludes all the rest. Its symmetry and charm are the triumph of the play as acted. Now the immorality can not lie in the kindly feeling for the tippling vagabond, for that is natural and universal. Indeed, the same kind of weakness that leads to a habit of tippling belongs often to the most charming and attractive natures, and the representation of the fact upon the stage is not in itself immoral. The immorality must be found, if anywhere, as Portia insisted, in the charm with which vice is invested.

But is it so invested in this play? It used to be urged against Bulwer's early novels that they made scoundrels fascinating, and that boys after reading them would prefer rascals to honest men. If that had been the fact, the novels would have been justly open to that censure. But, tried by this standard, Rip Van Winkle, as Mr. Jefferson plays it, is far from an immoral play. The picture as he paints it is moral in the same sense that nature is moral. No man, shiftless, idle, and drunken, afraid to go home, ashamed before his children, without self-respect or the regard of others, however gentle and sweet, and however much a favorite with the boys and girls and animals he may be, is a man whose courses those boys will wish to imitate or who will make vice more tasteful to them. The pathos of the second part of the

play, in which the change of age mingled with mystery is marvellously portrayed, is largely due to the consciousness that this melancholy end is all due to that woful beginning. The expulsion of Derrick and his nephew is nothing, the happiness of Meenie and her lover is nothing, the release of Gretchen is nothing, there is only a wasted old man, without companions, the long prime of whose life has been lost in unconsciousness, and who, suddenly awaking, looks at us pitifully from the edge of the grave.

By the most prosaic standards this should not seem to adorn vice with attraction. It is true that the spectator is more interested in Rip than in his wife, and that she is made a virago. But it is not his drunkenness that charms, and her virtue is at least severe. Indeed, if this performance is to be tried by this standard, the play must be regarded as a temperance mission. For temperance is to be inculcated upon the youthful spectators who sit near us not so much by stories and pictures of the furious brute who drives wife and children from a home made desolate by him, and who fly from him as from a demon, as by this simple, faithful showing of the kind-hearted loiterer who makes wretched a wife who yet loves him, and who denounces himself to the child that he loves. This is the fair view of it as a picture of ordinary human life.

But, as we look, the low wail of the sad music is in our ears, the scene changes to a weird world of faery, the story merges in a dream, and Rip Van Winkle smiles at us from a realm beyond the diocese of conscience. If conscience, indeed, will obtrude, conscience shall be satisfied. It is a sermon if you will, but if you will, also, it is a poem.

VIRGINIA

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Dilapidated, fenceless, and trodden with war as Virginia is, wherever I move across her surface, I find myself rous'd to surprise and admiration. What capacity for products, improvements, human life, nourishment and expansion. Everywhere that I have been in the Old Dominion, (the subtle mockery of that title now!) such thoughts have fill'd me. The soil is yet far above the average of any of the northern States. And how full of breadth the scenery, everywhere distant mountains, everywhere convenient rivers. Even yet prodigal in forest woods, and surely eligible for all the fruits, orchards, and flowers. The skies and atmosphere most luscious, as I feel certain,

from more than a year's residence in the State, and movements hither and yon. I should say very healthy, as a general thing. Then a rich and elastic quality, by night and by day. The sun rejoices in his strength, dazzling and burning, and yet, to me, never unpleasantly weakening. It is not the panting tropical heat, but invigorates. The north tempers it. The nights are often unsurpassable. Last evening (Feb. 8,) I saw the first of the new moon, the outlined old moon clear along with it; the sky and air so clear, such transparent hues of color, it seem'd to me I had never really seen the new moon before. It was the thinnest cut crescent possible. It hung delicate just above the sulky shadow of the Blue mountains. Ah, if it might prove an omen and good prophecy for this unhappy State.

VINES

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Amateur Gardencraft*, by Eben E. Rexford

A home without vines is like a home without children—it lacks the very thing that ought to be there to make it most delightful and home-like.

A good vine—and we have many such—soon becomes "like one of the family." Year after year it continues to develop, covering unsightly places with its beauty of leaf and bloom, and hiding defects that can be hidden satisfactorily in no other way. All of us have seen houses that were positively ugly in appearance before vines were planted about them, that became pleasant and attractive as soon as the vines had a chance to show what they could do in the way of covering up ugliness.

There are few among our really good vines that will not continue to give satisfaction for an indefinite period if given a small amount of attention each season. I can think of none that are not better when ten or twelve years old than they are two and three years after planting—healthier, stronger, like a person who has "got his growth" and arrived at that period when all the elements of manhood are fully developed. Young vines may be as pleasing as old ones, as far as they go, but—the objection is that they do not go far enough. The value of a vine depends largely on size, and size depends largely on age. During the early stage of a vine's existence it is making promise of future grace and beauty, and we must give it plenty of time in which to make that promise good. We must also give such care as will make it not only possible but easy to fulfil this promise to the fullest extent.

While many vines will live on indefinitely under neglect, they cannot do

themselves justice under such conditions, as any one will find who plants one and leaves it to look out for itself. But be kind to it, show it that you care for it and have its welfare at heart, and it will surprise and delight you with its rapidity of growth, and the beauty it is capable of imparting to everything with which it comes in contact. For it seems impossible for a vine to grow anywhere without making everything it touches beautiful. It is possessor of the magic which transforms plain things into loveliness.

If I were obliged to choose between vines and shrubs—and I am very glad that I do not have to do so—I am quite sure I would choose the former. I can hardly explain how it is, but we seem to get on more intimate terms with a vine than we do with a shrub. Probably it is because it grows so close to the dwelling, as a general thing, that we come to think of it as a part of the home.

Vines planted close to the house walls often fail to do well, because they do not have a good soil to spread their roots in. The soil thrown out from the cellar, or in making an excavation for the foundation walls, is almost always hard, and deficient in nutriment. In order to make it fit for use a liberal amount of sand and loam ought to be added to it, and mixed with it so thoroughly that it becomes a practically new soil. At the same time manure should be given in generous quantity. If this is done, a poor soil can be made over into one that will give most excellent results. One application of manure, however, will not be sufficient. In one season, a strong, healthy vine will use up all the elements of plant-growth, and more should be supplied to meet the demands of the following year. In other words, vines should be manured each season if they are expected to keep in good health and continue to develop. If barnyard manure cannot be obtained, use bonemeal of which I so often speak in this book. I consider it the best substitute for barnyard fertilizer that I have ever used, for all kinds of plants.

The best, all-round vine for general use, allowing me to be judge, is *Ampelopsis*, better known throughout the country as American Ivy, or Virginia Creeper. It is of exceedingly rapid growth, often sending out branches twenty feet in length in a season, after it has become well established. It clings to stone, wood, or brick, with equal facility, and does not often require any support except such as it secures for itself. There are two varieties. One has flat, sucker-like discs, which hold themselves tightly against whatever surface they come in contact with, on the principle of suction. The other has tendrils which clasp themselves about anything they can grasp, or force themselves into cracks and crevices in such a manner as to furnish all the support the vine needs. So far as foliage and general habit goes, there is not much difference between these two varieties, but the variety with disc-supports colors up most beautifully in fall. The foliage of both is

very luxuriant. When the green of summer gives way to the scarlet and maroon of autumn, the entire plant seems to have changed its leaves for flowers, so brilliant is its coloring. There is but one objection to be urged against this plant, and that is—its tendency to rampant growth. Let it have its way and it will cover windows as well as walls, and fling its festoons across doorway and porch. This will have to be prevented by clipping away all branches that show an inclination to run riot, and take possession of places where no vines are needed. When you discover a branch starting out in the wrong direction, cut it off at once. A little attention of this kind during the growing period will save the trouble of a general pruning later on.

Vines, like children, should be trained while growing if you would have them afford satisfaction when grown.

The Ampelopsis will climb to the roof of a two-story house in a short time, and throw out its branches freely as it makes its upward growth, and this without any training or pruning. Because of its ability to take care of itself in these respects, as well as because of its great beauty, I do not hesitate to call it the best of all vines for general use. It will grow in all soils except clear sand, it is as hardy as it is possible for a vine to be, and so far as my experience with it goes—and I have grown it for the last twenty years—it has no diseases.

[Illustration: HONEYSUCKLE]

For verandas and porches the Honeysuckles will probably afford better satisfaction because of their less rampant habit. Also because of the beauty and the fragrance of their flowers. Many varieties are all-summer bloomers. The best of these are Scarlet Trumpet and _Halleana_. The vines can be trained over trellises, or large-meshed wire netting, or tacked to posts, as suits the taste of the owner. In whatever manner you train them they lend grace and beauty to a porch without shutting off the outlook wholly, as their foliage is less plentiful than that of most vines. This vine is of rapid development, and so hardy that it requires very little attention in the way of protection in winter. The variety called Scarlet Trumpet has scarlet and orange flowers. _Halleana_ has almost evergreen foliage and cream-white flowers of most delightful fragrance. Both can be trained up together with very pleasing effect. There are other good sorts, but I consider that these two combine all the best features of the entire list, therefore I would advise the amateur gardener to concentrate his attention on them instead of spreading it out over inferior kinds.

Every lover of flowers who sees the hybrid varieties of Clematis in bloom is sure to want to grow them. They are very beautiful, it is true,

and few plants are more satisfactory when well grown. But--there's the rub--to grow them well.

The variety known as *Jackmani*, with dark purple-blue flowers, is most likely to succeed under amateur culture, but of late years it has been quite unsatisfactory. Plants of it grow well during the early part of the season, but all at once blight strikes them, and they wither in a day, as if something had attacked the root, and in a short time they are dead. This has discouraged the would-be growers of the large-flowered varieties--for all of them seem to be subject to the same disease. What this disease is no one seems able to say, and, so far, no remedy for it has been advanced.

But in *Clematis paniculata*, we have a variety that I consider superior in every respect to the large-flowered kinds, and to date no one has reported any trouble with it. It is of strong and healthy growth, and rampant in its habit, thus making it useful where the large-flowered kinds have proved defective, as none of them are of what may be called free growth. They grow to a height of seven or eight feet--sometimes ten--but have few branches, and sparse foliage. *Paniculata*, on the contrary, makes a very vigorous growth--often twenty feet in a season--and its foliage, unlike that of the other varieties, is attractive enough in itself to make the plant well worth growing. It is a rich, glossy green, and so freely produced that it furnishes a dense shade. Late in the season, after most other plants are in "the sere and yellow leaf" it is literally covered with great panicles of starry white flowers which have a delightful fragrance. While this variety lacks the rich color of such varieties as *Jackmani* and others of the hybrid class, it is really far more beautiful. Indeed, I know of no flowering vine that can equal it in this respect. Its late-flowering habit adds greatly to its value. It is not only healthy, but hardy--a quality no one can afford to overlook when planting vines about the house. Like *Clematis flammula*, a summer-blooming relative of great value both for its beauty and because it is a native, it is likely to die pretty nearly to the ground in winter, but, because of rapid growth, this is not much of an objection. By the time the flowers of either variety are likely to come in for a fair share of appreciation, the vines will have grown to good size.

For the middle and southern sections of the northern states the *Wistaria* is a most desirable vine, but at the north it cannot be depended on to survive the winter in a condition that will enable it to give a satisfactory crop of flowers. Its roots will live, but most of its branches will be killed each season.

Ampelopsis Veitchii, more commonly known as Boston or Japan Ivy, is a charming vine to train over brick and stone walls in localities where it

is hardy, because of its dense habit of growth. Its foliage is smaller than that of the native *Ampelopsis*, and it is far less rampant in growth, though a free grower. It will completely cover the walls of a building with its dark green foliage, every shoot clinging so closely that a person seeing the plant for the first time would get the idea that it had been shorn of all its branches except those adhering to the wall. All its branches attach themselves to the wall-surface, thus giving an even, uniform effect quite unlike that of other vines which throw out branches in all directions, regardless of wall or trellis. In autumn this variety takes on a rich coloring that must be seen to be fully appreciated.

[Illustration: JAPAN IVY GROWING ON WALL]

Our native *Celastrus*, popularly known as Bittersweet, is a very desirable vine if it can be given something to twine itself about. It has neither tendril nor disc, and supports itself by twisting its new growth about trees over which it clammers, branches—anything that it can wind about. If no other support is to be found it will twist about itself in such a manner as to form a great rope of branches. It has attractive foliage, but the chief beauty of the vine is its clusters of pendant fruit, which hang to the plant well into winter. This fruit is a berry of bright crimson, enclosed in an orange shell which cracks open, in three pieces, and becomes reflexed, thus disclosing the berry within. As these berries grow in clusters of good size, and are very freely produced, the effect of a large plant can be imagined. In fall the foliage turns to a pure gold, and forms a most pleasing background for the scarlet and orange clusters to display themselves against. The plant is of extremely rapid growth. It has a habit of spreading rapidly, and widely, by sending out underground shoots which come to the surface many feet away from the parent plant. These must be kept mowed down or they will become a nuisance.

Flower-loving people are often impatient of results, and I am often asked what annual I would advise one to make use of, for immediate effect, or while the hardy vines are getting a start. I know of nothing better, all things considered, than the Morning Glory, of which mention will be found elsewhere.

The Flowering Bean is a pretty vine for training up about verandas, but does not grow to a sufficient height to make it of much value elsewhere. It is fine for covering low trellises or a fence.

The "climbing" *Nasturtiums* are not really climbers. Rather plants with such long and slender branches that they must be given some support to keep them from straggling all over the ground. They are very pleasing when used to cover fences, low screens, and trellises, or when trained

along the railing of the veranda.

The Kudzu Vine is of wonderful rapidity of growth, and will be found a good substitute for a hardy vine about piazzas and porches.

Aristolochia, or Dutchman's Pipe, is a hardy vine of more than ordinary merit. It has large, overlapping leaves that furnish a dense shade, and very peculiar flowers—more peculiar, in fact, than beautiful.

Bignonia will give satisfaction south of Chicago, in most localities. Where it stands the winter it is a favorite on account of its great profusion of orange-scarlet flowers and its pretty, finely-cut foliage. Farther north it will live on indefinitely, like the Wistaria, but its branches will nearly always be badly killed in winter.

It is a mistake to make use of strips of cloth in fastening vines to walls, as so many are in the habit of doing, because the cloth will soon rot, and when a strong wind comes along, or after a heavy rain, the vines will be torn from their places, and generally it will be found impossible to replace them satisfactorily. Cloth and twine may answer well enough for annual vines, with the exception of the Morning Glory, but vines of heavy growth should be fastened with strips of leather passed about the main stalks and nailed to the wall securely. Do not use a small tack, as the weight of the vines will often tear it loose from the wood. Do not make the leather so tight that it will interfere with the circulation of sap in the plant. Allow space for future growth. Some persons use iron staples, but I would not advise them as they are sure to chafe the branches they are used to support.

The question is often asked if vines are not harmful to the walls over which they are trained. I have never found them so. On the contrary, I have found walls that had been covered with vines for years in a better state of preservation than walls on which no vines had ever been trained. The explanation is a simple one: The leaves of the vines act in the capacity of shingles, and shed rain, thus keeping it from getting to the walls of the building.

But I would not advise training vines over the roof, unless it is constructed of slate or some material not injured by dampness, because the moisture will get below the foliage, where the sun cannot get at it, and long-continued dampness will soon bring on decay.

On account of the difficulty of getting at them, vines are never pruned to any great extent, but it would be for the betterment of them if they were gone over every year, and all the oldest branches cut away, or thinned out enough to admit of a free circulation of air. If this were done, the vine would be constantly renewing itself, and most kinds would

be good for a lifetime. It really is not such a difficult undertaking as most people imagine, for by the use of an ordinary ladder one can get at most parts of a building, and reach such portions of the vines as need attention most.

OUR VIRTUES

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Beyond Good and Evil*, by Friedrich Nietzsche

214. OUR Virtues?—It is probable that we, too, have still our virtues, although naturally they are not those sincere and massive virtues on account of which we hold our grandfathers in esteem and also at a little distance from us. We Europeans of the day after tomorrow, we firstlings of the twentieth century—with all our dangerous curiosity, our multifariousness and art of disguising, our mellow and seemingly sweetened cruelty in sense and spirit—we shall presumably, IF we must have virtues, have those only which have come to agreement with our most secret and heartfelt inclinations, with our most ardent requirements: well, then, let us look for them in our labyrinths!—where, as we know, so many things lose themselves, so many things get quite lost! And is there anything finer than to SEARCH for one's own virtues? Is it not almost to BELIEVE in one's own virtues? But this "believing in one's own virtues"—is it not practically the same as what was formerly called one's "good conscience," that long, respectable pigtail of an idea, which our grandfathers used to hang behind their heads, and often enough also behind their understandings? It seems, therefore, that however little we may imagine ourselves to be old-fashioned and grandfatherly respectable in other respects, in one thing we are nevertheless the worthy grandchildren of our grandfathers, we last Europeans with good consciences: we also still wear their pigtail.—Ah! if you only knew how soon, so very soon—it will be different!

215. As in the stellar firmament there are sometimes two suns which determine the path of one planet, and in certain cases suns of different colours shine around a single planet, now with red light, now with green, and then simultaneously illumine and flood it with motley colours: so we modern men, owing to the complicated mechanism of our "firmament," are determined by DIFFERENT moralities; our actions shine alternately in different colours, and are seldom unequivocal—and there are often cases, also, in which our actions are MOTLEY-COLOURED.

216. To love one's enemies? I think that has been well learnt: it takes place thousands of times at present on a large and small scale; indeed,

at times the higher and sublimer thing takes place:—we learn to DESPISE when we love, and precisely when we love best; all of it, however, unconsciously, without noise, without ostentation, with the shame and secrecy of goodness, which forbids the utterance of the pompous word and the formula of virtue. Morality as attitude—is opposed to our taste nowadays. This is ALSO an advance, as it was an advance in our fathers that religion as an attitude finally became opposed to their taste, including the enmity and Voltairean bitterness against religion (and all that formerly belonged to freethinker-pantomime). It is the music in our conscience, the dance in our spirit, to which Puritan litanies, moral sermons, and goody-goodness won't chime.

217. Let us be careful in dealing with those who attach great importance to being credited with moral tact and subtlety in moral discernment! They never forgive us if they have once made a mistake BEFORE us (or even with REGARD to us)—they inevitably become our instinctive calumniators and detractors, even when they still remain our "friends."—Blessed are the forgetful: for they "get the better" even of their blunders.

218. The psychologists of France—and where else are there still psychologists nowadays?—have never yet exhausted their bitter and manifold enjoyment of the betise bourgeoise, just as though... in short, they betray something thereby. Flaubert, for instance, the honest citizen of Rouen, neither saw, heard, nor tasted anything else in the end; it was his mode of self-torment and refined cruelty. As this is growing wearisome, I would now recommend for a change something else for a pleasure—namely, the unconscious astuteness with which good, fat, honest mediocrity always behaves towards loftier spirits and the tasks they have to perform, the subtle, barbed, Jesuitical astuteness, which is a thousand times subtler than the taste and understanding of the middle-class in its best moments—subtler even than the understanding of its victims:—a repeated proof that "instinct" is the most intelligent of all kinds of intelligence which have hitherto been discovered. In short, you psychologists, study the philosophy of the "rule" in its struggle with the "exception": there you have a spectacle fit for Gods and godlike malignity! Or, in plainer words, practise vivisection on "good people," on the "homo bonae voluntatis," ON YOURSELVES!

219. The practice of judging and condemning morally, is the favourite revenge of the intellectually shallow on those who are less so, it is also a kind of indemnity for their being badly endowed by nature, and finally, it is an opportunity for acquiring spirit and BECOMING subtle—malice spiritualises. They are glad in their inmost heart that there is a standard according to which those who are over-endowed with intellectual goods and privileges, are equal to them, they contend for the "equality of all before God," and almost NEED the belief in God for

this purpose. It is among them that the most powerful antagonists of atheism are found. If any one were to say to them "A lofty spirituality is beyond all comparison with the honesty and respectability of a merely moral man"—it would make them furious, I shall take care not to say so. I would rather flatter them with my theory that lofty spirituality itself exists only as the ultimate product of moral qualities, that it is a synthesis of all qualities attributed to the "merely moral" man, after they have been acquired singly through long training and practice, perhaps during a whole series of generations, that lofty spirituality is precisely the spiritualising of justice, and the beneficent severity which knows that it is authorized to maintain GRADATIONS OF RANK in the world, even among things—and not only among men.

220. Now that the praise of the "disinterested person" is so popular one must—probably not without some danger—get an idea of WHAT people actually take an interest in, and what are the things generally which fundamentally and profoundly concern ordinary men—including the cultured, even the learned, and perhaps philosophers also, if appearances do not deceive. The fact thereby becomes obvious that the greater part of what interests and charms higher natures, and more refined and fastidious tastes, seems absolutely "uninteresting" to the average man—if, notwithstanding, he perceive devotion to these interests, he calls it *desinteresse*, and wonders how it is possible to act "disinterestedly." There have been philosophers who could give this popular astonishment a seductive and mystical, other-worldly expression (perhaps because they did not know the higher nature by experience?), instead of stating the naked and candidly reasonable truth that "disinterested" action is very interesting and "interested" action, provided that... "And love?"—What! Even an action for love's sake shall be "unegoistic"? But you fools—! "And the praise of the self-sacrificer?"—But whoever has really offered sacrifice knows that he wanted and obtained something for it—perhaps something from himself for something from himself; that he relinquished here in order to have more there, perhaps in general to be more, or even feel himself "more." But this is a realm of questions and answers in which a more fastidious spirit does not like to stay: for here truth has to stifle her yawns so much when she is obliged to answer. And after all, truth is a woman; one must not use force with her.

221. "It sometimes happens," said a moralistic pedant and trifle-retailer, "that I honour and respect an unselfish man: not, however, because he is unselfish, but because I think he has a right to be useful to another man at his own expense. In short, the question is always who HE is, and who THE OTHER is. For instance, in a person created and destined for command, self-denial and modest retirement, instead of being virtues, would be the waste of virtues: so it seems to me. Every system of unegoistic morality which takes itself

unconditionally and appeals to every one, not only sins against good taste, but is also an incentive to sins of omission, an ADDITIONAL seduction under the mask of philanthropy—and precisely a seduction and injury to the higher, rarer, and more privileged types of men. Moral systems must be compelled first of all to bow before the GRADATIONS OF RANK; their presumption must be driven home to their conscience—until they thoroughly understand at last that it is IMMORAL to say that 'what is right for one is proper for another.'"—So said my moralistic pedant and bonhomme. Did he perhaps deserve to be laughed at when he thus exhorted systems of morals to practise morality? But one should not be too much in the right if one wishes to have the laughs on ONE'S OWN side; a grain of wrong pertains even to good taste.

222. Wherever sympathy (fellow-suffering) is preached nowadays—and, if I gather rightly, no other religion is any longer preached—let the psychologist have his ears open through all the vanity, through all the noise which is natural to these preachers (as to all preachers), he will hear a hoarse, groaning, genuine note of SELF-CONTEMPT. It belongs to the overshadowing and uglifying of Europe, which has been on the increase for a century (the first symptoms of which are already specified documentarily in a thoughtful letter of Galiani to Madame d'Epainay)—IF IT IS NOT REALLY THE CAUSE THEREOF! The man of "modern ideas," the conceited ape, is excessively dissatisfied with himself—this is perfectly certain. He suffers, and his vanity wants him only "to suffer with his fellows."

223. The hybrid European—a tolerably ugly plebeian, taken all in all—absolutely requires a costume: he needs history as a storeroom of costumes. To be sure, he notices that none of the costumes fit him properly—he changes and changes. Let us look at the nineteenth century with respect to these hasty preferences and changes in its masquerades of style, and also with respect to its moments of desperation on account of "nothing suiting" us. It is in vain to get ourselves up as romantic, or classical, or Christian, or Florentine, or barocco, or "national," in moribus et artibus: it does not "clothe us"! But the "spirit," especially the "historical spirit," profits even by this desperation: once and again a new sample of the past or of the foreign is tested, put on, taken off, packed up, and above all studied—we are the first studious age in puncto of "costumes," I mean as concerns morals, articles of belief, artistic tastes, and religions; we are prepared as no other age has ever been for a carnival in the grand style, for the most spiritual festival—laughter and arrogance, for the transcendental height of supreme folly and Aristophanic ridicule of the world. Perhaps we are still discovering the domain of our invention just here, the domain where even we can still be original, probably as parodists of the world's history and as God's Merry-Andrews,—perhaps, though nothing else of the present have a future, our laughter itself may have a

future!

224. The historical sense (or the capacity for divining quickly the order of rank of the valuations according to which a people, a community, or an individual has lived, the "divining instinct" for the relationships of these valuations, for the relation of the authority of the valuations to the authority of the operating forces),—this historical sense, which we Europeans claim as our specialty, has come to us in the train of the enchanting and mad semi-barbarity into which Europe has been plunged by the democratic mingling of classes and races—it is only the nineteenth century that has recognized this faculty as its sixth sense. Owing to this mingling, the past of every form and mode of life, and of cultures which were formerly closely contiguous and superimposed on one another, flows forth into us "modern souls"; our instincts now run back in all directions, we ourselves are a kind of chaos: in the end, as we have said, the spirit perceives its advantage therein. By means of our semi-barbarity in body and in desire, we have secret access everywhere, such as a noble age never had; we have access above all to the labyrinth of imperfect civilizations, and to every form of semi-barbarity that has at any time existed on earth; and in so far as the most considerable part of human civilization hitherto has just been semi-barbarity, the "historical sense" implies almost the sense and instinct for everything, the taste and tongue for everything: whereby it immediately proves itself to be an **IGNOBLE** sense. For instance, we enjoy Homer once more: it is perhaps our happiest acquisition that we know how to appreciate Homer, whom men of distinguished culture (as the French of the seventeenth century, like Saint-Evremond, who reproached him for his *ESPRIT VASTE*, and even Voltaire, the last echo of the century) cannot and could not so easily appropriate—whom they scarcely permitted themselves to enjoy. The very decided Yea and Nay of their palate, their promptly ready disgust, their hesitating reluctance with regard to everything strange, their horror of the bad taste even of lively curiosity, and in general the averseness of every distinguished and self-sufficing culture to avow a new desire, a dissatisfaction with its own condition, or an admiration of what is strange: all this determines and disposes them unfavourably even towards the best things of the world which are not their property or could not become their prey—and no faculty is more unintelligible to such men than just this historical sense, with its truckling, plebeian curiosity. The case is not different with Shakespeare, that marvelous Spanish-Moorish-Saxon synthesis of taste, over whom an ancient Athenian of the circle of AEschylus would have half-killed himself with laughter or irritation: but we—accept precisely this wild motley, this medley of the most delicate, the most coarse, and the most artificial, with a secret confidence and cordiality; we enjoy it as a refinement of art reserved expressly for us, and allow ourselves to be as little disturbed by the repulsive fumes and the proximity of the English

populace in which Shakespeare's art and taste lives, as perhaps on the Chiaja of Naples, where, with all our senses awake, we go our way, enchanted and voluntarily, in spite of the drain-odour of the lower quarters of the town. That as men of the "historical sense" we have our virtues, is not to be disputed:—we are unpretentious, unselfish, modest, brave, habituated to self-control and self-renunciation, very grateful, very patient, very complaisant—but with all this we are perhaps not very "tasteful." Let us finally confess it, that what is most difficult for us men of the "historical sense" to grasp, feel, taste, and love, what finds us fundamentally prejudiced and almost hostile, is precisely the perfection and ultimate maturity in every culture and art, the essentially noble in works and men, their moment of smooth sea and halcyon self-sufficiency, the goldenness and coldness which all things show that have perfected themselves. Perhaps our great virtue of the historical sense is in necessary contrast to GOOD taste, at least to the very bad taste; and we can only evoke in ourselves imperfectly, hesitatingly, and with compulsion the small, short, and happy godsend and glorifications of human life as they shine here and there: those moments and marvelous experiences when a great power has voluntarily come to a halt before the boundless and infinite,—when a super-abundance of refined delight has been enjoyed by a sudden checking and petrifying, by standing firmly and planting oneself fixedly on still trembling ground. PROPORTIONATENESS is strange to us, let us confess it to ourselves; our itching is really the itching for the infinite, the immeasurable. Like the rider on his forward panting horse, we let the reins fall before the infinite, we modern men, we semi-barbarians—and are only in OUR highest bliss when we—ARE IN MOST DANGER.

225. Whether it be hedonism, pessimism, utilitarianism, or eudaemonism, all those modes of thinking which measure the worth of things according to PLEASURE and PAIN, that is, according to accompanying circumstances and secondary considerations, are plausible modes of thought and naivetes, which every one conscious of CREATIVE powers and an artist's conscience will look down upon with scorn, though not without sympathy. Sympathy for you!—to be sure, that is not sympathy as you understand it: it is not sympathy for social "distress," for "society" with its sick and misfortuned, for the hereditarily vicious and defective who lie on the ground around us; still less is it sympathy for the grumbling, vexed, revolutionary slave-classes who strive after power—they call it "freedom." OUR sympathy is a loftier and further-sighted sympathy:—we see how MAN dwarfs himself, how YOU dwarf him! and there are moments when we view YOUR sympathy with an indescribable anguish, when we resist it,—when we regard your seriousness as more dangerous than any kind of levity. You want, if possible—and there is not a more foolish "if possible"—TO DO AWAY WITH SUFFERING; and we?—it really seems that WE would rather have it increased and made worse than it has ever been! Well-being, as you understand it—is certainly not a goal; it seems

to us an END; a condition which at once renders man ludicrous and contemptible—and makes his destruction DESIRABLE! The discipline of suffering, of GREAT suffering—know ye not that it is only THIS discipline that has produced all the elevations of humanity hitherto? The tension of soul in misfortune which communicates to it its energy, its shuddering in view of rack and ruin, its inventiveness and bravery in undergoing, enduring, interpreting, and exploiting misfortune, and whatever depth, mystery, disguise, spirit, artifice, or greatness has been bestowed upon the soul—has it not been bestowed through suffering, through the discipline of great suffering? In man CREATURE and CREATOR are united: in man there is not only matter, shred, excess, clay, mire, folly, chaos; but there is also the creator, the sculptor, the hardness of the hammer, the divinity of the spectator, and the seventh day—do ye understand this contrast? And that YOUR sympathy for the "creature in man" applies to that which has to be fashioned, bruised, forged, stretched, roasted, annealed, refined—to that which must necessarily SUFFER, and IS MEANT to suffer? And our sympathy—do ye not understand what our REVERSE sympathy applies to, when it resists your sympathy as the worst of all pampering and enervation?—So it is sympathy AGAINST sympathy!—But to repeat it once more, there are higher problems than the problems of pleasure and pain and sympathy; and all systems of philosophy which deal only with these are naivetes.

226. WE IMMORALISTS.—This world with which WE are concerned, in which we have to fear and love, this almost invisible, inaudible world of delicate command and delicate obedience, a world of "almost" in every respect, captious, insidious, sharp, and tender—yes, it is well protected from clumsy spectators and familiar curiosity! We are woven into a strong net and garment of duties, and CANNOT disengage ourselves—precisely here, we are "men of duty," even we! Occasionally, it is true, we dance in our "chains" and betwixt our "swords"; it is none the less true that more often we gnash our teeth under the circumstances, and are impatient at the secret hardship of our lot. But do what we will, fools and appearances say of us: "These are men WITHOUT duty,"—we have always fools and appearances against us!

227. Honesty, granting that it is the virtue of which we cannot rid ourselves, we free spirits—well, we will labour at it with all our perversity and love, and not tire of "perfecting" ourselves in OUR virtue, which alone remains: may its glance some day overspread like a gilded, blue, mocking twilight this aging civilization with its dull gloomy seriousness! And if, nevertheless, our honesty should one day grow weary, and sigh, and stretch its limbs, and find us too hard, and would fain have it pleasanter, easier, and gentler, like an agreeable vice, let us remain HARD, we latest Stoics, and let us send to its help whatever devilry we have in us:—our disgust at the clumsy and undefined, our "NITIMUR IN VETITUM," our love of adventure,

our sharpened and fastidious curiosity, our most subtle, disguised, intellectual Will to Power and universal conquest, which rambles and roves avidiously around all the realms of the future—let us go with all our "devils" to the help of our "God"! It is probable that people will misunderstand and mistake us on that account: what does it matter! They will say: "Their 'honesty'—that is their devilry, and nothing else!" What does it matter! And even if they were right—have not all Gods hitherto been such sanctified, re-baptized devils? And after all, what do we know of ourselves? And what the spirit that leads us wants TO BE CALLED? (It is a question of names.) And how many spirits we harbour? Our honesty, we free spirits—let us be careful lest it become our vanity, our ornament and ostentation, our limitation, our stupidity! Every virtue inclines to stupidity, every stupidity to virtue; "stupid to the point of sanctity," they say in Russia,—let us be careful lest out of pure honesty we eventually become saints and bores! Is not life a hundred times too short for us—to bore ourselves? One would have to believe in eternal life in order to...

228. I hope to be forgiven for discovering that all moral philosophy hitherto has been tedious and has belonged to the soporific appliances—and that "virtue," in my opinion, has been MORE injured by the TEDIOUSNESS of its advocates than by anything else; at the same time, however, I would not wish to overlook their general usefulness. It is desirable that as few people as possible should reflect upon morals, and consequently it is very desirable that morals should not some day become interesting! But let us not be afraid! Things still remain today as they have always been: I see no one in Europe who has (or DISCLOSES) an idea of the fact that philosophizing concerning morals might be conducted in a dangerous, captious, and ensnaring manner—that CALAMITY might be involved therein. Observe, for example, the indefatigable, inevitable English utilitarians: how ponderously and respectably they stalk on, stalk along (a Homeric metaphor expresses it better) in the footsteps of Bentham, just as he had already stalked in the footsteps of the respectable Helvetius! (no, he was not a dangerous man, Helvetius, CE SENEUR POCOCURANTE, to use an expression of Galiani). No new thought, nothing of the nature of a finer turning or better expression of an old thought, not even a proper history of what has been previously thought on the subject: an IMPOSSIBLE literature, taking it all in all, unless one knows how to leaven it with some mischief. In effect, the old English vice called CANT, which is MORAL TARTUFFISM, has insinuated itself also into these moralists (whom one must certainly read with an eye to their motives if one MUST read them), concealed this time under the new form of the scientific spirit; moreover, there is not absent from them a secret struggle with the pangs of conscience, from which a race of former Puritans must naturally suffer, in all their scientific tinkering with morals. (Is not a moralist the opposite of a Puritan? That is to say, as a thinker who regards morality as questionable,

as worthy of interrogation, in short, as a problem? Is moralizing not-immoral?) In the end, they all want English morality to be recognized as authoritative, inasmuch as mankind, or the "general utility," or "the happiness of the greatest number,"-no! the happiness of ENGLAND, will be best served thereby. They would like, by all means, to convince themselves that the striving after English happiness, I mean after COMFORT and FASHION (and in the highest instance, a seat in Parliament), is at the same time the true path of virtue; in fact, that in so far as there has been virtue in the world hitherto, it has just consisted in such striving. Not one of those ponderous, conscience-stricken herding-animals (who undertake to advocate the cause of egoism as conducive to the general welfare) wants to have any knowledge or inkling of the facts that the "general welfare" is no ideal, no goal, no notion that can be at all grasped, but is only a nostrum,-that what is fair to one MAY NOT at all be fair to another, that the requirement of one morality for all is really a detriment to higher men, in short, that there is a DISTINCTION OF RANK between man and man, and consequently between morality and morality. They are an unassuming and fundamentally mediocre species of men, these utilitarian Englishmen, and, as already remarked, in so far as they are tedious, one cannot think highly enough of their utility. One ought even to ENCOURAGE them, as has been partially attempted in the following rhymes:-

Hail, ye worthies, barrow-wheeling,
"Longer-better," aye revealing,

Stiffer aye in head and knee;
Unenraptured, never jesting,
Mediocre everlasting,

SANS GENIE ET SANS ESPRIT!

229. In these later ages, which may be proud of their humanity, there still remains so much fear, so much SUPERSTITION of the fear, of the "cruel wild beast," the mastering of which constitutes the very pride of these humaner ages-that even obvious truths, as if by the agreement of centuries, have long remained unuttered, because they have the appearance of helping the finally slain wild beast back to life again. I perhaps risk something when I allow such a truth to escape; let others capture it again and give it so much "milk of pious sentiment" [FOOTNOTE: An expression from Schiller's William Tell, Act IV, Scene 3.] to drink, that it will lie down quiet and forgotten, in its old corner.-One ought to learn anew about cruelty, and open one's eyes; one ought at last to learn impatience, in order that such immodest gross errors-as, for instance, have been fostered by ancient and modern philosophers with regard to tragedy-may no longer wander about

virtuously and boldly. Almost everything that we call "higher culture" is based upon the spiritualising and intensifying of CRUELTY—this is my thesis; the "wild beast" has not been slain at all, it lives, it flourishes, it has only been—transfigured. That which constitutes the painful delight of tragedy is cruelty; that which operates agreeably in so-called tragic sympathy, and at the basis even of everything sublime, up to the highest and most delicate thrills of metaphysics, obtains its sweetness solely from the intermingled ingredient of cruelty. What the Roman enjoys in the arena, the Christian in the ecstasies of the cross, the Spaniard at the sight of the faggot and stake, or of the bull-fight, the present-day Japanese who presses his way to the tragedy, the workman of the Parisian suburbs who has a homesickness for bloody revolutions, the Wagnerienne who, with unhinged will, "undergoes" the performance of "Tristan and Isolde"—what all these enjoy, and strive with mysterious ardour to drink in, is the philtre of the great Circe "cruelty." Here, to be sure, we must put aside entirely the blundering psychology of former times, which could only teach with regard to cruelty that it originated at the sight of the suffering of OTHERS: there is an abundant, super-abundant enjoyment even in one's own suffering, in causing one's own suffering—and wherever man has allowed himself to be persuaded to self-denial in the RELIGIOUS sense, or to self-mutilation, as among the Phoenicians and ascetics, or in general, to desensualisation, decarnalisation, and contrition, to Puritanical repentance-spasms, to vivisection of conscience and to Pascal-like SACRIFICIA DELL' INTELLETO, he is secretly allured and impelled forwards by his cruelty, by the dangerous thrill of cruelty TOWARDS HIMSELF.—Finally, let us consider that even the seeker of knowledge operates as an artist and glorifier of cruelty, in that he compels his spirit to perceive AGAINST its own inclination, and often enough against the wishes of his heart:—he forces it to say Nay, where he would like to affirm, love, and adore; indeed, every instance of taking a thing profoundly and fundamentally, is a violation, an intentional injuring of the fundamental will of the spirit, which instinctively aims at appearance and superficiality,—even in every desire for knowledge there is a drop of cruelty.

230. Perhaps what I have said here about a "fundamental will of the spirit" may not be understood without further details; I may be allowed a word of explanation.—That imperious something which is popularly called "the spirit," wishes to be master internally and externally, and to feel itself master; it has the will of a multiplicity for a simplicity, a binding, taming, imperious, and essentially ruling will. Its requirements and capacities here, are the same as those assigned by physiologists to everything that lives, grows, and multiplies. The power of the spirit to appropriate foreign elements reveals itself in a strong tendency to assimilate the new to the old, to simplify the manifold, to overlook or repudiate the absolutely contradictory; just as it

arbitrarily re-underlines, makes prominent, and falsifies for itself certain traits and lines in the foreign elements, in every portion of the "outside world." Its object thereby is the incorporation of new "experiences," the assortment of new things in the old arrangements—in short, growth; or more properly, the FEELING of growth, the feeling of increased power—is its object. This same will has at its service an apparently opposed impulse of the spirit, a suddenly adopted preference of ignorance, of arbitrary shutting out, a closing of windows, an inner denial of this or that, a prohibition to approach, a sort of defensive attitude against much that is knowable, a contentment with obscurity, with the shutting-in horizon, an acceptance and approval of ignorance: as that which is all necessary according to the degree of its appropriating power, its "digestive power," to speak figuratively (and in fact "the spirit" resembles a stomach more than anything else). Here also belong an occasional propensity of the spirit to let itself be deceived (perhaps with a waggish suspicion that it is NOT so and so, but is only allowed to pass as such), a delight in uncertainty and ambiguity, an exulting enjoyment of arbitrary, out-of-the-way narrowness and mystery, of the too-near, of the foreground, of the magnified, the diminished, the misshapen, the beautified—an enjoyment of the arbitrariness of all these manifestations of power. Finally, in this connection, there is the not unscrupulous readiness of the spirit to deceive other spirits and dissemble before them—the constant pressing and straining of a creating, shaping, changeable power: the spirit enjoys therein its craftiness and its variety of disguises, it enjoys also its feeling of security therein—it is precisely by its Protean arts that it is best protected and concealed!—COUNTER TO this propensity for appearance, for simplification, for a disguise, for a cloak, in short, for an outside—for every outside is a cloak—there operates the sublime tendency of the man of knowledge, which takes, and INSISTS on taking things profoundly, variously, and thoroughly; as a kind of cruelty of the intellectual conscience and taste, which every courageous thinker will acknowledge in himself, provided, as it ought to be, that he has sharpened and hardened his eye sufficiently long for introspection, and is accustomed to severe discipline and even severe words. He will say: "There is something cruel in the tendency of my spirit": let the virtuous and amiable try to convince him that it is not so! In fact, it would sound nicer, if, instead of our cruelty, perhaps our "extravagant honesty" were talked about, whispered about, and glorified—we free, VERY free spirits—and some day perhaps SUCH will actually be our—posthumous glory! Meanwhile—for there is plenty of time until then—we should be least inclined to deck ourselves out in such florid and fringed moral verbiage; our whole former work has just made us sick of this taste and its sprightly exuberance. They are beautiful, glistening, jingling, festive words: honesty, love of truth, love of wisdom, sacrifice for knowledge, heroism of the truthful—there is something in them that makes one's heart swell with pride. But we

anchorites and marmots have long ago persuaded ourselves in all the secrecy of an anchorite's conscience, that this worthy parade of verbiage also belongs to the old false adornment, frippery, and gold-dust of unconscious human vanity, and that even under such flattering colour and repainting, the terrible original text HOMO NATURA must again be recognized. In effect, to translate man back again into nature; to master the many vain and visionary interpretations and subordinate meanings which have hitherto been scratched and daubed over the eternal original text, HOMO NATURA; to bring it about that man shall henceforth stand before man as he now, hardened by the discipline of science, stands before the OTHER forms of nature, with fearless Oedipus-eyes, and stopped Ulysses-ears, deaf to the enticements of old metaphysical bird-catchers, who have piped to him far too long: "Thou art more! thou art higher! thou hast a different origin!"-this may be a strange and foolish task, but that it is a TASK, who can deny! Why did we choose it, this foolish task? Or, to put the question differently: "Why knowledge at all?" Every one will ask us about this. And thus pressed, we, who have asked ourselves the question a hundred times, have not found and cannot find any better answer....

231. Learning alters us, it does what all nourishment does that does not merely "conserve"-as the physiologist knows. But at the bottom of our souls, quite "down below," there is certainly something unteachable, a granite of spiritual fate, of predetermined decision and answer to predetermined, chosen questions. In each cardinal problem there speaks an unchangeable "I am this"; a thinker cannot learn anew about man and woman, for instance, but can only learn fully-he can only follow to the end what is "fixed" about them in himself. Occasionally we find certain solutions of problems which make strong beliefs for us; perhaps they are henceforth called "convictions." Later on-one sees in them only footsteps to self-knowledge, guide-posts to the problem which we ourselves ARE-or more correctly to the great stupidity which we embody, our spiritual fate, the UNTEACHABLE in us, quite "down below."-In view of this liberal compliment which I have just paid myself, permission will perhaps be more readily allowed me to utter some truths about "woman as she is," provided that it is known at the outset how literally they are merely-MY truths.

232. Woman wishes to be independent, and therefore she begins to enlighten men about "woman as she is"-THIS is one of the worst developments of the general UGLIFYING of Europe. For what must these clumsy attempts of feminine scientificity and self-exposure bring to light! Woman has so much cause for shame; in woman there is so much pedantry, superficiality, schoolmasterliness, petty presumption, unbridledness, and indiscretion concealed-study only woman's behaviour towards children!-which has really been best restrained and dominated hitherto by the FEAR of man. Alas, if ever the "eternally tedious in

woman"—she has plenty of it!—is allowed to venture forth! if she begins radically and on principle to unlearn her wisdom and art-of charming, of playing, of frightening away sorrow, of alleviating and taking easily; if she forgets her delicate aptitude for agreeable desires! Female voices are already raised, which, by Saint Aristophanes! make one afraid:—with medical explicitness it is stated in a threatening manner what woman first and last **REQUIRES** from man. Is it not in the very worst taste that woman thus sets herself up to be scientific? Enlightenment hitherto has fortunately been men's affair, men's gift—we remained therewith "among ourselves"; and in the end, in view of all that women write about "woman," we may well have considerable doubt as to whether woman really **DESIRES** enlightenment about herself—and **CAN** desire it. If woman does not thereby seek a new **ORNAMENT** for herself—I believe ornamentation belongs to the eternally feminine?—why, then, she wishes to make herself feared: perhaps she thereby wishes to get the mastery. But she does not want truth—what does woman care for truth? From the very first, nothing is more foreign, more repugnant, or more hostile to woman than truth—her great art is falsehood, her chief concern is appearance and beauty. Let us confess it, we men: we honour and love this very art and this very instinct in woman: we who have the hard task, and for our recreation gladly seek the company of beings under whose hands, glances, and delicate follies, our seriousness, our gravity, and profundity appear almost like follies to us. Finally, I ask the question: Did a woman herself ever acknowledge profundity in a woman's mind, or justice in a woman's heart? And is it not true that on the whole "woman" has hitherto been most despised by woman herself, and not at all by us?—We men desire that woman should not continue to compromise herself by enlightening us; just as it was man's care and the consideration for woman, when the church decreed: *mulier taceat in ecclesia*. It was to the benefit of woman when Napoleon gave the too eloquent Madame de Stael to understand: *mulier taceat in politicis!*—and in my opinion, he is a true friend of woman who calls out to women today: *mulier taceat de mulierel*.

233. It betrays corruption of the instincts—apart from the fact that it betrays bad taste—when a woman refers to Madame Roland, or Madame de Stael, or Monsieur George Sand, as though something were proved thereby in favour of "woman as she is." Among men, these are the three comical women as they are—nothing more!—and just the best involuntary counter-arguments against feminine emancipation and autonomy.

234. Stupidity in the kitchen; woman as cook; the terrible thoughtlessness with which the feeding of the family and the master of the house is managed! Woman does not understand what food means, and she insists on being cook! If woman had been a thinking creature, she should certainly, as cook for thousands of years, have discovered the most important physiological facts, and should likewise have got possession

of the healing art! Through bad female cooks--through the entire lack of reason in the kitchen--the development of mankind has been longest retarded and most interfered with: even today matters are very little better. A word to High School girls.

235. There are turns and casts of fancy, there are sentences, little handfuls of words, in which a whole culture, a whole society suddenly crystallises itself. Among these is the incidental remark of Madame de Lambert to her son: "MON AMI, NE VOUS PERMETTEZ JAMAIS QUE DES FOLIES, QUI VOUS FERONT GRAND PLAISIR"--the motherliest and wisest remark, by the way, that was ever addressed to a son.

236. I have no doubt that every noble woman will oppose what Dante and Goethe believed about woman--the former when he sang, "ELLA GUARDAVA SUSO, ED IO IN LEI," and the latter when he interpreted it, "the eternally feminine draws us ALOFT"; for THIS is just what she believes of the eternally masculine.

237.

SEVEN APOPTHEGMS FOR WOMEN

How the longest ennui flees, When a man comes to our knees!

Age, alas! and science staid, Furnish even weak virtue aid.

Sombre garb and silence meet: Dress for every dame--discreet.

Whom I thank when in my bliss? God!--and my good tailoress!

Young, a flower-decked cavern home; Old, a dragon thence doth roam.

Noble title, leg that's fine, Man as well: Oh, were HE mine!

Speech in brief and sense in mass--Slippery for the jenny-ass!

237A. Woman has hitherto been treated by men like birds, which, losing their way, have come down among them from an elevation: as something delicate, fragile, wild, strange, sweet, and animating--but as something also which must be cooped up to prevent it flying away.

238. To be mistaken in the fundamental problem of "man and woman," to deny here the profoundest antagonism and the necessity for an eternally hostile tension, to dream here perhaps of equal rights, equal training, equal claims and obligations: that is a TYPICAL sign of shallow-mindedness; and a thinker who has proved himself shallow at this dangerous spot--shallow in instinct!--may generally be regarded as

suspicious, nay more, as betrayed, as discovered; he will probably prove too "short" for all fundamental questions of life, future as well as present, and will be unable to descend into ANY of the depths. On the other hand, a man who has depth of spirit as well as of desires, and has also the depth of benevolence which is capable of severity and harshness, and easily confounded with them, can only think of woman as ORIENTALS do: he must conceive of her as a possession, as confinable property, as a being predestined for service and accomplishing her mission therein—he must take his stand in this matter upon the immense rationality of Asia, upon the superiority of the instinct of Asia, as the Greeks did formerly; those best heirs and scholars of Asia—who, as is well known, with their INCREASING culture and amplitude of power, from Homer to the time of Pericles, became gradually STRICTER towards woman, in short, more Oriental. HOW necessary, HOW logical, even HOW humanely desirable this was, let us consider for ourselves!

239. The weaker sex has in no previous age been treated with so much respect by men as at present—this belongs to the tendency and fundamental taste of democracy, in the same way as disrespectfulness to old age—what wonder is it that abuse should be immediately made of this respect? They want more, they learn to make claims, the tribute of respect is at last felt to be well-nigh galling; rivalry for rights, indeed actual strife itself, would be preferred: in a word, woman is losing modesty. And let us immediately add that she is also losing taste. She is unlearning to FEAR man: but the woman who "unlearns to fear" sacrifices her most womanly instincts. That woman should venture forward when the fear-inspiring quality in man—or more definitely, the MAN in man—is no longer either desired or fully developed, is reasonable enough and also intelligible enough; what is more difficult to understand is that precisely thereby—woman deteriorates. This is what is happening nowadays: let us not deceive ourselves about it! Wherever the industrial spirit has triumphed over the military and aristocratic spirit, woman strives for the economic and legal independence of a clerk: "woman as clerkess" is inscribed on the portal of the modern society which is in course of formation. While she thus appropriates new rights, aspires to be "master," and inscribes "progress" of woman on her flags and banners, the very opposite realises itself with terrible obviousness: WOMAN RETROGRADES. Since the French Revolution the influence of woman in Europe has DECLINED in proportion as she has increased her rights and claims; and the "emancipation of woman," insofar as it is desired and demanded by women themselves (and not only by masculine shallow-pates), thus proves to be a remarkable symptom of the increased weakening and deadening of the most womanly instincts. There is STUPIDITY in this movement, an almost masculine stupidity, of which a well-reared woman—who is always a sensible woman—might be heartily ashamed. To lose the intuition as to the ground upon which she can most surely achieve victory; to neglect exercise in

the use of her proper weapons; to let-herself-go before man, perhaps even "to the book," where formerly she kept herself in control and in refined, artful humility; to neutralize with her virtuous audacity man's faith in a VEILED, fundamentally different ideal in woman, something eternally, necessarily feminine; to emphatically and loquaciously dissuade man from the idea that woman must be preserved, cared for, protected, and indulged, like some delicate, strangely wild, and often pleasant domestic animal; the clumsy and indignant collection of everything of the nature of servitude and bondage which the position of woman in the hitherto existing order of society has entailed and still entails (as though slavery were a counter-argument, and not rather a condition of every higher culture, of every elevation of culture):-what does all this betoken, if not a disintegration of womanly instincts, a defeminising? Certainly, there are enough of idiotic friends and corrupters of woman among the learned asses of the masculine sex, who advise woman to defeminize herself in this manner, and to imitate all the stupidities from which "man" in Europe, European "manliness," suffers,-who would like to lower woman to "general culture," indeed even to newspaper reading and meddling with politics. Here and there they wish even to make women into free spirits and literary workers: as though a woman without piety would not be something perfectly obnoxious or ludicrous to a profound and godless man;-almost everywhere her nerves are being ruined by the most morbid and dangerous kind of music (our latest German music), and she is daily being made more hysterical and more incapable of fulfilling her first and last function, that of bearing robust children. They wish to "cultivate" her in general still more, and intend, as they say, to make the "weaker sex" STRONG by culture: as if history did not teach in the most emphatic manner that the "cultivating" of mankind and his weakening-that is to say, the weakening, dissipating, and languishing of his FORCE OF WILL-have always kept pace with one another, and that the most powerful and influential women in the world (and lastly, the mother of Napoleon) had just to thank their force of will-and not their schoolmasters-for their power and ascendancy over men. That which inspires respect in woman, and often enough fear also, is her NATURE, which is more "natural" than that of man, her genuine, carnivora-like, cunning flexibility, her tiger-claws beneath the glove, her NAIVETE in egoism, her untrainableness and innate wildness, the incomprehensibleness, extent, and deviation of her desires and virtues. That which, in spite of fear, excites one's sympathy for the dangerous and beautiful cat, "woman," is that she seems more afflicted, more vulnerable, more necessitous of love, and more condemned to disillusionment than any other creature. Fear and sympathy it is with these feelings that man has hitherto stood in the presence of woman, always with one foot already in tragedy, which rends while it delights-What? And all that is now to be at an end? And the DISENCHANTMENT of woman is in progress? The tediousness of woman is slowly evolving? Oh Europe! Europe! We know

the horned animal which was always most attractive to thee, from which danger is ever again threatening thee! Thy old fable might once more become "history"—an immense stupidity might once again overmaster thee and carry thee away! And no God concealed beneath it—no! only an "idea," a "modern idea"!

THE RISE OF MOLTEN ROCK TO THE EARTH'S SURFACE

VOLCANIC MOUNTAINS OF EJECTED MATERIALS

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Earth Features and Their Meaning*, by William Herbert Hobbs
1921

=The mechanics of crater explosions.=—If we now turn from the lava volcano to the active cinder cone, we encounter an entire change of scene. In place of the quiet flow and convulsive movements of the molten lava, we here meet with repeated explosions of greater or less violence. If we are to profitably study the manner of the explosions, considering the volcanic vent as a great experimental apparatus, it would be well to select for our purpose a volcano which is in a not too violent mood. The well-known cinder cone of Stromboli in the Eolian group of islands north of Sicily has, with short and unimportant interruptions, remained in a state of light explosive activity since the beginning of the Christian era. Rising as it does some three thousand feet directly out of the Mediterranean, and displaying by day a white steam cap and an intermittent glow by night, its summit can be seen for a distance of a hundred miles at sea and it has justly been called the "Lighthouse of the Mediterranean." The "flash" interval of this beacon may vary from one to twenty minutes, and it may show, furthermore, considerable variation of intensity.

For the reason that the crater of the mountain is located at one side and at a considerable distance below the actual summit, the opportunity here afforded of looking into the crater is most favorable whenever the direction of the wind is such as to push aside the overhanging steam cloud (Fig. 111). Long ago the Italian vulcanologist Spallanzani undertook to make observations from above the crater, and many others since his day have profited by his example.

Within the crater of the volcano there is seen a lava surface lightly frozen over and traversed by many cracks from which vapor jets are issuing. Here, as in the Kilauea crater, there are open pools of boiling lava. From some of these, lava is seen welling out to

overflow the frozen surface; from others, steam is ejected in puffs as though from the stack of a locomotive. Within others lava is seen heaving up and down in violent ebullition, and at intervals a great bubble of steam is ejected with explosive violence, carrying up with it a considerable quantity of the still molten lava, together with its scumlike surface, to fall outside the crater and rattle down the mountain's slope into the sea. Following this explosion the lava surface in the pool is lowered and the agitation is renewed, to culminate after the further lapse of a few minutes in a second explosion of the same nature. The rise of the lava which precedes the ejection appears at night as a brighter reflection or glow from the overhanging steam cloud—the flash seen by the mariner from his vessel.

[Illustration:

FIG. 111.—The volcano of Stromboli, showing the excentric position of the crater (after a sketch by Judd).]

What is going on within the crater of Stromboli we may perhaps best illustrate by the boiling of a stiff porridge over a hot fire. Any one who has made corn mush over a hot camp fire is fully aware that in proportion as the mush becomes thicker by the addition of the meal, it is necessary to stir the mass with redoubled vigor if anything is to be retained within the kettle. The thickening of the mush increases its viscosity to such an extent that the steam which is generated within it is unable to make its escape unless aided by openings continually made for it by the stirring spoon. If the stirring motion be stopped for a moment, the steam expands to form great bubbles which soon eject the pasty mass from the kettle.

For the crater of Stromboli this process is illustrated by the series of diagrams in Fig. 112. As the lava rises toward the surface, presumably as a result of convectional currents within the chimney of the volcano, the contained steam is relieved from pressure, so that at some depth below the surface it begins to separate out in minute vesicles or bubbles, which, expanding as they rise, acquire a rapidly accelerating velocity. Soon they flow together with a quite sudden increase of their expansive energy, and now shooting upward with further accelerated velocity, a layer of liquid lava with its cover of scum is raised on the surface of a gigantic bubble and thrown high into the air. Cooled during their flight, the quickly congealed lava masses become the tuff or volcanic ash which is the material of the cinder cone.

[Illustration: FIG. 112.—Diagrams to illustrate the nature of eruptions within the crater of Stromboli.]

=Grander volcanic eruptions of cinder cones.=—Most cinder and composite cones, in the intervals between their grander eruptions, if not entirely quiescent, lapse into a period, of light activity during which their crater eruptions appear to be in all essential respects like the habitual explosions within the Strombolian crater. This phase of activity is, therefore, described as _Strombolian_. By contrast, the occasional grander eruptions which have punctuated the history of all larger volcanoes are described in the language of Mercalli as _Vulcanian_ eruptions, from the best studied example.

Just what it is that at intervals brings on the grander Vulcanian outburst within a volcano is not known with certainty; but it is important to note that there is an approach to periodicity in the grander eruptions. It is generally possible to distinguish eruptions of at least two orders of intensity greater than the Strombolian phase; a grander one, the examples of which may be separated by centuries, and one or more orders of relatively moderate intensity which recur at intervals perhaps of decades, their time intervals subdividing the larger periods marked off by the eruptions of the first order.

[Illustration:

FIG. 113.—Map of Volcano in the Eolian group of islands. The smaller craters partially dissected by the waves belong to Vulcanello (after Judd).]

=The eruption of Volcano in 1888.=—In the Eolian Islands to the north of Sicily was located the mythical forge of Vulcan. From this locality has come our word “volcano”, and both the island and the mountain bear no other name to-day (Fig. 113). There is in the structure of the island the record of a somewhat complex volcanic history, but the form of the large central cinder cone was, according to Scrope, acquired during the eruption of 1786, at which time the crater is reported to have vomited ash for a period of fifteen days. Passing after this eruption into the solfatara condition, with the exception of a light eruption in 1873, the volcano remained quiet until 1886. So active had been the fumeroles within the crater during the latter part of this period that an extensive plant had been established there for the collection especially of boracic acid. In 1886 occurred a slight eruption, sufficient to clear out the bottom of the crater, though not seriously to disturb the English planter whose vineyards and fig orchards were in the valley or _atrio_ near the point _d_ upon the map (Fig. 113), nearly a mile from the crater rim. On the 3d of August, 1888, came the opening discharge of an eruption, which, while not of the first order of magnitude, was yet the greatest in more than a

century of the mountain's history, and may serve us to illustrate the Vulcanian phase of activity within a cinder cone. During the day, to the accompaniment of explosions of considerable violence, projectiles fell outside the crater rim and rolled down the steep slopes toward the _atrio_. These explosions were repeated at intervals of from twenty to thirty minutes, each beginning in a great upward rush of steam and ash, accompanied by a low rumbling sound. During the following night the eruptions increased in violence, and the anxious planter remained on watch in his villa a mile from the crater. Falling asleep toward morning, he was rudely awakened by a rain of projectiles falling upon his roof. Hastily snatching up his two children he ran toward the door just as a red hot projectile, some two feet in diameter, descended through the roof, ceiling, and floor of the drawing room, setting fire to the building. A second projectile similar to the first was smashed into fragments at his feet as he was emerging from the house, burning one of the children. Making his escape to Vulcanello at the extremity of the island, the remainder of the night and the following day, until rescue came from Lipari, were spent just beyond the range of the falling masses.

[Illustration:

FIG. 114.—“Bread-crust” lava projectile from the eruption of Volcano in 1888 (after Mercalli).]

When the writer visited the island some months later, the eruption was still so vigorous that the crater could not be reached. The ruined villa, smashed and charred, stood with its walls half buried in ash and lapilli, among which were partly smashed pumiceous lava projectiles. The entire _atrio_ about the mountain lay buried in cinder to the depth of several feet and was strewn with projectiles which varied in size from a man's fist to several feet in diameter (Fig. 114). The larger of these exhibited the peculiar “bread-crust” surface and had generally been smashed by the force of their fall after the manner of a pumpkin which has been thrown hard against the ground. One of these projectiles fully three feet in diameter was found at the distance of a mile and a half from the crater. Though diminished considerably in intensity, the rhythmic explosions within the crater still recurred at intervals varying from four minutes to half an hour, and were accompanied by a dull roar easily heard at Lipari on a neighboring island six miles away. Simultaneously, a dark cloud of “smoke”, the peculiar “cauliflower cloud” or _pino_ mounted for a couple of miles above the crater (Fig. 115), and the rise was succeeded by a rain of small lava fragments or _lapilli_ outside the crater rim.

[Illustration:

FIG. 115.—Peculiar “cauliflower cloud” or *_pino_* composed of steam and ash, rising above the cinder cone of Volcano during the waning phases of the explosive eruption of 1888 (after a photograph by B. Hobson).]

There seems to be no good reason to doubt that Vulcanian cinder eruptions of this type differ chiefly in magnitude from the rhythmic explosion within the crater of Stromboli, if we except the elevation of a considerable quantity of accessory and older tuff which is derived from the inner walls of the crater and carried upward into the air together with the pasty cakes of fresh lava derived from the chimney. It is this accessory material which gives to the *_pino_* its dark or even black appearance.

[Illustration:

FIG. 116.—Double explosive eruption of Taal volcano on the morning of January 30, 1911.]

=The eruption of Taal volcano on January 30, 1911.=—The recent eruption of the cinder cone known as Taal volcano is of interest, not only because so fresh in mind, but because two neighboring vents erupted simultaneously with explosions of nearly equal violence (Fig. 116). This Philippine volcano lies near the center of a lake some fifteen miles in diameter and about fifty miles south of the city of Manila. After a period of rest extending over one hundred and fifty years, the symptoms of the coming eruption developed rapidly, and on the morning of January 30 grand explosions of steam and ash occurred simultaneously in the neighboring craters, and the condensed moisture brought down the ash in an avalanche of scalding mud which buried the entire island. Almost the entire population of the island, numbering several hundreds, was literally buried in the blistering mud (Fig. 117); and the gases from the explosions carried to the distant shores of the lake added to this number many hundred victims.

[Illustration:

FIG. 117.—The thick mud veneer upon the island of Taal (after a photograph by Deniston).]

[Illustration: FIG. 118.—A pear-shaped lava projectile.]

The shocks which accompanied the explosions raised a great wave upon the surface of the lake, which, advancing upon the shores, washed away structures for a distance of nearly a half mile.

=The materials and the structure of cinder cones.=—Obviously the materials which compose cinder cones are the cooled lava fragments of various degrees of coarseness which have been ejected from the crater. If larger than a finger joint, such fragments are referred to as _volcanic projectiles_, or, incorrectly, as “volcanic bombs.” Of the larger masses it is often true that the force of expulsion has not been applied opposite the center of mass of the body. Thus it follows that they undergo complex whirling motions during their flight, and being still semiliquid, they develop curious pear-shaped or less regular forms (Fig. 118). When crystals have already separated out in the lava before its rise in the chimney of the volcano, the surrounding fluid lava may be blown to finely divided volcanic dust which floats away upon the wind, thus leaving the crystals intact to descend as a crystal rain about the crater. Such a shower occurred in connection with the eruption of Etna in 1669, and the black augite crystals may to-day be gathered by the handful from the slopes of the Monti Rossi (Fig. 125, p. 125).

[Illustration:

FIG. 119.—Artificial production of the structure of a cinder cone with use of colored sands carried up in alternation by a current of air (after G. Linck).]

The term _lapilli_, or sometimes _rapilli_, is applied to the ejected lava fragments when of the average size of a finger joint. This is the material which still partially covers the unexhumed portions of the city of Pompeii. Volcanic _sand_, _ash_, and _dust_ are terms applied in order to increasingly fine particles of the ejected lava. The finest material, the volcanic dust, is often carried for hundreds and sometimes even for thousands of miles from the crater in the high-level currents of the atmosphere. Inasmuch as this material is deposited far from the crater and in layers more or less horizontal, such material plays a small rôle in the formation of the cinder cone. The coarser sands and ash, on the other hand, are the materials from which the cinder cone is largely constructed.

The manner of formation and the structure of cinder cones may be illustrated by use of a simple laboratory apparatus (Fig. 119). Through an opening in a board, first white and then colored sand is sent up in a light current of air or gas supplied from suitable apparatus. The alternating layers of the sand form in the attitudes shown; that is to say, dipping inward or toward the chimney of the volcano at all points within the crater rim, and outward or away from it at all points outside (Fig. 119). If the experiment is carried so far that at its termination sand slides down the crater walls into the chimney below, the inward dipping layers will be truncated, or even removed entirely,

as shown in Fig. 119 _b_.

[Illustration:

FIG. 120.—Diagram to show the contrast between a lava dome and a cinder cone. _AAA_, cinder cone; _BabC_, lava dome; _DE_, line of low cinder cones above a fissure (after Thoroddsen).]

=The profile lines of cinder cones.=—The shapes of cinder cones are notably different from those of lava mountains. While the latter are domes, the mountains constructed of cinder are conical and have curves of profile that are concave upward instead of convex (Fig. 120). In the earlier stages of its growth the cinder cone has a crater which in proportion to the height of the mountain is relatively broad (Fig. 99, p. 104).

[Illustration:

FIG. 121.—Mayon volcano on the island of Luzon, P.I. A remarkably perfect high cinder cone.]

Speaking broadly, the diameter of the crater is a measure of the violence of the explosions within the chimney. A single series of short and violent explosive eruptions builds a low and broad cinder cone. A long-continued succession of moderately violent explosions, on the other hand, builds a high cone with crater diameter small if compared with the mountain's altitude, and the profile afforded is a remarkably beautiful sweeping curve (Fig. 121). Toward the summit of such a cone the loose materials of which it is composed are at as steep an angle as they can lie, the so-called angle of repose of the material; whereas lower down the flatter slopes have been determined by the distribution of the cinder during its fall from the air. When one makes the ascent of such a mountain, he encounters continually steeper grades, with the most difficult slope just below the crest.

[Illustration:

FIG. 122.—A series of breached cinder cones where the place of eruption has migrated along the underlying fissure. The Puys Noir, Solas, and La Vache in the Mont Dore Province of central France (after Scrope).]

=The composite cone.=—The life histories of volcanoes are generally so varied that lava domes and the pure types of cinder cones are less common than volcanoes in which paroxysmal eruptions have alternated

with explosions, and where, therefore, the structure of the mountain represents a composite of lava and cinder. Such composite cones possess a skeleton of solid rock upon which have been built up alternate sloping layers of cinder and lava. In most respects such cones stand in an intermediate position between lava domes and cinder cones.

[Illustration:

FIG. 123.—The *_bocca_* or mouth upon the inner cone of Mount Vesuvius from which flowed the lava stream of 1872. This lava stream appears in the foreground with its characteristic “ropy” surface.]

Regarded as a retaining wall for the lava which mounts in the chimney, the cinder cone is obviously the weakest of all. Should lava rise in a cinder cone without an explosion occurring, the cone is at once broken through upon one side by the outwelling of the lava near the base. Thus arises the characteristic *_breached_* cone of horseshoe form (Fig. 122).

[Illustration:

FIG. 124.—A row of parasitic cones raised above a fissure which was opened upon the flanks of Mount Etna during the eruption of 1892 (after De Lorenzo).]

Quite in contrast with the weak cinder cone is the lava dome with its rock walls and relatively flat slopes. Considered as a retaining wall for lava it is much the strongest type of volcanic mountain, and it is likely that the hydrostatic pressure of the lava within the crater would seldom suffice to rupture the walls, were it not that the molten rock first fuses its way into old stream tunnels buried under the mountain slopes (see *_ante_*, p. 112). Composite cones have a strength as retaining walls for lava which is intermediate between that of the other types. Their Vulcanian eruptions of the convulsive type are initiated by the formation of a rent or fissure upon the mountain flanks at elevations well above the base, the opening of the fissure being generally accompanied by a local earthquake of greater or less violence.

From one or more such fissures the lava issues usually with sufficient violence at the place of outflow to build up over it either an enlarged type of dribble cone, referred to as a “mouth”, or *_bocca_*[1] (Fig. 123), or one or more cinder cones which from their position upon the flanks of the larger volcano are referred to as *_parasitic cones_* (Fig. 124). The lava of Vesuvius more frequently yields *_bocchi_* at the place of outflow, whereas the flanks of Etna are pimpled with great numbers of parasitic cinder cones, each the monument to some earlier eruption (Fig. 125).

[Illustration:

FIG. 125.—View looking toward the summit of Etna from a position upon the southern flank near the village of Nicolosi. The two breached parasitic cones seen behind this village are the Monti Rossi which were thrown up in 1669 and from which flowed the lava which overran Catania (after a photograph by Sommer).]

It is generally the case that a single eruption makes but a relatively small contribution to the bulk of the mountain. From each new cone or _bocca_ there proceeds a stream of lava spread in a relatively narrow stream extending down the slopes (Fig. 126).

[Illustration:

FIG. 126.—Sketch map of Etna, showing the individual surface lava streams (in black) and the tuff covered surface (stippled).]

=The caldera of composite cones.=—Because of the varied episodes in the history of composite cones, they lack the regular lines characteristic of the two simpler types. The larger number of the more important composite cones have been built up within an outer crater of relatively large diameter, the Somma cone or _caldera_, which surrounds them like a gigantic ruff or collar. This caldera is clearly in most cases at least the relic of an earlier explosive crater, after which successive eruptions of lesser violence have built a more sharply conical structure. This can only be interpreted to mean that most larger and long-active volcanoes have been born in the grandest throes of their life history, and that a larger or smaller lateral migration of the vent has been responsible for the partial destruction of the explosion crater. Upon Vesuvius we find the crescent-like rim of Monte Somma; on Etna it is the Val del Bove, etc. It is this caldera of composite cones which gave rise to the theory of the "elevation crater" of von Buch (see _ante_, p. 95, and Fig. 127).

[Illustration:

FIG. 127.—Panum crater, showing the caldera and the later interior cones (after Russell).]

=The eruption of Vesuvius in 1906.=—The volcano Vesuvius rises on the shores of the beautiful bay of Naples only about ten miles distant from the city of Naples. The mountain consists of the remnant of an earlier broad-mouthed explosion crater, the Monte Somma, and an inner,

more conical elevation, the Monte Vesuvio. Before the eruption of 1906 this central cone was sharply conical and rose to a height of about 4300 feet above the surface of the bay, or above the highest point of the ancient caldera. The base of this inner cone is at an elevation of something less than half that of the entire mass, and is separated from the encircling ring wall of the old crater by the _atrio_, to which corresponds in height a perceptible shelf or _piano_ upon the slope toward the bay of Naples (Fig. 128).

[Illustration:

FIG. 128.—View of Mount Vesuvius as it appeared from the Bay of Naples shortly before the eruption of 1906. The horn to the left is Monte Somma.]

An active composite cone like that of Vesuvius is for the greater part of the time in the Strombolian condition; that is to say, light crater explosions continue with varying intensity and interval, except when the mountain has been excited to the periodic Vulcanian outbreaks with which its history has been punctuated. The Strombolian explosions have sufficient violence to eject small fragments of hot lava, which, falling about the crater, slowly built up a rather sharp cone. The period of Strombolian activity has, therefore, been called the _cone-producing period_. Just before each new outbreak of the Vulcanian type, the altitude of the mountain has, therefore, reached a maximum, and since the larger explosive eruptions remove portions of this cone at the same time that they increase the dimensions of the crater, the Vulcanian stage in contrast to the other has been called the _crater-producing period_. In this period, then, the material ejected during the explosions does not consist solely of fresh lava cakes, but in part of the older débris derived from the crater walls, whence it is avalanched upon the chimney after each larger explosion. The overhanging cloud, which during the Strombolian period has consisted largely of steam and is noticeably white, now assumes a darker tone, the "smoke" which characterizes the Vulcanian eruption.

[Illustration:

FIG. 129.—A series of consecutive sketches of the summit of the Vesuvian cone, showing the modifications in its outline (after Sir William Hamilton).]

On several historical occasions the cone of Vesuvius has been lowered by several hundred feet, the greatest of relatively recent truncations having occurred in 1822 and in 1906. Between Vulcanian eruptions the Strombolian activity is by no means uniform, and so the upward growth of the cone is subject to lesser interruptions and truncations (Fig.

129).

The Vesuvian eruption of 1906 has been selected as a type of the larger Vulcanian eruption of composite cones, because it combined the explosive and paroxysmal elements, and because it has been observed and studied with greater thoroughness than any other. The latest previous eruption of the Vulcanian order had occurred in 1872. Some two years later the period of active cone building began and proceeded with such rapidity that by 1880 the new cone began to appear above the rim of the crater of 1872. From this time on occasional light eruptions interrupted the upbuilding process, and as the repairs were not in all cases completed before a new interruption, a nest of cones, each smaller than the last, arose in series like the outdrawn sections of an old-time spyglass. At one time no less than five concentric craters were to be seen.

For a brief period in the fall of 1904 Vesuvius had been in almost absolute repose, but soon thereafter the Strombolian crater explosions were resumed. On May 25, 1905, a small stream of lava began to issue from a fissure high up upon the central cone, and from this time on the lava continued to flow down to the valley or *_atrio_*, separating the inner cone from the caldera remnant of Monte Somma. Seen in the night, this stream of lava appeared from Naples like a red hot wire laid against the mountain's side (Fig. 130). With gradual augmentation of Strombolian explosions and increase in volume of the flowing lava stream, the same condition continued until the first days of April in 1906. The flowing lava had then overrun the tracks of the mountain railway and accumulated in considerable quantity within the *_atrio_* (Fig. 131).

[Illustration:

FIG. 130.—Night view of Vesuvius from Naples before the outbreak of 1906. A small lava stream is seen descending from a high point upon the central cone (after Mercalli).]

On the morning of April 4, a preliminary stage of the eruption was inaugurated by the opening of a new radial fissure about 500 feet below the summit of the cone (Fig. 132 *_a_*), and by early afternoon the cone-destroying stage began with the rise of a dark "cauliflower cloud" or *_pino_* to replace the lighter colored steam cloud. The cone was beginning to fall into the crater, and old lava débris was mingled in the ejections with the lava clots blown from the still fluid material within the chimney. From now on short and snappy lightning flashes played about the black cloud, giving out a sharp staccato "tack-a-tack." The volume and density of the cloud and the intensity of the crater explosions continued to increase until the culmination

on April 7. On April 5 at midnight a new lava mouth appeared upon the same fissure which had opened near the summit, but now some 300 feet lower (Fig. 132 _b_). The lava now welled out in larger volume corresponding to its greater head, and the stream which for ten months had been flowing from the highest outlet upon the cone now ceased to flow. The next morning, April 6, at about 8 o'clock, lava broke out at several points some distance east of the opening _b_, and evidently upon another fissure transverse to the first (Fig. 132 _c_). The lava surface within the chimney must still have remained near its old level,—effective draining had not yet begun,—since early upon the following morning a small outflow began nearly at the top of the cone upon the opposite side and at least a thousand feet higher.

[Illustration: FIG. 131.—Scoriaceous lava encroaching upon the tracks of the Vesuvian railway (after a photograph by Sommer).]

[Illustration:

FIG. 132.—Map of Vesuvius, showing the position and order of formation of the lava mouths upon its flanks during the eruption of 1906 (after Johnston-Lavis).]

The culmination of the eruption came in the evening of April 7, when, to the accompaniment of light earthquakes felt as far as Naples, lava issued for the first time in great volume from a mouth more than halfway down the mountain side (Fig. 132 _f_), and thus began the drainage of the chimney. At about the same time with loud detonations a huge black cloud rose above the crater in connection with heavy explosions, and a rain of cinder was general in the region about the mountain but especially within the northeast quadrant. Those who were so fortunate as to be in Pompeii had a clear view of the mountain's summit where red hot masses of lava were thrown far into the air. The direction of these projections was reported to have been not directly upward, but inclined toward the northeast quadrant of the mountain; but since with a northeast surface wind the heaviest deposit of ash and dust should have been upon the southwestern quadrant of the mountain, it is evident that the material was carried upward until it reached the contrary upper currents of the atmosphere, to be by them distributed.

[Illustration: FIG. 133.—The ash curtain which had overhung Vesuvius lifting and disclosing the outlines of the mountain on April 10, 1911 (after De Lorenzo).]

[Illustration:

FIG. 134.—The central cone of Vesuvius as it appeared after the eruption of 1906, but with the earlier profile indicated. The

truncation represents a lowering of the summit by some five hundred feet, with corresponding increase in the diameter of the crater (after Johnston-Lavis).]

When the heavy curtain of ash, which now for a number of succeeding days overhung all the circum-Vesuvian country, began to lift (Fig. 133), it was seen that the summit of the cone had been truncated an average of some 500 feet (Fig. 134). All the slopes and much of the surrounding country had the aspect of being buried beneath a cocoa-colored snow of a depth to the northeastward of several feet, where it had drifted into all the hollow ways so as almost to efface them (Fig. 135). More than thrice as heavy as water, the weak roof timbers of the houses at the base of the mountain gave way beneath the added load upon them, thus making many victims. Inasmuch, however, as the ash-fall partakes of the same general characters as in eruptions from cinder cones, we may here give our attention especially to the streams of lava which issued upon the opposite flank of the mountain (Fig. 136).

[Illustration:

FIG. 135.—A sunken road filled with indrifting cocoa-colored ash from the Vesuvian eruption of 1906.]

[Illustration:

FIG. 136.—View of Vesuvius taken from the southwest during the waning stages of the eruption of 1906. In the middle distance may be discerned the several lava mouths aligned upon a fissure, and the courses of the streams which descend from them. In the foreground is the main lava stream with scoriaceous surface (after W. Prinz).]

The main lava stream descended the first steep slopes with the velocity of a mile in twenty-five minutes, about the strolling speed of a pedestrian, but this rate was gradually reduced as the stream advanced farther from the mouth. Taking advantage of each depression of the surface, the black stream advanced slowly but relentlessly toward the cities at the southwest base of the mountain. With a motion not unlike that of a heap of coal falling over itself down a slope, the block lava advances without burning the objects in its path (Fig. 137).

[Illustration:

FIG. 137.—The main lava stream of 1906 advancing upon the village of Boscotrecase.]

[Illustration:

FIG. 138.—An Italian pine snapped off by the lava and carried forward upon its surface as a passenger (after Haug).]

The beautiful pines are merely charred where snapped off and are carried forward upon the surface of the stream (Fig. 138). When a real obstruction, such as a bridge or a villa, is encountered, the stream is at first halted, but the rear crowding upon the van, unless a passage is found at the side, the lava front rises higher and higher until by its weight the obstruction is forced to give way (Figs. 139 and 140).

[Illustration:

FIG. 139.—Lava front both pushing over and running around a wall which lies athwart its course (after Johnston-Lavis).]

[Illustration:

FIG. 140.—One of the villas in Boscotrecase which was ruined by the Vesuvian lava flow of 1906. The fragments of masonry from the ruined walls traveled upon the lava current, where they sometimes became incased in lava.]

=The sequence of events within the chimney.=—The thorough study of this Vesuvian eruption has placed us in a position to infer with some confidence in our conclusions the sequence of events within the chimney and crater of the volcano, both before and during the eruption. Anticipating some conclusions derived from the observed dissection of volcanoes, which will be discussed below, it may be stated that what might be termed the core of the composite cone—the chimney—is a more or less cylindrical plug of cooled lava which during the active period of the vent has an interior bore of probably variable caliber. This plug in its lower section appears in solid black in all the diagrams of Fig. 141. During the cone-building period (Fig. 141 _a_ and _b_) the plug is obviously built upward along with the cone, for lava often flows out at a level a few hundred feet only below the crater rim. By what process this chimney building goes on is not well understood, though some light is thrown upon it by the post-eruption stage of Mont Pelé in 1902-1903 (see below).

[Illustration:

FIG. 141.—Three diagrams to illustrate the sequence of events within the crater of a composite cone during the cone-building and crater-producing periods. _a_ and _b_, two successive stages of the

cone building or Strombolian period; _c_, enlargement of the crater, truncation of the cone, and destruction of the upper chimney during the relatively brief crater-producing or Vulcanian period.]

Both the older and newer sections of this plug or chimney are furnished some support against the outward pressure of the contained lava by the surrounding wall of tuff; and they are, therefore, in a condition not unlike that of the inner barrel of a great gun over which sleeves of metal have been shrunk so as to give support against bursting pressures. On the other hand, when not sustaining the hydrostatic pressure of the liquid lava within, the chimney would tend to be crushed in by the pressure of the surrounding tuff. Its strength to withstand bursting pressures is dependent not alone upon the thickness of its rock walls, but also upon its internal diameter or caliber. A steam cylinder of given thickness of wall, as is well known, can resist bursting pressures in proportion as its internal diameter is small. So in the volcanic chimney, any tendency to remelt from within the chimney walls must weaken them in a twofold ratio.

We are yet without accurate temperature observations upon the lava in volcanic chimneys, but it seems almost certain that these temperatures rise as the Vulcanian stage is approaching, and such elevation of temperature must be followed by a greater or less re-fusion of the chimney walls. The sequence of events during the late Vesuvian eruption is, then, naturally explained by progressive re-fusion and consequent weakening of the chimney walls, thus permitting a radial fissure to open near the top and gradually extend downwards. Thus at first small and high outlets were opened insufficient to drain the chimney, but later, on April 7, after this fissure had been much extended and a new and larger one had opened at a lower level, the draining began and the surface of lava commenced rapidly to sink.

[Illustration: FIG. 142.—The spine of Pelé rising above the chimney of the volcano after the eruption of 1902 (after Hovey).]

When the rapid sinking of the lava surface occurred, the lower lava layers were almost immediately relieved of pressure, thus causing a sudden expansion of the contained steam and resulting in grand crater explosions. The partially refused and fissured upper chimney, now unable to withstand the inward pressure of the surrounding tuff walls, since outward pressures no longer existed, crushed in and contributed its materials and those of the surrounding tuff to the fragments of fresh lava rising in volume in the grand explosions (Fig. 141 _c_). In outline, then, these seem to be the conditions which are indicated by the sequence of observed events in connection with the late Vesuvian outbreak.

[Illustration:

FIG. 143.—Outlines of the Pelé spine upon successive dates. The full line represents its outline on December 26, 1902; the dotted-dashed line is a profile of January 3, 1902; while the dotted line is that of January 9, 1903. The dark line is a fissure (after E. O. Hovey).]

=The spine of Pelé.=—The disastrous eruption of Mont Pelé upon Martinique in the year 1902 is of importance in connection with the interesting problem of the upward growth of volcanic chimneys during the cone-building period of a volcano. After the conclusion of this great Vulcanian eruption, a spine of lava grew upward from the chimney of the main crater until it had reached an elevation of more than a thousand feet above its base, a figure of the same order of magnitude as the probable height of the upper section of the Vesuvian chimney previous to the eruption of 1906. The Pelé spine (Fig. 142) did not grow at a uniform rate, but was subject to smaller or larger truncations, but for a period of 18 days the upward growth was at the rate of about 41 feet per day. Later, the mass split upon a vertical plane revealing a concave inner surface, and was somewhat rapidly reduced in altitude to 600 feet (Fig. 143), only to rise again to its full height of about 1000 feet some three months later.

While apparently unique as an observed phenomenon, and not free from uncertainty as to its interpretation, the growth of this obelisk has at least shown us that a mass of rock can push its way up above the chimney of an active volcano even when there are no walls of tuff about it to sustain its outward pressures.

[Illustration:

FIG. 144.—Corrugated surface of the Vesuvian cone after the mud flows which followed the eruption in 1906 (after Johnston-Lavis).]

=The aftermath of mud flows.=—When the late Vulcanian explosions of Vesuvius had come to an end, all slopes of the mountain, but especially the higher ones, were buried in thick deposits of the cocoa-colored ash, included in which were larger and smaller projectiles. As this material is extremely porous, it greedily sucks up the water which falls during the first succeeding rains. When nearly saturated, it begins to descend the slopes of the mountain and soon develops a velocity quite in contrast with that of the slow-moving lava. The upper slopes are thus denuded, while the fields and even the houses about the base are invaded by these torrents of mud (*lava d'acqua*). Inasmuch as these mud flows are the inevitable aftermath of all grander explosive

eruptions, the Italian government has of late spent large sums of money in the construction of dikes intended to arrest their progress in the future. It was streams of this sort that buried the city of Herculaneum after the explosive eruption of 79 A.D.

After the mud flows have occurred, the Vesuvian cone, like all similar volcanic cones under the same conditions, is found with deep radial corrugations (Fig. 144), such as were long ago described as "barrancoes" and supposed to support the "elevation crater" theory of volcano formation.

=The dissection of volcanoes.=—To the uninitiated it might appear a hopeless undertaking to attempt to learn by observation the internal structure of a volcano, and especially of a complex volcano of the composite type. The earliest successful attempt appears to have been made by Count Caspar von Sternberg in order to prove the correctness of the theory of his friend, the poet Goethe. Goethe had claimed that a little hill in the vicinity of Eger, on the borders of Bohemia, was an extinct volcano, though the foremost geologist of the time the famous Werner, had promulgated the doctrine that this hill, in common with others of similar aspect, originated in the combustion of a bed of coal. The elevation in question, which is known as the Kammerbühl, consists mainly of cinder, and Goethe had maintained that if a tunnel were to be driven horizontally into the mountain from one of its slopes, a core or plug of lava would be encountered beneath the summit. The excavations, which were completed in 1837, fully verified the poet's view, for a lava plug was found to occupy the center of the mass and to connect with a small lava stream upon the side of the hill (Fig. 145).

[Illustration:

FIG. 145.—The Kammerbühl near Eger, showing the tunnel completed in 1837 which proved the volcanic nature of the mountain (after Judd).]

It is not, however, to such expensive projects that reference is here made, but rather to processes which are continually going on in nature, and on a far grander scale. The most important dissecting agent for our purpose is running water, which is continually paring down the earth's surface and disclosing its buried structures. How much more convincing than any results of artificial excavation, as evidence of the internal structure of a volcano, is the monument represented in Fig. 146, since here the lava plug stands in relief like a gigantic thumb still surrounded by a remnant of cinder deposits. Such exposed chimneys of former volcanoes are found in many regions, and have become known as volcanic _necks_, _pipes_, or _plugs_.

[Illustration: FIG. 146.—Volcanic plug exposed by natural dissection of a volcanic cone in Colorado (U. S. G. S.).]

[Illustration:

FIG. 147.—A dike cutting beds of tuff in a partly dissected volcano of southwestern Colorado (after Howe, U. S. G. S.).]

Not infrequently the beds of tuff composing the flanks of the volcano, upon dissection by the same process, bring to light walls of cooled lava standing in relief (Fig. 147)—the filling of the fissure which gave outlet to the flanks of the mountain at the time of the eruption. Study of exposed dikes formed in connection with recent eruptions of Vesuvius has shown that in many instances they are still hollow, the lava having drained from them before complete consolidation.

Another agent which is effective in uncovering the buried structures of volcanoes is the action of waves on shores. Always a relatively vigorous erosive agency, the softer structures of volcanic cones are removed with especial facility by this agent. On the shores of the island of Volcano, the little cone of Vulcanello has been nearly half carried away by the waves, so as to reveal with especial perfection the structure of the cinder beds as well as the internal rock skeleton of the mass. Here the characteristic dips of lava streams, intercalated as they now are between tuff deposits and the lava which consolidated in fissures, are both revealed.

[Illustration:

FIG. 148.—Map and general view of St. Paul's Rocks, a volcanic cone dissected by waves.]

In mid-Atlantic a quite perfect crater, the St. Paul's Rocks, has been cut nearly in half so as to produce a natural harbor (Fig. 148).

In still other instances we may thank the volcano itself for opening up the interior of the mountain for our inspection. The eruption in 1888 of the Japanese volcano of Bandai-san, by removing a considerable part of the ancient cone, has afforded us a section completely through the mountain. The summit and one side of the small Bandai was carried completely away, and there was substituted a yawning crater eccentric to the former mountain and having its highest wall no less than 1500 feet in height (Fig. 149). In two hours from the first warning of the explosion the catastrophe was complete and the eruption over.

[Illustration:

FIG. 149.—Dissection by explosion of Little Bandai-san in 1888 (after Sekiya).]

The eruption of Krakatoa in 1883, probably the grandest observed volcanic explosion in historic times, left a volcanic cone divided almost in half and open to inspection (Fig. 150). Rakata, Danan, and Perbuatan had before constituted a line of cones built up round individual craters subsequent to the partial destruction of an earlier caldera, portions of which were still existent in the islands Verlaten and Lang. By the eruption of 1883 all the exposed parts and considerable submerged portions of the two smaller cones were entirely destroyed, and the larger one, known as Rakata, was divided just outside the plug so as to leave a precipitous wall rising directly from the sea and showing lava streams in alternation with somewhat thicker tuff layers, the whole knit together by numerous lava dikes.

[Illustration:

FIG. 150.—The half-submerged volcano of Krakatoa in the Sunda Straits before and after the eruption of 1883 (after Verbeek).]

In order to carry our dissecting process down to levels below the base of the volcanic mountain, it is usually necessary to inspect the results of erosion by running water. Here the plug or chimney, instead of being surrounded by tuff, is inclosed by the country rock of the region, which is commonly a sedimentary formation. Such exposed lower sections of volcanic chimneys are numerous along the northwestern shores of the British Isles. Where aligned upon a dislocation or noteworthy fissure in the rocks, the group of plugs has been referred to as a scar or *cicatrice* (Fig. 151). Associated with the plugs of the *cicatrice* are not infrequently dikes, or, it may be, sheets of lava extended between layers of sediment and known as *sills*.

[Illustration: FIG. 151.—The *cicatrice* of the Banat (after Suess).]

If we are able to continue the dissection process to still greater depths, we encounter at last igneous rock having a texture known as granitic and indicating that the process of consolidation was not only exceedingly slow but also uninterrupted. This rock is found in masses of larger dimensions, and though generally of more or less irregular form, no one dimension is of a different order of magnitude from the others. Such masses are commonly described as *bosses*, or, if especially large, as *batholites* (Fig. 152). Wherever the rock beds appear as though they had been forced up by the upward pressure of the igneous mass, the latter takes the form of a mushroom and has been described as a *laccolite* (Figs. 479-481, pp. 441-442). Evidence

seems, however, to accumulate that in the greater number of cases the molten rock has fused its way upward, in part assimilating and in part inclosing the rock which it encountered. This process of upward fusion has been likened to the progress of a red hot iron burning its way through a board.

=The formation of lava reservoirs.=—The discarding of the earlier notion that the earth has a liquid interior makes it proper in discussing the subject of volcanoes to at least touch upon the origin of the molten rock material. As already pointed out, such reservoirs as exist must be local and temporary, or it would be difficult to see how the existing condition of earth rigidity could be maintained. From the rate at which rock temperatures rise, at increasing depths below the surface, it is clear that all rocks would be melted at very moderate depths only, if they were not kept in a solid state by the prodigious loads which they sustain. Any relief from this load should at once result in fusion of the rock.

[Illustration:

FIG. 152.—Diagram to illustrate a probable cause of formation of lava reservoirs, and to show the connection between such reservoirs and the volcanoes at the surface.]

Now the restriction of active volcanoes to those zones of the earth's surface within which mountains are rising, and where in consequence earthquakes are felt, has furnished us at least a clew to the origin of the lava. Regarded as a structure capable of sustaining a load, the competency of an arch is something quite remarkable, so that the arching up of strong rock formations into anticlines within the upper layers of the zone of flow, or of combined fracture and flow, would be sufficient to remove the load from relatively weak underlying beds, which in consequence would be fused and form local reservoirs of lava (Figs. 152 and 153).

It has been further quite generally observed that lines of volcanoes, in so far as they betray any relation in position to neighboring mountain ranges, tend to appear upon the rear or flatter limb of unsymmetrical arches, or where local tension would favor the opening of channels toward the surface. Moreover, wherever recent block movements of surface portions of the earth's shell have been disclosed in the neighborhood of volcanoes, the latter appear to be connected with downthrown blocks, as though the lava had, so to speak, been squeezed out from beneath the depressed block or blocks.

[Illustration:

FIG. 153.—Result of experiment with layers of composition to illustrate the effect of relief of load upon rocks by arching of competent formation (after Willis).]

We must not, however, forget that the igneous rocks are greatly restricted in the range of their chemical composition. No igneous rock type is known which could be formed by the fusion of any of the carbonate rocks such as limestone or dolomite, or of the more siliceous rocks, such as sandstone or quartzite. There remains only the argillaceous class of sediments, the shales and slates, and so soon as we examine the composition of these rocks we are struck by the remarkable resemblance to that of the class of igneous rocks. For purposes of comparison there is given below the composite or average constitution of igneous rocks in parallel column, with the average attained by combining the analyses of 56 slates and shales, the latter recalculated with water excluded:

	AVERAGE IGNEOUS ROCK			AVERAGE
SHALE	-----T-----			
	(Clark)	(Washington)		
	-----+			-----+
	-----+			-----
SiO ₂	61.25	61.69	63.34	
Al ₂ O ₃	15.81	15.94	16.56	
Fe ₂ O ₃	2.70} 6.31	1.88} 4.53	4.41} 7.89	
FeO	3.61}	2.65}	3.48}	
MgO	4.47	4.90	3.54	
CaO	5.03	5.02	3.33	
Na ₂ O	3.64	4.09	1.29	
K ₂ O	2.87	3.35	3.52	
TiO ₂	.62	.48	.53	
	-----	-----	-----	
	100.00	100.00	100.00	

This close resemblance is probably of deep significance, for the reason that shales and slates are structurally the weakest of all rocks and for the further reason that they rather generally directly underlie the carbonate rocks, which are by contrast the strongest (see _ante_, p. 37). For these reasons shales and slates are the only rocks which are likely to be fused by relief from load through the formation of anticlinal arches within the earth's zone of flow. If this view is

well founded, lavas and other igneous rocks are in large part fused argillaceous sediments formed in connection with the process of folding, or are refused rocks of igneous origin and similar composition.

=Character profiles.=—The character profiles of features connected in their origin with volcanoes are particularly easy to recognize, and in a few cases in which they might be confused with others of a different origin, an examination of the materials of the features should lead to a definitive judgment.

The lava plains which result from massive outflows of basalt might perhaps strictly be regarded as lack of feature, so great may be their continuous extent. Wherever definite vents exist, a broad flat dome is the usual result of the extravasation of a basaltic lava. The puys of France and many of the Kuppen of Germany, being formed from less fluid lava, have afforded profiles with relatively small radius of curvature.

In its youthful stage, the cinder cone usually presents a broad summit sag and relatively short side slopes, whereas the cone of later stages is apt to present long sweeping and upwardly concave curves with both the gradient and the radius of curvature increasing rapidly toward the summit. In contrast, too, with the earlier stage, the crest is relatively small. A marked reduction in the high symmetry of such profiles is noted wherever a breaching by lava outflow has occurred (Fig. 154).

With the composite cone, complexity and corresponding lack of symmetry is introduced, especially in the partially ruined caldera, and by the more or less accidental distribution of parasitic cones, as well as by migrations of the central cone. Peculiarly similar acuminate profiles result from spatter-cone formation, from the formation of a superchimney spine, and by the uncovering of the chimney through denudational processes—the volcanic neck.

[Illustration: FIG. 154.—Character profiles connected with volcanoes.]

Another important feature resulting from denudation is the Mesa or table mountain with its protecting basalt cap above softer rocks. Its profile most resembles that of table mountains due to differential erosion of alternately strong and weak horizontally bedded rocks, such as compose the upper portion of the section in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Here, however, in place of a single unusually strong top layer there are found several strong layers in alternation with weaker ones so as to produce additional steps in the profile.

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A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT
by Jonathan Swift

CHAPTER I

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire, and I was the third of four sons. He sent me to Cambridge at fourteen years old, and after studying there three years I was bound apprentice to Mr. Bates, a famous surgeon in London. There, as my father now and then sent me small sums of money, I spent them in learning navigation, and other arts useful to those who travel, as I always believed it would be some time or other my fortune to do.

Three years after my leaving him my good master, Mr. Bates, recommended me as ship's surgeon to the "Swallow," on which I voyaged three years. When I came back I settled in London, and, having taken part of a small house, I married Miss Mary Burton, daughter of Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier.

But my good master Bates died two years after; and as I had few friends my business began to fail, and I determined to go again to sea. After several voyages, I accepted an offer from Captain W. Pritchard, master of the "Antelope," who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699; and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

But in our passage to the East Indies we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's Land. Twelve of our crew died from hard labor and bad food, and the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within 120 yards of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven straight upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, letting down the boat, got clear of the ship, and we rowed about three leagues, till we could work no longer. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves; and in about half an hour the boat was upset by a sudden squall. What became of my companions in the boat, or those who escaped on the rock or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but I conclude they were all lost. For my part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide; but when I was able to struggle no longer I found myself within my depth. By this time the storm was much abated. I reached the shore at last, about eight o'clock in the evening, and advanced nearly half a mile inland, but could not discover any sign of inhabitants. I was extremely tired, and with the heat of the weather I found myself much inclined to sleep. I

lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, and slept sounder than ever I did in my life for about nine hours. When I woke, it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but could not; for as I happened to be lying on my back, I found my arms and legs were fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I could only look upward. The sun began to grow hot, and the light hurt my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive and moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently over my breast, came almost up to my chin, when, bending my eyes downward, I perceived it to be a human creature, not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime I felt at least forty more following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifted up his hands in admiration. I lay all this while in great uneasiness; but at length, struggling to get loose, I succeeded in breaking the strings that fastened my left arm to the ground; and at the same time, with a violent pull that gave me extreme pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them, whereupon there was a great shout, and in an instant I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles. Moreover, they shot another flight into the air, of which some fell on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over I groaned with grief and pain, and then, striving again to get loose, they discharged another flight of arrows larger than the first, and some of them tried to stab me with their spears; but by good luck I had on a leather jacket, which they could not pierce. By this time I thought it most prudent to lie still till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I thought I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me if they were all of the same size as him I saw. When the people observed that I was quiet they discharged no more arrows, but by the noise I heard I knew that their number was increased; and about four yards from me, for more than an hour, there was a knocking, like people at work. Then, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would let me, I saw a stage set up, about a foot and a half from the ground, with two or three ladders to mount it. From this, one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, of which I could not understand a word, though I could tell from his manner that he sometimes threatened me, and sometimes spoke with pity and kindness. I answered in few words, but in the most submissive manner; and, being almost famished with hunger, I could not help showing my impatience by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify

that I wanted food. He understood me very well, and, descending from the stage, commanded that several ladders should be set against my sides, on which more than a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked toward my mouth with baskets full of food, which had been sent by the King's orders when he first received tidings of me. There were legs and shoulders like mutton but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time. They supplied me as fast as they could, with a thousand marks of wonder at my appetite. I then made a sign that I wanted something to drink. They guessed that a small quantity would not suffice me, and, being a most ingenious people, they slung up one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it toward my hand, and beat out the top. I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. However, I could not wonder enough at the daring of these tiny mortals, who ventured to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was free, without trembling at the very sight of so huge a creature as I must have seemed to them. After some time there appeared before me a person of high rank from his Imperial Majesty. His Excellency, having mounted my right leg, advanced to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue, and spoke about ten minutes, often pointing forward, which, as I afterward found, was toward the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was commanded by his Majesty that I should be conveyed. I made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his Excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train), to show that I desired my liberty. He seemed to understand me well enough, for he shook his head, though he made other signs to let me know that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Then I once more thought of attempting to escape; but when I felt the smart of their arrows on my face and hands, which were all in blisters and observed likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Then they daubed my face and hands with a sweet-smelling ointment, which in a few minutes removed all the smarts of the arrows. The relief from pain and hunger made me drowsy, and presently I fell asleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was told afterward; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the Emperor's orders, had mingled a sleeping draught in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems that, when I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the Emperor had early notice of it, and determined that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night, while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set to work to prepare the engine. It was a frame of wood, raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. But

the difficulty was to place me on it. Eighty poles were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords fastened to bandages which the workmen had tied round my neck, hands, body, and legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by pulleys fastened on the poles, and in less than three hours I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. Fifteen hundred of the Emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were then employed to draw me toward the capital. But while all this was done I still lay in a deep sleep, and I did not wake till four hours after we began our journey.

The Emperor and all his Court came out to meet us when we reached the capital; but his great officials would not suffer his Majesty to risk his person by mounting on my body. Where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, supposed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, and here it was determined that I should lodge. Near the great gate, through which I could easily creep, they fixed ninety-one chains, like those which hang to a lady's watch, which were locked to my left leg with thirty-six padlocks; and when the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me. Then I rose up, feeling as melancholy as ever I did in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people on seeing me rise and walk were inexpressible. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only freedom to walk backward and forward in a semicircle, but to creep in and lie at full length inside the temple. The Emperor, advancing toward me from among his courtiers, all most magnificently clad, surveyed me with great admiration, but kept beyond the length of my chain. He was taller by about the breadth of my nail than any of his Court, which alone was enough to strike awe into the beholders, and graceful and majestic. The better to behold him, I lay down on my side, so that my face was level with his, and he stood three yards off. However, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived. His dress was very simple; but he wore a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels and a plume. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself if I should break loose; it was almost three inches long, and the hilt was of gold, enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear. His Imperial Majesty spoke often to me, and I answered; but neither of us could understand a word.

CHAPTER II

After about two hours the Court retired, and I was left with a strong guard to keep away the crowd, some of whom had had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me as I sat by the door of my house. But the

colonel ordered six of them to be seized and delivered bound into my hands. I put five of them into my coat pocket; and as to the sixth, I made a face as if I would eat him alive. The poor man screamed terribly, and the colonel and his officers were much distressed, especially when they saw me take out my penknife. But I soon set them at ease, for, cutting the strings he was bound with, I put him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I saw that both the soldiers and people were delighted at this mark of my kindness.

Toward night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, as I had to do for a fortnight, till a bed was prepared for me out of six hundred beds of the ordinary measure.

Six hundred servants were appointed me, and three hundred tailors made me a suit of clothes. Moreover, six of his Majesty's greatest scholars were employed to teach me their language, so that soon I was able to converse after a fashion with the Emperor, who often honored me with his visits. The first words I learned were to desire that he would please to give me my liberty, which I every day repeated on my knees; but he answered that this must be a work of time, and that first I must swear a peace with him and his kingdom. He told me also that by the laws of the nation I must be searched by two of his officers, and that as this could not be done without my help, he trusted them in my hands, and whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country. I took up the two officers, and put them into my coat pockets. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact list of everything they saw, which I afterward translated into English, and which ran as follows:

"In the right coat pocket of the great Man-Mountain we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to cover the carpet of your Majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a silver cover, which we could not lift. We desired that it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some of which flying into our faces sent us both into a fit of sneezing. In his right waistcoat pocket we found a number of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the size of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures, which we humbly conceive to be writings. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which extended twenty long poles, with which, we conjecture, the Man-Mountain combs his head. In the smaller pocket on the right side were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different sizes. Some of the white, which appeared to be silver, were so large and heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. From another pocket hung a huge silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine fastened to it, a globe half silver and half of some transparent metal;

for on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures, and thought we could touch them till we found our fingers stopped by the shining substance. This engine made an incessant noise, like a water-mill, and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god he worships, but probably the latter, for he told us that he seldom did anything without consulting it.

"This is a list of what we found about the body of the Man-Mountain, who treated us with great civility."

I had one private pocket which escaped their search, containing a pair of spectacles and a small spy-glass, which, being of no consequence to the Emperor, I did not think myself bound in honor to discover.

CHAPTER III

My gentleness and good behavior gained so far on the Emperor and his Court, and, indeed, on the people in general, that I began to have hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. The natives came by degrees to be less fearful of danger from me. I would sometimes lie down and let five or six of them dance on my hand; and at last the boys and girls ventured to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair.

The horses of the army and of the royal stables were no longer shy, having been daily led before me; and one of the Emperor's huntsmen, on a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all, which was indeed a prodigious leap. I amused the Emperor one day in a very extraordinary manner. I took nine sticks, and fixed them firmly in the ground in a square. Then I took four other sticks, and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground. I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect, and extended it on all sides till it was as tight as the top of a drum; and I desired the Emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up one by one, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order they divided into two parties, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, and, in short, showed the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling off the stage, and the Emperor was so much delighted that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and persuaded the Empress herself to let me hold her in her chair within two yards of the stage, whence she could view the whole performance. Fortunately no accident happened, only once a fiery horse, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and overthrew his rider and himself. But I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole

with one hand, I set down the troop with the other as I had taken them up. The horse that fell was strained in the shoulder; but the rider was not hurt, and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could. However, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

I had sent so many petitions for my liberty that his Majesty at length mentioned the matter in a full council, where it was opposed by none except Skyresh Bolgolam, admiral of the realm, who was pleased without any provocation to be my mortal enemy. However, he agreed at length, though he succeeded in himself drawing up the conditions on which I should be set free. After they were read I was requested to swear to perform them in the method prescribed by their laws, which was to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the top of my right ear. But I have made a translation of the conditions, which I here offer to the public:

"Golbaste Mamarem Evlame Gurdile Shefin Mully Ully Gue, Most Mighty Emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend to the ends of the globe, monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men, whose feet press down to the center, and whose head strikes against the sun, at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees, pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter: His Most Sublime Majesty proposeth to the Man-Mountain, lately arrived at our celestial dominions, the following articles, which by a solemn oath he shall be obliged to perform:

"First. The Man-Mountain shall not depart from our dominions without our license under the great seal.

"Second. He shall not presume to come into our metropolis without our express order, at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours' warning to keep within doors.

"Third. The said Man-Mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

"Fourth. As he walks the said roads he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

"Fifth. If an express requires extraordinary speed the Man-Mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse a six days' journey, and return the said messenger (if so required) safe to

our imperial presence.

"Sixth. He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

"Lastly. Upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said Man-Mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1,724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favor. Given at our palace at Belfaburac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign."

I swore to these articles with great cheerfulness, whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my freedom, Reldresal, the Emperor's secretary for private affairs, came to my house, attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired that I would give him an hour's audience. I offered to lie down that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty, but he added that, save for the present state of things at Court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. "For," he said, "however flourishing we may seem to foreigners, we are in danger of an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and as powerful as this of his Majesty. For as to what we have heard you say, that there are other kingdoms in the world, inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are very doubtful, and rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars, because a hundred mortals of your size would soon destroy all the fruit and cattle of his Majesty's dominions. Besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two mighty empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu, which, as I was going to tell you, are engaged in a most obstinate war, which began in the following manner: It is allowed on all hands that the primitive way of breaking eggs was upon the larger end; but his present Majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the Emperor, his father, made a law commanding all his subjects to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law that there have been six rebellions raised on that account, wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. It is calculated that eleven hundred persons have at different times suffered rather than break their eggs at the smaller end. But these rebels, the Bigendians, have found so much encouragement at the Emperor of Blefuscu's Court, to which they always fled for refuge, that a bloody

war, as I said, has been carried on between the two empires for six-and-thirty moons; and now the Blefuscudians have equipped a large fleet, and are preparing to descend upon us. Therefore his Imperial Majesty, placing great confidence in your valor and strength, has commanded me to set the case before you."

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the Emperor, and to let him know that I was ready, at the risk of my life, to defend him against all invaders.

CHAPTER IV

It was not long before I communicated to his Majesty the plan I formed for seizing the enemy's whole fleet. The Empire of Blefuscu is an island parted from Lilliput only by a channel eight hundred yards wide. I consulted the most experienced seamen on the depth of the channel, and they told me that in the middle, at high water, it was seventy glumguffs (about six feet of European measure). I walked toward the coast, where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my spy-glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor—about fifty men-of-war, and other vessels. I then came back to my house and gave orders for a great quantity of the strongest cables and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the ends into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the coast, and taking off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea in my leather jacket about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, swimming in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground, and thus arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened when they saw me that they leaped out of their ships and swam ashore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand. Then, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each ship, I tied all the cords together at the end. Meanwhile the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face. My greatest fear was for my eyes, which I should have lost if I had not suddenly thought of the pair of spectacles which had escaped the Emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened upon my nose, and thus armed went on with my work in spite of the arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect than slightly disturbing them. Then, taking the knot in my hand, I began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were too fast held by their anchors. Thus the boldest part of my enterprise remained. Letting go the cord, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving more than two hundred shots in my face

and hands. Then I took up again the knotted end of the cables to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

When the Blefuscudians saw the fleet moving in order, and me pulling at the end, they set up a scream of grief and despair that it is impossible to describe. When I had got out of danger I stopped awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face, and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my arrival. I then took off my spectacles, and after waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded on to the royal port of Lilliput.

The Emperor and his whole Court stood on the shore awaiting me. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who, in the middle of the channel, was under water up to my neck. The Emperor concluded that I was drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner. But he was soon set at ease, for, the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice: "Long live the most puissant Emperor of Lilliput!" The Prince received me at my landing with all possible joy, and made me a Nardal on the spot, which is the highest title of honor among them.

His Majesty desired that I would take some opportunity to bring all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports, and seemed to think of nothing less than conquering the whole Empire of Blefuscu, and becoming the sole monarch of the world. But I plainly protested that I would never be the means of bringing a free and brave people into slavery; and though the wisest of the Ministers were of my opinion, my open refusal was so opposed to his Majesty's ambition that he could never forgive me. And from this time a plot began between himself and those of his Ministers who were my enemies, that nearly ended in my utter destruction.

About three weeks after this exploit there arrived an embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of peace, which was soon concluded, on terms very advantageous to our Emperor. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons, all very magnificent. Having been privately told that I had befriended them, they made me a visit, and paying me many compliments on my valor and generosity, invited me to their kingdom in the Emperor their master's name. I asked them to present my most humble respects to the Emperor their master, whose royal person I resolved to attend before I returned to my own country. Accordingly, the next time I had the honor to see our Emperor I desired his general permission to visit the Blefuscudian monarch. This he granted me, but in a very cold manner, of which I afterward learned the reason.

When I was just preparing to pay my respects to the Emperor of Blefuscu, a distinguished person at Court, to whom I had once done a great service, came to my house very privately at night, and without sending his name desired admission. I put his lordship into my coat pocket, and, giving orders to a trusty servant to admit no one, I fastened the door, placed my visitor on the table, and sat down by it. His lordship's face was full of trouble; and he asked me to hear him with patience, in a matter that highly concerned my honor and my life.

"You are aware," he said, "that Skyresh Bolgolam has been your mortal enemy ever since your arrival, and his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory as admiral is obscured. This lord and others have accused you of treason, and several councils have been called in the most private manner on your account. Out of gratitude for your favors I procured information of the whole proceedings, venturing my head for your service, and this was the charge against you:

"First, that you, having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, were commanded by his Majesty to seize all the other ships, and put to death all the Bigendian exiles, and also all the people of the empire who would not immediately consent to break their eggs at the smaller end. And that, like a false traitor to his Most Serene Majesty, you excused yourself from the service on pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences and destroy the liberties and lives of an innocent people.

"Again, when ambassadors arrived from the Court of Blefuscu, like a false traitor, you aided and entertained them, though you knew them to be servants of a prince lately in open war against his Imperial Majesty.

"Moreover, you are now preparing, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, to voyage to the Court of Blefuscu.

"In the debate on this charge," my friend continued, "his Majesty often urged the services you had done him, while the admiral and treasurer insisted that you should be put to a shameful death. But Reldresal, secretary for private affairs, who has always proved himself your friend suggested that if his Majesty would please to spare your life and only give orders to put out both your eyes, justice might in some measure be satisfied. At this Bolgolam rose up in fury, wondering how the secretary dared desire to preserve the life of a traitor; and the treasurer, pointing out the expense of keeping you, also urged your death. But his Majesty was graciously pleased to say that since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a punishment, some other might afterward be inflicted. And the secretary, humbly desiring to be heard again, said

that as to expense your allowance might be gradually lessened, so that, for want of sufficient food you should grow weak and faint, and die in a few months, when his Majesty's subjects might cut your flesh from your bones and bury it, leaving the skeleton for the admiration of posterity.

"Thus, through the great friendship of the secretary the affair was arranged. It was commanded that the plan of starving you by degrees should be kept a secret; but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books. In three days your friend the secretary will come to your house and read the accusation before you, and point out the great mercy of his Majesty, that only condemns you to the loss of your eyes—which, he does not doubt, you will submit to humbly and gratefully. Twenty of his Majesty's surgeons will attend, to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes as you lie on the ground.

"I leave you," said my friend, "to consider what measures you will take; and, to escape suspicion, I must immediately return, as secretly as I came."

His lordship did so; and I remained alone, in great perplexity. At first I was bent on resistance; for while I had liberty I could easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that idea with horror, remembering the oath I had made to the Emperor, and the favors I had received from him. At last, having his Majesty's leave to pay my respects to the Emperor of Blefuscu, I resolved to take this opportunity. Before the three days had passed I wrote a letter to my friend the secretary telling him of my resolution; and, without waiting for an answer, went to the coast, and entering the channel, between wading and swimming reached the port of Blefuscu, where the people, who had long expected me, led me to the capital.

His Majesty, with the royal family and great officers of the Court, came out to receive me, and they entertained me in a manner suited to the generosity of so great a prince. I did not, however, mention my disgrace with the Emperor of Lilliput, since I did not suppose that prince would disclose the secret while I was out of his power. But in this, it soon appeared, I was deceived.

CHAPTER V

Three days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the northeast coast of the island, I observed at some distance in the sea something that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and wading two or three hundred yards, I plainly saw it to be a real

boat, which I supposed might by some tempest have been driven from a ship. I returned immediately to the city for help, and after a huge amount of labor I managed to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a great crowd of people appeared, full of wonder at sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the Emperor that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way to carry me to some place whence I might return to my native country, and begged his orders for materials to fit it up, and leave to depart—which, after many kindly speeches, he was pleased to grant.

Meanwhile the Emperor of Lilliput, uneasy at my long absence (but never imagining that I had the least notice of his designs), sent a person of rank to inform the Emperor of Blefuscu of my disgrace; this messenger had orders to represent the great mercy of his master, who was content to punish me with the loss of my eyes, and who expected that his brother of Blefuscu would have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor. The Emperor of Blefuscu answered with many civil excuses. He said that as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible. Moreover, though I had taken away his fleet he was grateful to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. But that both their Majesties would soon be made easy; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given orders to fit up; and he hoped in a few weeks both empires would be free from me.

With this answer the messenger returned to Lilliput; and I (though the monarch of Blefuscu secretly offered me his gracious protection if I would continue in his service) hastened my departure, resolving never more to put confidence in princes.

In about a month I was ready to take leave. The Emperor of Blefuscu, with the Empress and the royal family, came out of the palace; and I lay down on my face to kiss their hands, which they graciously gave me. His Majesty presented me with fifty purses of sprugs (their greatest gold coin) and his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. Many other ceremonies took place at my departure.

I stored the boat with meat and drink, and took six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country; and to feed them on board, I had a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives; but this was a thing the Emperor would by no means permit, and besides a diligent search into my pockets, his Majesty pledged my honor not to carry away any of his subjects, though with their own consent and desire.

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail. When

I had made twenty-four leagues, by my reckoning, from the island of Blefuscu, I saw a sail steering to the northeast. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened; and in half an hour she spied me, and discharged a gun. I came up with her between five and six in the evening, Sept. 26, 1701; but my heart leaped within me to see her English colors. I put my cows and sheep into my coat pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo. The captain received me with kindness, and asked me to tell him what place I came from last; but at my answer he thought I was raving. However, I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him.

We arrived in England on the 13th of April, 1702. I stayed two months with my wife and family; but my eager desire to see foreign countries would suffer me to remain no longer. However, while in England I made great profit by showing my cattle to persons of quality and others; and before I began my second voyage I sold them for 600l. I left 1500l. with my wife, and fixed her in a good house; then taking leave of her and my boy and girl, with tears on both sides, I sailed on board the "Adventure."

VENI, VIDI... NON VICI!

by ROSALIA PIATTI.

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *First Italian Readings*, by Various, Edited by Benjamin Lester Bowen

-Ci si provò anche lei, eh,[X.1] professore?

-Se mi provai?! E come... e come!

-Ottenne?-

Rise il professor Gianlucardi scotendo la testa: poi soggiunse:-Non me ne volevo mescolare, perchè sono faccende troppo delicate; ma quella povera madre così afflitta mi faceva compassione, e pregato e ripregato mi provai... ma... tanto è inutile, son cervellini, quelli, che non si raddrizzano.

-Crede lei, professore,-gli dissi,-che una seria educazione non possa....

-L'educazione...-interruppe con voce tonante il professor Gianlucardi

che aveva il difetto d'interrompere sempre e quello di stemperare un'idea in un lago di parole: -l'educazione...-e continuò così a lungo che io credei volesse affogarmi in uno di quei trattati di educazione a regole stabilite, applicabili in tutti i casi, come le medicine delle quarte pagine dei giornali. Quando il professor Gianlucardi, pensai, sarà deputato, non starà in parlamento per alzarsi e rimettersi a sedere; ma chiederà spesso la parola, e se l'ottiene non la vorrà lasciare tanto per fretta; sarà più facile che i suoi colleghi lascino lui. Toltone, però, quei due difetti, il professor Gianlucardi è un fior di galantuomo e la perla degli insegnanti.

Esaurita la digressione sui vari modi pratici di educare, più o meno efficaci, si venne al fatto, il quale, in verità, è così meschinuccio per sè stesso che non merita le circonlocuzioni verbose del professor Gianlucardi, e si racconta in quattro parole. Ecco la cosa come sta.

Si trattava di convertire alla religione del dovere, e in conseguenza del buon senso, una scapatella di marchesina, sposa da poco tempo, che minacciava di abiurare e l'uno e l'altro. La madre si disperava: madre ottima, o meglio ottima donna, che aspettava sempre dall'alto un consiglio, un aiuto, e spesso anche il miracolo: era come quelli che a forza di guardare in su non guardano mai dove mettono i piedi. Rimase vedova presto la contessa Cecilia con quell'unica figlia, che fino dai primi anni prometteva molto per avvenenza, per astuzia, per vanità; e veniva su un maligno serpentello che dava da fare per quattro, e avrebbe dovuto anche dar pensiero per l'avvenire.

-Coi bambini non si ragiona,-diceva la contessa Cecilia;-quando la mia Albertina avrà qualche anno di più, avrà anche un diverso contegno.-E gli anni passavano e il contegno era diverso, ma in peggio; tantochè alcuni amici consigliarono la contessa Cecilia a mettere la figlia in convento: ma lei dichiarò che in convento non l'avrebbe messa mai, perchè non voleva, non poteva separarsi dalla figliuola.

-Quando prenderà marito diventerà più assennata,-concludeva la contessa Cecilia;-sì, bisogna maritarla presto:-e si consolava con quella speranza, e con incessanti preghiere a Dio e ai Santi che avrebbero mutata in meglio l'indole ribelle della sua Albertina. Infatti, presto fu sposa di un giovine elegante, un marchesino, a cui pareva mill'anni di prender moglie per uscir di pastoie,[X.2] per aver più denari e potere scorrazzare per il mondo a suo talento, e darsi bel tempo.[X.3]

Da prima viaggiarono insieme: poi, nato che fu[X.4] un bambino, si vedevano poco: lui faceva frequenti viaggi a Monte Carlo;[X.5] lei faceva molto parlar di sè, tanto nelle feste di ballo e nei ritrovi del carnevale, quanto nei mesi delle bagnature, sfoggiando sempre gran copia

di eleganti e ricchi abbigliamenti.

La contessa Cecilia era impensierita: andando di questo passo, quel povero bambino sarebbe diventato poco meno di un pezzente. Poi s'impensieri sempre più, perchè la sua Albertina aveva stretto amicizia con alcune giovani signore frivole, ch'ella non avrebbe mai creduto conducessero una vita sì scioperata. Eppure andavano alla messa tutte le feste e mezze feste! Chi se lo sarebbe mai aspettato? V'era poi una certa baronessa che si vantava di essere emancipata, si vestiva da uomo, andava a caccia, andava a cavallo, fumava, e si prendeva gran spasso,[X.6] ogni anno d'autunno, in una sua villa, dove invitava per settimane intere le sue amiche intrinseche a darsi bel tempo con lei. Si parlava molto di queste villeggiature, e se ne parlava in cento modi: chi a mezz'aria[X.7] scotendo la testa: chi sbraitando scandalizzato; e v'era pure chi sghignazzava: ma la contessa Cecilia non rideva davvero. Era uno scandalo, via: il decoro della famiglia ne pativa. Mille volte aveva consigliato la sua Albertina a ricusare gl'inviti della baronessa; mille volte l'aveva ammonita di sfuggire quell'intrinsichezza che non le faceva onore e che le sarebbe dannosa, ma era stato come predicare nel deserto.

Vedendo che nè consigli, nè ammonizioni o preghiere valevano, le venne in mente di ricorrere al professor Gianlucardi, al quale confidato che ebbe l'animo suo e sfogato le sue angustie, finì col dire:—bisogna addirittura che lei, professore, faccia di tutto perchè la mia Albertina non vada quest'anno a villeggiare dalla baronessa... non c'è che lei che possa persuaderla... e forse lei ci riuscirà... è stato suo maestro....—Benchè il professor Gianlucardi fosse stato il maestro di letteratura dell'Albertina, e anche ne avesse cantato gli sponsali in terza rima, pure non la vedeva spesso: la vedeva qualche volta in casa della contessa Cecilia, perchè, uomo alla buona com'era, nemico delle cerimonie, visite non le ne faceva. Ma ora non potendo esimersi dall'incombenza della contessa Cecilia, vinto dalle sue preghiere, impietosito dal suo rammarico, dovè promettere di andare sollecitamente dalla sua alunna di una volta.

—La signora è sempre in letto,—diceva un servo, quando il professor Gianlucardi, in un'ora che gli parve adattata alle visite, si presentò al palazzo della marchesa Albertina. Due giorni dopo vi tornò ed era uscita, un'altra volta non si sentiva bene e perciò non riceveva nessuno: e allora il professor Gianlucardi le scrisse due righe pregandola a indicargli in qual giorno e in quale ora avrebbe potuto parlarle.

Nell'ora e nel giorno indicati dall'Albertina, ecco che il professor Gianlucardi entra nel portone del palazzo; e salita l'ampia scala, trova un servo che gli fa strada[X.8] per quattro salotti e poi lo fa passare

in una gran sala, più che ammobiliata, ingombra di mobili, com'ei diceva, e posti così alla rinfusa e per tutti i versi, che a lui, poco pratico di salotti sul gusto moderno, parve di entrare nel magazzino ben fornito di un mercante di mobilia: e forse, in quel momento, pensò al suo salotto con quelle sei seggiole allineate alla parete, col canapè verde e accosto accosto il tavolino di ciliegio lucido come uno specchio. Il professor Gianlucardi, che è un omaccione alto e massiccio, non sapeva come rigirarsi tra tanta farragine di mobili, e per scansare una _giardiniera_ inciampò in una _causeuse_ e capovolse un _pouff_; molto più che le pesanti, ampie sopratte di stoffa damascata delle due finestre attenuavano anche troppo la luce in quella sala.

Una vocina garrula con delle note di riso frenato a stento, diede il ben arrivato al professor Gianlucardi, che aguzzando gli occhi vide laggiù all'estremo lato della sala, seduta sopra una poltroncina bassa, la sua antica scolara. L'Albertina gli fece festa[X.9] e cominciò subito a discorrere fitto fitto, senza mai aspettar risposta, rammentando il tempo in cui era stato suo maestro. -Povero professore, quanta pazienza aveva con me! Si rammenta di quel giorno che mi sgridò tanto, e io mi provai a sgridare lei? Oh! ero proprio cattivuccia! E lei mi chiamava la sua alunna ribelle....-

E continuava a parlare sempre lei, e con tutte queste reminiscenze non riusciva al professor Gianlucardi, gran parlatore assuefatto a essere ascoltato, nè di manifestare lo scopo della sua visita, e nemmeno di deviare con qualche parola quel rapido fiumiciattolo di ciarla femminile. Finalmente poté accennare così alla spezzata quello che doveva dirle, e lei interrompendolo:

-Ho capito,-disse,-lei parla in nome della mamma che non vorrebbe che io andassi in villa dalla baronessa. Ma come si fa a ricusare? E che male c'è? Si sta così allegri, ci si diverte tanto! E poi la baronessa è così carina, così gentile con me che non potrei farle uno sgarbo. È un'idea storta della mamma, questa....-

Qui il professor Gianlucardi la interruppe coraggiosamente, e cominciava col suo vocione sonoro a entrare a vele spiegate nel _mare magnum_[X.10] dell'eloquenza, quando ecco arrivare una signora a far visita; poi un'altra; poi due giovani eleganti, e finalmente due signore madre e figlia; e allora un ricambio di saluti, di baci, di strette di mano, di motteggi, di risa, e poi una conversazione ben nutrita sui fatti del giorno, sulle mode, sui teatri, e su cento scandalucci saporosi, indovinati più che detti.

Il professore Gianlucardi era sulle spine: non v'era rimedio: capiva che bisognava andarsene. Nell'atto di stringere la mano alla marchesina per accomiarsi, le disse piano:-Posso portare alla contessa Cecilia la

sua promessa che....

-No no; venga domattina alle dieci da me a far colazione, e riparleremo insieme di quello che vorrebbe la mamma... badi, professore, non manchi,... l'aspetto:-gli rispose con una grazietta che innamorava; e il professore se ne andò consolato, sperando bene.

Quando la mattina dopo alle dieci arrivò al palazzo, gli parve di udire nell'interno un certo via vai di servi, e nel cortile quel leggero scalpitio prolungato di cavalli che aspettano impazienti di muoversi: poi udì varie voci allegre, e quando entrò nel cortile vide una lieta comitiva di signore e di signori a cavallo sul punto di partire, e tra questi primeggiavano, accanto, una bella donna ch'era la baronessa, e quella figuretta aggraziata dell'Albertina; la quale appena vide il professor Gianluca con quella cera stupefatta, spronò il cavallo, e seguita dagli altri, partì di galoppo dando in uno scroscio squillante di risa.

-Dove vanno?-domandò il professore a un servo.

-Vanno tutti in villeggiatura con la signora baronessa:-rispose il servo.

-Non v'era da aspettarsi altro;-diceva a me il professore chiudendo il suo racconto;-ma confesso il vero, quella risata mi passò l'anima![X.11] Perciò affermo che l'educazione....

-Dica la verità, professore:-gli dissi (mi premeva di troncargli il tema solito)-lei credeva di fare come Cesare, _veni_, _vidi_...

-Pur troppo...-interruppe con un sospiro:-veni, vidi... _non vici_-!

EL GUSANO VENCEDOR

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poemas*, by Edgar Allan Poe

¡Ved!; es noche de gala en estos últimos
años solitarios. Una multitud de ángeles alados,
adornados con velos y anegados en lágrimas,
se halla reunida en un teatro para contemplar
un drama de esperanzas y de temores mientras
la orquesta suspira por intervalos la música de
las esferas.

Actores creados a la imagen del Altísimo,
murmuran en voz baja y saltan de un lado al
otro; pobres fantoches que van y vienen a órdenes
de vastas creaturas informes que cambian
la decoración a su capricho, sacudiendo con sus
alas de cóndor a la invisible desgracia.

Este drama abigarrado—estad seguro que
no será olvidado,—con su fantasma perseguido
siempre por una muchedumbre que no puede
atraparlo, en un círculo que gira siempre sobre
sí mismo y vuelve sin cesar al mismo punto;
ese drama en el cual forman el alma de la intriga
mucho locura y todavía más pecado y horror!....

Pero ved, a través de la bulla de los actores
como una forma rampante hace su entrada!
Una cosa roja, color sanguinolento viene retorciéndose
de la parte solitaria de la escena.
¡Cómo se retuerce! Con mortales angustias
los actores constituyen su presa, y los ángeles
sollozan viendo esas mandíbulas de gusano
teñirse en sangre humana.

Todas las luces se apagan, todas, todas.
Sobre cada forma todavía tiritante, el telón,
como un paño mortuario, desciende con un ruido
de tempestad. Y los ángeles, todos pálidos
y macilentos se levantan y cubriéndose afirman
que ese drama es una tragedia que se
llama «El Hombre» de la cual el héroe es el
Gusano Vencedor....!

1838.

MY VALLEY

Project Gutenberg's *A Sheaf of Verses*, by Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall

Oh! my valley of shade and dreams!
Golden lights 'mid the distant blue,
Sun that pauses to kiss the dew,

Dew that trembles beneath its beams—

Fain were I but a bird above,
Floating, drifting on waves of air!
Ah! the life of the birds is fair,
For they wing to the spheres they love.

And if I could but fly and sing
Thro' the sweetness of this dear day,
I would bring all the hope of May,
To thy heart, that is wan for Spring.

THE VISIONARY HOPE

Project Gutenberg's *Poems of Coleridge*, by Coleridge, ed Arthur Symonds

Sad lot, to have no Hope! Though lowly kneeling
He fain would frame a prayer within his breast,
Would fain entreat for some sweet breath of healing,
That his sick body might have ease and rest;
He strove in vain! the dull sighs from his chest
Against his will the stifling load revealing,
Though Nature forced; though like some captive guest,
Some royal prisoner at his conqueror's feast,
An alien's restless mood but half concealing,
The sternness on his gentle brow confessed,
Sickness within and miserable feeling:
Though obscure pangs made curses of his dreams,
And dreaded sleep, each night repelled in vain,
Each night was scattered by its own loud screams:
Yet never could his heart command, though fain,
One deep full wish to be no more in pain.

That Hope, which was his inward bliss and boast,
Which waned and died, yet ever near him stood,
Though changed in nature, wander where he would—
For Love's Despair is but Hope's pining Ghost!
For this one hope he makes his hourly moan,
He wishes and can wish for this alone!
Pierced, as with light from Heaven, before its gleams
(So the love-stricken visionary deems)
Disease would vanish, like a summer shower,
Whose dews fling sunshine from the noon-tide bower!

Or let it stay! yet this one Hope should give
Such strength that he would bless his pains and live.

¶1807 ¶1810.

VINTAGE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*, by Amy Lowell

I will mix me a drink of stars,—
Large stars with polychrome needles,
Small stars jetting maroon and crimson,
Cool, quiet, green stars.
I will tear them out of the sky,
And squeeze them over an old silver cup,
And I will pour the cold scorn of my Beloved into it,
So that my drink shall be bubbled with ice.

It will lap and scratch
As I swallow it down;
And I shall feel it as a serpent of fire,
Coiling and twisting in my belly.
His snortings will rise to my head,
And I shall be hot, and laugh,
Forgetting that I have ever known a woman.

VILLANELLE OF CHANGE

Project Gutenberg's *The Children of the Night*, by Edwin Arlington Robinson

Since Persia fell at Marathon,
The yellow years have gathered fast:
Long centuries have come and gone.

And yet (they say) the place will don
A phantom fury of the past,
Since Persia fell at Marathon;

And as of old, when Helicon

Trembled and swayed with rapture vast
(Long centuries have come and gone),

This ancient plain, when night comes on,
Shakes to a ghostly battle-blast,
Since Persia fell at Marathon.

But into soundless Acheron
The glory of Greek shame was cast:
Long centuries have come and gone,

The suns of Hellas have all shone,
The first has fallen to the last: –
Since Persia fell at Marathon,
Long centuries have come and gone.

THE VISION ON THE BRINK

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Complete Poems of Francis Ledwidge*

To-night when you sit in the deep hours alone,
And from the sleeps you snatch wake quick and feel
You hear my step upon the threshold-stone,
My hand upon the doorway latchward steal,
Be sure 'tis but the white winds of the snow,
For I shall come no more

And when the candle in the pane is wore,
And moonbeams down the hill long shadows throw,
When night's white eyes are in the chinky door,
Think of a long road in a valley low,
Think of a wanderer in the distance far,
Lost like a voice among the scattered hills.

And when the moon has gone and ocean spills
Its waters backward from the trysting bar,
And in dark furrows of the night there tills
A jewelled plough, and many a falling star
Moves you to prayer, then will you think of me
On the long road that will not ever end.

Jonah is hoarse in Nineveh-I'd lend

My voice to save the town—and hurriedly
Goes Abraham with murdering knife, and Ruth
Is weary in the corn.... Yet will I stay,
For one flower blooms upon the rocks of truth,
God is in all our hurry and delay.

VIGNETTES OVERSEAS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Rivers to the Sea*, by Sara Teasdale

I

Off Gibraltar

BEYOND the sleepy hills of Spain,
The sun goes down in yellow mist,
The sky is fresh with dewy stars
Above a sea of amethyst.

Yet in the city of my love
High noon burns all the heavens bare—
For him the happiness of light,
For me a delicate despair.

II

Off Algiers

Oh give me neither love nor tears,
Nor dreams that sear the night with fire,
Go lightly on your pilgrimage
Unburdened by desire.

Forget me for a month, a year,
But, oh, beloved, think of me
When unexpected beauty burns
Like sudden sunlight on the sea.

III

Naples

Nisida and Prosida are laughing in the light,
Capri is a dewy flower lifting into sight,
Posilipo kneels and looks in the burnished sea,
Naples crowds her million roofs close as close can be;
Round about the mountain's crest a flag of smoke is hung—
Oh when God made Italy he was gay and young!

IV

Capri

When beauty grows too great to bear
How shall I ease me of its ache,
For beauty more than bitterness
Makes the heart break.

Now while I watch the dreaming sea
With isles like flowers against her breast,
Only one voice in all the world
Could give me rest.

V

Night Song at Amalfi

I asked the heaven of stars
What I should give my love—
It answered me with silence,
Silence above.

I asked the darkened sea
Down where the fishers go—
It answered me with silence,
Silence below.

Oh, I could give him weeping,
Or I could give him song—
But how can I give silence
My whole life long?

VI

Ruins of Paestum

On lowlands where the temples lie
The marsh-grass mingles with the flowers,
Only the little songs of birds
Link the unbroken hours.

So in the end, above my heart
Once like the city wild and gay,
The slow white stars will pass by night,
The swift brown birds by day.

VII

Rome

Oh for the rising moon
Over the roofs of Rome,
And swallows in the dusk
Circling a darkened dome!

Oh for the measured dawns
That pass with folded wings—
How can I let them go
With unremembered things?

VIII

Florence

The bells ring over the Anno,
Midnight, the long, long chime;
Here in the quivering darkness
I am afraid of time.

Oh, gray bells cease your tolling,
Time takes too much from me,
And yet to rock and river
He gives eternity.

IX

Villa Serbelloni, Bellaggio

The fountain shivers lightly in the rain,
The laurels drip, the fading roses fall,
The marble satyr plays a mournful strain
That leaves the rainy fragrance musical.

Oh dripping laurel, Phoebus sacred tree,
Would that swift Daphne's lot might come to me,
Then would I still my soul and for an hour
Change to a laurel in the glancing shower.

X

Stresa

The moon grows out of the hills
A yellow flower,
The lake is a dreamy bride
Who waits her hour.

Beauty has filled my heart,
It can hold no more,
It is full, as the lake is full,
From shore to shore.

XI

Hamburg

The day that I come home,
What will you find to say,-
Words as light as foam
With laughter light as spray?

Yet say what words you will
The day that I come home;
I shall hear the whole deep ocean
Beating under the foam.

VOLTAIRE.

1694-1778.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *French Classics*, by William Cleaver Wilkinson

By the volume and the variety, joined to the unfailing brilliancy, of his production; by his prodigious effectiveness; and by his universal fame, Voltaire is undoubtedly entitled to rank first, with no fellow, among the eighteenth-century literary men, not merely of France, but of the world. He was not a great man, he produced no great single work, but he must nevertheless be pronounced a great writer. There is hardly any species of composition to which, in the long course of his activity, he did not turn his talent. It cannot be said that he succeeded splendidly in all; but in some he succeeded splendidly, and he failed abjectly in none. There is not a great thought, and there is not a flat expression, in the whole bulk of his multitudinous and multifarious works. Read him wherever you will, in the ninety-seven volumes (equivalent, probably in the aggregate, to two hundred volumes like the present) which, in one leading edition, collect his productions, you may often find him superficial, you may often find him untrustworthy, you will certainly often find him flippant, but not less certainly you will never find him obscure, and you will never find him dull. The clearness, the vivacity of this man's mind were something almost preternatural. So, too, were his readiness, his versatility, his audacity. He had no distrust of himself, no awe of his fellow-men, no reverence for God, to deter him from any attempt with his pen, however presuming. If a state ode were required, it should be ready to order at twelve to-morrow; if an epic poem-to be classed with the "Iliad" and the "Æneid"-the "Henriade" was promptly forthcoming, to answer the demand. He did not shrink from flouting a national idol, by freely finding fault with Corneille; and he lightly undertook the task of extinguishing a venerable form of Christianity, simply with pricks, innumerable repeated, of his tormenting pen.

A very large part of the volume of Voltaire's production consists of letters, written by him to correspondents perhaps more numerous, and more various in rank, from kings on the throne down to scribblers in the garret, than ever, in any other case, exchanged such communications with a literary man. Another considerable proportion of his work in literature took the form of pamphlets, either anonymously or pseudonymously published, in which this master-spirit of intellectual disturbance and ferment found it convenient, or advantageous, or safe, to promulge and propagate his ideas. A shower of such publications was incessantly escaping from Voltaire's pen. More formal and regular, more confessedly ambitious, literary essays of his, were poems in every

kind-heroic, mock-heroic, lyric, elegiac, comic, tragic, satiric-historical and biographical monographs, and tales or novels of a peculiar class.

Voltaire's poetry does not count for very much now. Still, its first success was so great that it will always remain an important topic in literary history. Besides this, it really is, in some of its kinds, remarkable work. Voltaire's epic verse is almost an exception, needful to be made, from our assertion that this author is nowhere dull. "The Henriade" comes dangerously near that mark. It is a tasteless reproduction of Lucan's faults, with little reproduction of Lucan's virtues. Voltaire's comedies are bright and witty, but they are not laughter-provoking; and they do not possess the elemental and creative character of Shakespeare's or Molière's work. His tragedies are better; but they do not avoid that cast of mechanical which seems necessarily to belong to poetry produced by talent, however consummate, unaccompanied with genius. Voltaire's histories are luminous and readable narratives, but they cannot claim the merit either of critical accuracy or of philosophic breadth and insight. His letters would have to be read in considerable volume in order to furnish a full satisfactory idea of the author. His tales, finally, afford the most available, and, on the whole, likewise the best means of arriving shortly and easily at a knowledge of Voltaire.

But, before coming to these, we owe it to our readers, and perhaps to ourselves, to justify with example what, a little way back, we said of Voltaire as epic poet.

Voltaire was profoundly influenced by his personal observations of what England was, alike in her literary, her political, and her theological aspects. Voltairism may, in fact, be pronounced a transplantation from English soil. It was English deism "mixed with cunning sparks of"-French wit. A very short passage from the "Henriade" will suffice the double purpose of showing what in quality of style that poem of Voltaire's is, and of suggesting its author's sense of debt to the England which, for its freedom and its free-thinking, he so much admired. The reader will not fail to note the skill with which Voltaire manages in praising another country to give a very broad hint to his own. The old-fashioned formal heroic couplet, with rhyme, in which the following passage appears translated, is not inapposite to the artificial cast and style of the original. Various passions, such as "Fear," are not only personified in the "Henriade," but made to play the part of veritable characters in the action of the poem. Supernatural interferences occur. History is boldly fabricated or falsified at the pleasure of the poet. Of this audacious freedom the passage from which we take our extract presents an instance. Voltaire sends his hero on a mythical mission to England to solicit help from Queen Elizabeth. He

here meets every reader's familiar old friend, "a venerable hermit," who instructs him in English history and manners. Voltaire wrote prefaces and notes to vindicate his epic practices. He went to Virgil for precedents. Lucan he censured for not making free enough with his history. "Eliza" is, of course, Queen Elizabeth, and "Bourbon," is the hero of the epic, Henry IV. of France, from whose name, it need not be said, comes the title, "Henriade." We quote from the first canto of the poem:

A virgin queen the regal scepter sway'd,
And fate itself her sovereign power obeyed.
The wise Eliza, whose directing hand
Had the great scale of Europe at command;
And ruled a people that alike disdain
Or freedom's ease, or slavery's iron chain.
Of every loss her reign oblivion bred;
There, flocks unnumbered graze each flowery mead.
Britannia's vessels rule the azure seas,
Corn fills her plains, and fruitage loads her trees.
From pole to pole her gallant navies sweep
The waters of the tributary deep.
On Thames's banks each flower of genius thrives,
There sports the Muse, and Mars his thunder gives.
Three different powers at Westminster appear,
And all admire the ties which join them there.
Whom interest parts the laws together bring,
The people's deputies, the peers and king.
One whole they form, whose terror wide extends
To neighboring nations, and their rights defends.
Thrice happy times, when grateful subjects show
That loyal, warm affection which is due!
But happier still, when freedom's blessings spring
From the wise conduct of a prudent king!
O when, cried Bourbon, ravished at the sight,
In France shall peace and glory thus unite?

A poem flaunting on its front invidious praise like the foregoing of a foreign government so different from the government of France, could not be very acceptable to the ruling classes of his time in the author's own country. But in England, during the poet's two years' stay in that island, a revised edition of the "Henriade" was issued under auspices the most august and imposing. Queen Caroline headed the list of subscribers, and such was the brilliancy of the patronage extended to the poem that Voltaire, as is with probability said, netted forty thousand dollars from his English edition—a sum of money equivalent to, say, one hundred thousand dollars, present value. This early success laid the foundation of a fortune for Voltaire, which the skill, the

prudence, the servility, the greed, and the unscrupulousness of the owner subsequently built into proportions that were nothing less than princely. Voltaire's annual income at his death was about a hundred thousand dollars. It seems incredible that a man so rich, and, in some ways, it must be acknowledged, so generous, should have been at the same time so mean, so sordid, so literally perjured in sordidness, as Voltaire is demonstrated, and admitted even by his farthest-going admirers, for instance, Mr. John Morley, to have been.

Among Voltaire's tales doubtless the one most eligible for use, to serve our present purpose, is his "Candide." This is a nondescript piece of fiction, the design of which is, by means of a narrative of travel and adventure, constructed without much regard to the probability of particular incidents, to set forth, in the characteristic mocking vein of Voltaire, the vanity and misery of mankind. The author's invention is often whimsical enough; but it is constantly so ready, so reckless, and so abundant, that the reader never tires as he is hurried ceaselessly forward from change to change of scene and circumstance. The play of wit is incessant. The style is limpidity itself. Your sympathies are never painfully engaged, even in recitals of experience that ought to be the most heart-rending. There is never a touch of noble moral sentiment to relieve the monotony of mockery that lightly laughs at you and tantalizes you, page after page, from the beginning to the end of the book. The banter is not good-natured; though, on the other hand, it cannot justly be pronounced ill-natured; and it is, in final effect upon the reader's mind, bewildering and depressing in the extreme. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity; such is the comfortless doctrine of the book. The apples are the apples of Sodom, everywhere in the world. There is no virtue anywhere, no good, no happiness. Life is a cheat, the love of life is a cruelty, and beyond life there is nothing. At least, there is no glimpse given of any compensating future reserved for men, a future to redress the balance of good and ill experienced here and now. Faith and hope, those two eyes of the soul, are smilingly quenched in their sockets, and you are left blind, in a whirling world of darkness, with a whirling world of darkness before you.

Such is "Candide." We select a single passage for specimen. The passage we select is more nearly free than almost any other passage as long, in this extraordinary romance, would probably be found, from impure implications. It is, besides, more nearly serious in apparent motive than is the general tenor of the production. Here, however, as elsewhere, the writer keeps carefully down his mocking mask. At least, you are left tantalizingly uncertain all the time how much the grin you face is the grin of the man, and how much the grin of a visor that he wears.

Candide, the hero, is a young fellow of ingenuous character brought

successively under the lead of several different persons wise in the ways of the world, who act toward him, each in his turn, the part of "guide, philosopher, and friend." Candide, with such a mentor bearing the name Martin, has now arrived at Venice. Candide speaks:

"I have heard a great talk of the Senator Pococuranté, who lives in that fine house at the Brenta, where they say he entertains foreigners in the most polite manner. They pretend this man is a perfect stranger to uneasiness." "I should be glad to see so extraordinary a being," said Martin. Candide thereupon sent a messenger to Signor Pococuranté desiring permission to wait on him the next day.

Candide and his friend Martin went into a gondola on the Brenta, and arrived at the palace of the noble Pococuranté: the gardens were laid out in elegant taste and adorned with fine marble statues; his palace was built after the most approved rules of architecture. The master of the house, who was a man of sixty, and very rich, received our two travelers with great politeness, but without much ceremony, which somewhat disconcerted Candide, but was not at all displeasing to Martin.

As soon as they were seated two very pretty girls, neatly dressed, brought in chocolate, which was extremely well frothed. Candide could not help making encomiums upon their beauty and graceful carriage. "The creatures are well enough," said the senator. "I make them my companions, for I am heartily tired of the ladies of the town, their coquetry, their jealousy, their quarrels, their humors, their meannesses, their pride, and their folly. I am weary of making sonnets, or of paying for sonnets to be made, on them; but, after all, these two girls begin to grow very indifferent to me."

After having refreshed himself, Candide walked into a large gallery, where he was struck with the sight of a fine collection of paintings.

"Pray," said Candide, "by what master are the two first of these?" "They are Raphael's," answered the senator. "I gave a great deal of money for them seven years ago, purely out of curiosity, as they were said to be the finest pieces in Italy: but I cannot say they please me; the coloring is dark and heavy; the figures do not swell nor come out enough, and the drapery is very bad. In short, notwithstanding the encomiums lavished upon them, they are not, in my opinion, a true representation of nature. I approve of no paintings but where I think I behold Nature herself; and there are very few, if any, of that kind to be met with. I have what is called a fine collection, but I take no manner of delight in them."

While dinner was getting ready Pococuranté ordered a concert. Candide

praised the music to the skies. "This noise," said the noble Venetian, "may amuse one for a little time; but if it was to last above half an hour it would grow tiresome to everybody, though perhaps no one would care to own it. Music is become the art of executing what is difficult; now, whatever is difficult cannot be long pleasing.

"I believe I might take more pleasure in an opera, if they had not made such a monster of that species of dramatic entertainment as perfectly shocks me; and I am amazed how people can bear to see wretched tragedies set to music, where the scenes are contrived for no other purpose than to lug in, as it were by the ears, three or four ridiculous songs, to give a favorite actress an opportunity of exhibiting her pipe. Let who will or can die away in raptures at the trills of a eunuch quavering the majestic part of Cæsar or Cato, and strutting in a foolish manner upon the stage. For my part, I have long ago renounced these paltry entertainments, which constitute the glory of modern Italy, and are so dearly purchased by crowned heads." Candide opposed these sentiments, but he did it in a discreet manner. As for Martin, he was entirely of the old senator's opinion.

Dinner being served up, they sat down to table, and after a very hearty repast, returned to the library. Candide, observing Homer richly bound, commended the noble Venetian's taste. "This," said he, "is a book that was once the delight of the great Pangloss, the best philosopher in Germany." "Homer is no favorite of mine," answered Pococuranté very coolly. "I was made to believe once that I took a pleasure in reading him; but his continual repetitions of battles must have all such a resemblance with each other; his gods that are forever in a hurry and bustle, without ever doing any thing; his Helen, that is the cause of the war, and yet hardly acts in the whole performance; his Troy, that holds out so long without being taken; in short, all these things together make the poem very insipid to me. I have asked some learned men whether they are not in reality as much tired as myself with reading this poet. Those who spoke ingenuously assured me that he had made them fall asleep, and yet that they could not well avoid giving him a place in their libraries; but that it was merely as they would do an antique, or those rusty medals which are kept only for curiosity, and are of no manner of use in commerce."

"But your excellency does not surely form the same opinion of Virgil?" said Candide. "Why, I grant," replied Pococuranté, "that the second, third, fourth, and sixth books of his 'Æneid' are excellent; but as for his pious Æneas, his strong Cloanthus, his friendly Achates, his boy Ascanius, his silly King Latinus, his ill-bred Amata, his insipid Lavinia, and some other characters much in the same strain, I think there cannot in nature be anything more flat and disagreeable. I must confess I prefer Tasso far beyond him; nay, even that sleepy

tale-teller Ariosto."

"May I take the liberty to ask if you do not receive great pleasure from reading Horace?" said Candide. "There are maxims in this writer," replied Pococuranté, "from whence a man of the world may reap some benefit; and the short measure of the verse makes them more easily to be retained in the memory. But I see nothing extraordinary in his journey to Brundisium, and his account of his bad dinner; nor in his dirty, low quarrel between one Rupilius, whose words, as he expresses it, were full of poisonous filth; and another, whose language was dipped in vinegar. His indelicate verses against old women and witches have frequently given me great offense; nor can I discover the great merit of his telling his friend Mæcenas, that, if he will but rank him in the class of lyric poets, his lofty head shall touch the stars. Ignorant readers are apt to advance everything by the lump in a writer of reputation. For my part, I read only to please myself. I like nothing but what makes for my purpose." Candide, who had been brought up with a notion of never making use of his own judgment, was astonished at what he heard; but Martin found there was a good deal of reason in the senator's remarks.

"Oh, here is a Tully!" said Candide; "this great man, I fancy, you are never tired of reading." "Indeed, I never read him at all," replied Pococuranté. "What the deuce is it to me whether he pleads for Rabirius or Cluentius? I try causes enough myself. I had once some liking to his philosophical works; but when I found he doubted of everything, I thought I knew as much as himself, and had no need of a guide to learn ignorance."

"Ha!" cried Martin, "here are fourscore volumes of the 'Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences,' perhaps there may be something curious and valuable in this collection." "Yes," answered Pococuranté; "so there might, if any one of these compilers of this rubbish had only invented the art of pin-making. But all these volumes are filled with mere chimerical systems, without one single article conducive to real utility."

"I see a prodigious number of plays," said Candide, "in Italian, Spanish, and French." "Yes," replied the Venetian; "there are, I think, three thousand, and not three dozen of them good for anything. As to those huge volumes of divinity, and those enormous collections of sermons, they are not all together worth one single page of Seneca; and I fancy you will readily believe that neither myself nor any one else ever looks into them."

Martin, perceiving some shelves filled with English books, said to the senator: "I fancy that a republican must be highly delighted with

those books, which are most of them written with a noble spirit of freedom." "It is noble to write as we think," said Pococuranté; "it is the privilege of humanity. Throughout Italy we write only what we do not think; and the present inhabitants of the country of the Cæsars and Antoninuses dare not acquire a single idea without the permission of a father Dominican. I should be enamored of the spirit of the English nation did it not utterly frustrate the good effects it would produce by passion and the spirit of party."

Candide, seeing a Milton, asked the senator if he did not think that author a great man. "Who?" said Pococuranté sharply. "That barbarian, who writes a tedious commentary, in ten books of rambling verse, on the first chapter of Genesis! That slovenly imitator of the Greeks, who disfigures the creation by making the Messiah take a pair of compasses from heaven's armory to plan the world; whereas Moses represented the Deity as producing the whole universe by his fiat! Can I think you have any esteem for a writer who has spoiled Tasso's hell and the devil; who transforms Lucifer, sometimes into a toad, and at others into a pigmy; who makes him say the same thing over again a hundred times; who metamorphoses him into a school-divine; and who, by an absurdly serious imitation of Ariosto's comic invention of fire-arms, represents the devils and angels cannonading each other in heaven! Neither I, nor any other Italian, can possibly take pleasure in such melancholy reveries. But the marriage of Sin and Death, and snakes issuing from the womb of the former, are enough to make any person sick that is not lost to all sense of delicacy. This obscene, whimsical, and disagreeable poem met with the neglect that it deserved at its first publication; and I only treat the author now as he was treated in his own country by his contemporaries."

Candide was sensibly grieved at this speech, as he had a great respect for Homer, and was very fond of Milton. "Alas!" said he softly to Martin, "I am afraid this man holds our German poets in great contempt." "There would be no such great harm in that," said Martin. "Oh, what a surprising man!" said Candide to himself. "What a prodigious genius is this Pococuranté! Nothing can please him!"

After finishing their survey of the library they went down into the garden, when Candide commended the several beauties that offered themselves to his view. "I know nothing upon earth laid out in such bad taste," said Pococuranté; "everything about it is childish and trifling; but I shall have another laid out to-morrow upon a nobler plan."

As soon as our two travelers had taken leave of his excellency, "Well," said Candide to Martin, "I hope you will own that this man is the happiest of all mortals, for he is above everything he possesses."

"But do you not see," answered Martin, "that he likewise dislikes everything he possesses? It was an observation of Plato long since, that those are not the best stomachs that reject, without distinction, all sorts of aliments." "True," said Candide; "but still, there must certainly be a pleasure in criticising everything, and in perceiving faults where others think they see beauties." "That is," replied Martin, "there is a pleasure in having no pleasure." "Well, well," said Candide. "I find that I shall be the only happy man at last, when I am blessed with the sight of my dear Cunegund." "It is good to hope," said Martin.

The single citation preceding sufficiently exemplifies, at their best, though at their worst not, the style and the spirit of Voltaire's "Candide;" as his "Candide" sufficiently exemplifies the style and the spirit of the most characteristic of Voltaire's writings in general. "Pococurantism" is a word, now not uncommon in English, contributed by Voltaire to the vocabulary of literature. To readers of the foregoing extract, the sense of the term will not need to be explained. We respectfully suggest to our dictionary-makers, that the fact stated of its origin in the "Candide" of Voltaire would be interesting and instructive to many. Voltaire coined the name, to suit the character of his Venetian gentleman, from two Italian words which mean together "little-caring." Signor Pococuranté is the immortal type of men that have worn out their capacity of fresh sensation and enjoyment.

Mr. John Morley's elaborate monograph on Voltaire claims the attention of readers desirous of exhaustive acquaintance with its subject. This author writes in sympathy with Voltaire, so far as Voltaire was an enemy of the Christian religion; but in antipathy to him, so far as Voltaire fell short of being an atheist. A similar sympathy, limited by a similar antipathy, is observable in the same author's still more extended monograph on Rousseau. The sympathy works without the antipathy to limit it, in Mr. Morley's two volumes on "Diderot and the Encyclopædists"—for Diderot and his closest fellows were good thorough-going atheists.

Even in Voltaire and Rousseau, but particularly in Voltaire, Mr. Morley, though his sympathy with these writers is, as we have said, not complete, finds far more to praise than to blame. To this eager apostle of atheism, Voltaire was at least on the right road, although he did, unfortunately, stop short of the goal. His influence was potent against Christianity, and potent it certainly was not against atheism. Voltaire might freely be lauded as on the whole a mighty and a beneficent liberalizer of thought.

And we, we who are neither atheists nor deists—let us not deny to Voltaire his just meed of praise. There were streaks of gold in the base alloy of that character of his. He burned with magnanimous heat against

the hideous doctrine and practice of ecclesiastical persecution. Carlyle says of Voltaire, that he "spent his best efforts, and as many still think, successfully, in assaulting the Christian religion." This, true though it be, is liable to be falsely understood. It was not against the Christian religion, as the Christian religion really is, but rather against the Christian religion as the Roman hierarchy misrepresented it, that Voltaire ostensibly directed his efforts. "You are right," wrote he to his henchman D'Alembert, in 1762, "in assuming that I speak of superstition only; for as to the Christian religion, I respect it and love it, as you do." This distinction of Voltaire's, with whatever degree of simple sincerity on his part made, ought to be remembered in his favor, when his memorable motto, "Écrasez l'Infâme," is interpreted and applied. He did not mean Jesus Christ by l'Infâme; he did not mean the Christian religion by it; he did not even mean the Christian Church by it; he meant the oppressive despotism and the crass obscurantism of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. At least, this is what he would have said that he meant, what in fact he substantially did say that he meant, when incessantly reiterating, in its various forms, his watchword, "Écrasez l'Infâme," "Écrasons l'Infâme,"—"Crush the wretch!" "Let us crush the wretch!" His blows were aimed, perhaps, at "superstition;" but they really fell, in the full half of their effect, on Christianity itself. Whether Voltaire regretted this, whether he would in his heart have had it otherwise, may well, in spite of any protestation from him of love for Christianity, be doubted. Still, it is never, in judgment of Voltaire, to be forgotten that the organized Christianity which he confronted was in large part a system justly hateful to the true and wise lover, whether of God or of man. That system he did well in fighting. Carnal indeed were the weapons with which he fought it; and his victory over it was a carnal victory, bringing, on the whole, but slender net advantage, if any such advantage at all, to the cause of final truth and light. The French Revolution, with its excesses and its horrors, was perhaps the proper, the legitimate, the necessary, fruit of resistance such as was Voltaire's, in fundamental spirit, to the evils in Church and in State against which he conducted so gallantly his life-long campaign.

But though we thus bring in doubt the work of Voltaire, both as to the purity of its motive and as to the value of its fruit, we should wrong our sense of justice to ourselves if we permitted our readers to suppose us blind to the generous things that this arch-infidel did on behalf of the suffering and the oppressed. Voltaire more than once wielded that pen of his, the most dreaded weapon in Europe, like a knight sworn to take on himself the championship of the forlornest of causes. There is the historic case of Jean Calas at Toulouse, Protestant, an old man of near seventy, broken on the wheel, as suspected, without evidence, and against accumulated impossibilities, of murdering his own son, a young man of about thirty, by hanging him. Voltaire took up the case and

pleaded it to the common sense, and to the human feeling, of France, with immense effectiveness. It is, in truth, Voltaire's advocacy of righteousness, in this instance of incredible wrong, that has made the instance itself immortal. His part in the case of Calas, though the most signal, is not the only example of Voltaire's literary knighthood. He hated oppression, and he loved liberty, for himself and for all men, with a passion as deep and as constant as any passion of which nature had made Voltaire capable. If the liberty that he loved was fundamentally liberty as against God no less than as against men, and if the oppression that he hated was fundamentally the oppression of being put under obligation to obey Christ as lord of life and of thought, this was something of which, probably, Voltaire never had a clear consciousness.

We have now indicated what was most admirable in Voltaire's personal character. On the whole, he was far from being an admirable man. He was vain, he was shallow, he was frivolous, he was deceitful, he was voluptuous, he fawned on the great, he abased himself before them, he licked the dust on which they stood. "_Trajan, est-il content?_" ("Is Trajan satisfied?")—this, asked, in nauseous adulation, and nauseous self-abasement, by Voltaire of Louis XV., so little like Trajan in character—is monumental. The occasion was the production of a piece of Voltaire's written at the instance of Louis XV.'s mistress, the infamous Madame de Pompadour. The king, for answer, simply gorgonized the poet with a stony Bourbon stare.

But, taken altogether, Voltaire's life was a great success. He got on in the world, was rich, was fortunate, was famous, was gay, if he was not happy. He had his friendship with the great Frederick of Prussia, who filled for his false French flatterer a return cup of sweetness, cunningly mixed with exceeding bitterness. His death was an appropriate _coup de théâtre_, a felicity of finish to such a life quite beyond the reach of art. He came back to Paris, whence he had been an exile, welcomed with a triumph transcending the triumph of a conqueror. They made a great feast for him, a feast of flattery, in the theater. The old man was drunk with delight. The delight was too much for him. It literally killed him. It was as if a favorite actress should be quite smothered to death on the stage under flowers thrown in excessive profusion at her feet.

Let Carlyle's sentence be our epigraph on Voltaire:

"No great Man.... Found always at the top, less by power in swimming than by lightness in floating."

NON-VIOLENT COERCION

Project Gutenberg's *Introduction to Non-Violence*, by Theodore Paullin

In the last section we were considering the non-violent resistance of groups which had no choice in their means of opposing the will of an invader, but who would have chosen violence if the weapons of violence had been available to them. In those cases there was no question but that the choice rested upon the expediency of the moment rather than upon principle. In the cases of non-violence by necessity the purposes of the resisting groups were defensive and negative, designed to induce the withdrawal of the invader rather than to induce him to follow actively a different policy.

In this section we are concerned with the action of groups designed to modify the conduct of others in order to promote their own ideals. We are concerned with people who presumably have a possible choice of methods to accomplish their purposes. They might rely upon persuasion and education of their opponents through emotional or intellectual appeals; but such action would have no coercive element in it, so we shall consider it in a later section. Or they might attempt to coerce their opponents, either by violent or non-violent means. For the present we are interested only in the latter through its usual manifestations: the strike, the boycott, or other organized movements of non-cooperation.[36]

At first sight such methods do not appear to be coercive in nature, since they involve merely an abstention from action on the part of the group offering the resistance. Actually they are coercive, however, because of the absolute necessity for inter-group cooperation in the maintenance of our modern social, economic, and political systems. Under modern conditions the group against whom the resistance is directed must have the cooperation of the resisting group in order to continue to survive. When that cooperation is denied, the old dominant group is forced to make concessions, _even against its will_, to the former subordinate group in order to regain the help that they have refused to render under the old conditions.[37]

The non-violent resisters themselves are also dependent upon inter-group cooperation. Hence the outcome of this type of struggle usually depends upon which of the two parties to the conflict can best or longest dispense with the services of the other. If the resisters are less able to hold out than the defenders, or if the costs of continued resistance become in their eyes greater than the advantages which might be gained

by ultimate victory, they will lose their will to resist and their movement will end in failure.

In all such struggles, both sides are greatly influenced by the opinions of parties not directly concerned in the immediate conflict, but who might give support or opposition to one side or the other depending upon which could enlist their sympathies. Because of the deep-seated dislike of violence, even in our western society, the side that first employs it is apt to lose the sympathy of these third parties. As E. A. Ross has put it:

"Disobedience without violence wins, _if it wins_, not so much by touching the conscience of the masters as by exciting the sympathy of disinterested onlookers. The spectacle of men suffering for a principle _and not hitting back_ is a moving one. It obliges the power holders to condescend to explain, to justify themselves. The weak get a change of venue from the will of the stronger to the court of public opinion, perhaps of world opinion." [38]

The stakes in such a struggle may be great or small. They range all the way from the demand of a labor union for an increase of five cents an hour in wages, to that of a whole people demanding political independence from an imperial master, or a revolutionary change in the economic or political power of the community.

The decision of the resisters to use non-violent means of opposition to gain their ends may be based either upon principle or upon expediency. In the former case they would say that the purposes they have in mind would not be worth attaining if their achievement were to involve physical violence toward other human beings; in the latter they would act on the basis of the conclusion that in view of all the factors involved their purposes could best be served by avoiding violence. These factors would include the likelihood of counter-violence, an estimate of the relative physical strength of the two parties to the conflict, and the attitude of the public toward the party that first used violence. In practice the action of those who avoid violence because they regard it as wrong is very little different from that of those who avoid it because they think that it will not serve their ends. But since there is a moral difference between them, we shall postpone the consideration of Satyagraha, or non-violent direct action on the basis of principle, until the next section. It would deserve such separate treatment in any case because of the great amount of attention which it commands in pacifist circles all over the world.

At the outset it is necessary to dispel the idea that non-violent

resistance is something esoteric and oriental, and that it is seldom used in western society. This type of action is used constantly in our own communities, and the histories of western peoples present us with a large number of examples of the use of non-violent action in political and revolutionary conflicts. In the following discussion, the point of view is that of the West.

FOOTNOTES:

[36] Clarence Marsh Case, "Friends and Social Thinking" in S. B. Laughlin (Ed.), *_Beyond Dilemmas_* (Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1937), 130-137; Cadoux, *_Christian Pacifism Re-Examined_*, 24-25, and the chart on page 45.

[37] Case, *_Non-Violent Coercion_*, 330. John Lewis says, "Non-violence can be as completely coercive as violence itself, in which case, while it has the advantage of not involving war, it cannot be defended on spiritual grounds." *_Case Against Pacifism_*, 110.

[38] In his "Introduction" to Case, *_Non-Violent Coercion_*.

The Labor Strike

The most common type of non-violent conflict is the ordinary labor strike. In a strike, the workers withdraw their cooperation from the employer until he meets their demands. He suffers, because as long as they refuse to work for him it is impossible for him to produce the goods or services upon the sale of which his own living depends. Usually he is fighting for no principle during such a strike, so that he is apt to calculate his monetary loss from it against the advantages he would have to surrender in order to reach an agreement. When he concludes that it would be cheaper to give in, it is possible for the management and the strikers to arrive at a settlement. If the employer does feel that the principle of control of an enterprise by its owner is at stake, he may hold out longer, until he actually loses more by the strike than he would by conceding the demands of the strikers, but even then he balances psychological cost against monetary cost, and when the latter overweighs the former he becomes receptive to a settlement.

During the strike the workers are going through much the same process. A strike from their point of view is even more costly than it is to the employer. It is not to be entered upon lightly, since their very means of sustenance are at stake. They too have to balance the monetary costs of their continued refusal to cooperate against the gains that they might hope for by continued resistance, and when the cost becomes greater than the prospective gain they are receptive to suggestions for

compromise. They too may be contending for the principle of the right of organization and control over their own economic destinies, so that they may be willing to suffer loss for a longer period than they would if they stood to gain only the immediate monetary advantages, but when immediate costs more than outweigh ultimate psychological advantages, they too will be willing to capitulate.

In the meantime the strikers have to see to it that the employer does not find someone else with whom he can cooperate in order to eliminate his dependence upon them. Hence they picket the plant, in an attempt to persuade others not to work there. If persuasion is not effective, they may resort to mass picketing, which amounts to a threat of violence against the persons who would attempt to take over their jobs. On occasion the threat to their jobs becomes so great that in order to defend them they will resort to violence against the strikebreaker. At this point, the public, which is apt to be somewhat sympathetic toward their demands for fair wages or better working conditions, turns against them and supports the employer, greatly adding to his moral standing and weakening that of the strikers, until the strikers, feeling that the forces against them are too great, are apt to give way. The employer will find the same negative reaction among the public if he tries to use violence in order to break the strike. Hence, if he does decide to use violence, he tries to make it appear that the strikers are responsible, or tries to induce them to use it first. It is to their advantage not to use it, even when it is used against them. Labor leaders in general understand this principle and try to avoid violence at all costs. They do so not on the basis of principle, but on the basis of expediency.[39]

In the great wave of enthusiastic organization of labor that swept over the United States in 1936 and 1937, American labor copied a variant of the strike, which had been used earlier in Hungary and in France.[40] Instead of leaving the property of the employer and trying to prevent others from entering it to take their places, workers remained on a "sit down strike" within the plants, so that the employer would have been forced to use violence to remove them in order to operate the factory. These strikes were based in part upon the theory that the worker had a property right to his job, just as the employer did to his capital equipment. Such strikes were for a time more successful than the older variety, because strike-breaking was virtually impossible. However, it was not long before public opinion forced the abandonment of the technique. It was revolutionary in character, since it threatened the old concept of private property. The fear of small property holders that their own possessions would be jeopardized by the success of such a movement, made them support the owners of the plants against the strikers, who were then forced to give way. In this case the public's fear of revolutionary change was greater than their dislike of violence, so they even supported the use of physical force by the employers and

the police authorities to remove the strikers from the plants. The very effectiveness of the method which labor was employing brought about its defeat, because the public was not yet persuaded to accept the new concept of the property right of the laborer to his job.

FOOTNOTES:

[39] A. J. Muste, *Non-Violence in an Aggressive World* (New York: Harper, 1940), 70-72.

[40] Barthelemy de Ligt, *The Conquest of Violence: An Essay on War and Revolution* (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1938), 131-132.

The Boycott

The boycott is a more indirect type of non-cooperation than the strike, in most cases.[41] This word originated in Ireland in 1880 when a Captain Boycott, an agent for an Irish landlord, refused the demands of the tenants on the estate. In retaliation they threatened his life, forced his servants to leave him, tore down his fences, and cut off his food supplies. The Irish Land League, insisting that the land of Ireland should belong to its people, used this method of opposition in the years that followed. Its members refused to deal with peasants or tradesmen who sided with the government, but they used acts of violence and intimidation as well as economic pressure. The government employed 15,000 military police and 40,000 soldiers against the people, but they succeeded only in filling the jails. The struggle might well have won land for the Irish peasant, if Parnell, who had become leader of the Irish movement, had not agreed to accept the Gladstone Home Rule Bill of 1886 in exchange for calling off the opposition in Ireland. The Bill was defeated in Parliament and the Irish problem continued.[42]

In later usage, the word "boycott" has been applied almost exclusively to the refusal of economic cooperation. Organized labor in America used the boycott against the goods of manufacturers who refused to deal with unions, and it is still used in appeals to the public not to patronize stores or manufacturers who deal unfairly with labor.

The idea of economic sanctions, which played so large a part in the history of the League of Nations in its attempts to deal with those who disregarded decisions of the League, is essentially similar to the boycott. In fact much of the thinking of the pacifist movement between the two wars maintained that economic sanctions would provide a non-violent but coercive substitute for war, in settling international controversies.[43]

FOOTNOTES:

[41] "The boycott is a form of passive resistance in all cases where it does not descend to violence and intimidation. The fact that it is coercive does not place it beyond the moral pale, for coercion ... is a fact inseparable from life in society." Case, *Non-Violent Coercion*, 319.

[42] De Ligt, 114-117; Carleton J. H. Hayes, *A Political and Cultural History of Modern Europe* (New York: Macmillan, 1936), II, 496.

[43] De Ligt, 218-241.

Non-Violent Coercion by the American Colonies

The western world has repeatedly employed non-violent coercion as a political as well as an economic technique. Strangely enough, many Americans who are apt to scoff at the methods of the Indian independence movement today forget that the American colonists used much the same methods in the early stages of their own revolt against England. When England began to assert imperial control over the colonies after 1763, the colonists answered with protests and refusals to cooperate. Against both the Stamp Act of 1765 and the Townshend Duties of 1767, they adopted non-importation agreements whereby they refused to import British goods. To be sure, the more radical colonists did not eschew violence on the basis of principle, and the direct action by which they forced colonial merchants to respect the terms of the non-importation agreements was not always non-violent. The loss of trade induced British merchants to go to Parliament on both occasions and to insist successfully upon the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766 and the Townshend Duties in 1770. In the face of non-cooperation practiced by the vast majority of the colonists, the British government had been forced to give way in order to serve its own best interests.[44]

In 1774, when the Continental Congress established the Continental Association in order to use the same economic weapon again, the issues in the conflict were more clearly drawn. Many of the moderate colonists who had supported the earlier action, denounced this one as revolutionary, and went over to the loyalist side. The radicals themselves felt less secure in the use of their economic weapon, and began to gather arms for a violent rebellion. The attempt of the British to destroy these weapons led to Lexington and Concord.[45] What had been non-violent opposition to British policy had become armed revolt and civil war. It was a war which would probably have ended in the defeat of the colonists if they had not been able to fish in the troubled waters of international politics and win the active support of France, who

sought thus to avenge the loss of her own colonies to Great Britain in 1763. We have here an example of the way in which non-violent resistance, when used merely on the basis of expediency, is apt to intensify and sharpen the conflict, until it finally leads to war itself.[46]

FOOTNOTES:

[44] Curtis Nettels says of the Stamp Act opposition, "The most telling weapons used by the colonists were the non-importation agreements, which struck the British merchants at a time when trade was bad." *The Roots of American Civilization* (New York: Crofts, 1938), 632. Later he says, "The colonial merchants again resorted to the non-importation agreements as the most effectual means of compelling Britain to repeal the Townshend Acts." *Ibid.*, 635.

For a good account of this whole movement see also John C. Miller, *Origins of the American Revolution* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1943), 150-164, 235-281.

[45] Miller, 355-411.

[46] Case, *Non-Violent Coercion*, 308-309.

Irish Opposition to Great Britain After 1900

After centuries of violent opposition to British occupation, the Irish tried an experiment in non-violent non-cooperation after 1900. Arthur Griffith was inspired to use in Ireland the techniques employed in the Hungarian independence movement of 1866-1867. His Sinn Fein party, organized in 1906, determined to set up an independent government for Ireland outside the framework of the United Kingdom. When the Home Rule Act of 1914 was not put into operation because of the war, Sinn Fein gained ground. In the elections of 1918, three fourths of the successful Irish candidates were members of the party, so they met at Dublin as an Irish parliament rather than proceeding to Westminster. In 1921, after a new Home Rule Act had resulted only in additional opposition, the British government negotiated a settlement with the representatives of the "Irish Republic," which set up the "Irish Free State" as a self-governing dominion within the British Commonwealth. The Irish accepted the treaty, and the Irish problem was on its way to settlement, although later events were to prove that Ireland would not be satisfied until she had demonstrated that the new status made her in fact independent. Her neutrality in the present war should dispel all doubts.[47]

FOOTNOTE:

[47] Brockway, *Non-Co-operation*, 71-92; William I. Hull, *The War Method and the Peace Method: An Historical Contrast* (New York: Revell, 1929), 229-231; Hayes, *Modern Europe*, II, 498-501, 876-879, 952-953.

Strikes with Political Purposes

British workers themselves have made use of strikes with political significance. In 1920, transport workers refused to handle goods destined to be used in the war against the Bolshevik regime in Russia, and thus forced Britain to cease her intervention.[48] In 1926, the general strike in Britain had revolutionary implications which the Government and the public recognized only too well. Hence the widespread opposition to it. The leaders of the strike were even frightened themselves, and called it off suddenly, leaving the masses of the workers completely bewildered.[49]

In Germany, non-cooperation has also been used successfully. In 1920, a general strike defeated the attempt of the militarists to seize control of the state in the Kapp Putsch. In 1924, when the French Army invaded the Ruhr, the non-violent refusal of the German workers to mine coal for France had the support of the whole German nation. As the saying was at the time, "You can't mine coal with bayonets." Finally the French withdrew from their fruitless adventure.[50]

FOOTNOTES:

[48] Allen, *Fight for Peace*, 633-634; Huxley, *Ends and Means*, 169-170.

[49] Berkman, *Communist Anarchism*, 247-248.

[50] Oswald Garrison Villard's "Preface" to Shridharani, *War Without Violence*, xiv-xv.

Non-Violence in International Affairs

In the international field, we also have examples of the use of non-violent coercion. Thomas Jefferson, during the struggle for the recognition of American neutral rights by Britain and France, attempted to employ the economic weapons of pre-revolutionary days. His embargo upon American commerce and the later variants on that policy, designed to force the belligerents to recognize the American position, actually were more costly to American shippers than were the depredations of the

French and the British, so they forced a reversal of American policy. The war against England that followed did not have the support of the shipping interests, whose trade it was supposedly trying to protect. It was more an adventure in American imperialism than it was an attempt to defend neutral rights, so it can hardly be said to have grown out of the issues which led to Jefferson's use of economic sanctions. The whole incident proves that the country which attempts to use this method in international affairs must expect to lose its own trade in the process. The cause must be great indeed before such undramatic losses become acceptable.[51]

The same principle is illustrated in the attempt to impose economic sanctions on Italy in 1935 and 1936. The nations who made a gesture toward using them actually did not want to hinder Italian expansion, or did not want to do so enough to surrender their trade with Italy. The inevitable result was that the sanctions failed.

The success of non-violent coercion is by no means assured in every case. It depends upon (1) the existence of a grievance great enough to justify the suffering that devolves upon the resisters, (2) the dependence of the opposition on the cooperation of the resisters, (3) solidarity among a large enough number of resisters, and (4) in most cases, the favorable reaction of the public not involved in the conflict. When all or most of these factors have been present, non-violent coercion has succeeded in our western society. On other occasions it has failed. But one who remembers the utter defeat of the Austrian socialists who employed arms against Chancellor Dolfuss in 1934 must admit that violent coercion also has its failures.[52]

FOOTNOTES:

[51] Louis Martin Sears, *Jefferson and the Embargo* (Durham, N. C.: Duke University, 1927); Julius W. Pratt, *Expansionists of 1812* (New York: Macmillan, 1925).

[52] De Ligt, 131. For other statements concerning the virtual impossibility of violent revolution today see De Ligt, 81-82, 162-163; Horace G. Alexander, "Great Possessions" in Gerald Heard, *et. al.*, *The New Pacifism* (London: Allenson, 1936), 89-91; Huxley, *Ends and Means*, 178-179; Lewis, *Case Against Pacifism*, 112-113.

TO CAN VEGETABLES

Project Gutenberg's *The Laurel Health Cookery*, by Evora Bucknum Perkins

While vegetables require a little more care than fruit in canning, if they receive that care one will be rewarded with nice fresh canned vegetables, free from harmful preservatives, all through the winter.

In the first place, vegetables must be fresh, especially corn and peas. Corn gathered early in the morning ought to be in the cans and on the fire before noon, and peas the same day.

If one is alone with all the housework to do, it is better to put up a few jars at a time.

Always use new rubbers on jars in canning vegetables.

"Blanching", in this connection, means a short boiling in a weak brine ($\frac{1}{4}$ cup of salt to 3 qts. of water) and is used with vegetables to eliminate the acids which they contain.

Place the vegetables in a wire basket or a cloth bag and dip into the boiling brine, then into cold water.

Prepare nearly all vegetables as for the table, before blanching, (okra and corn are exceptions).

After blanching, pack as close as possible in jars. Fill jars to overflowing with water with or without salt, according to special directions; fasten covers on tight (do not be afraid the jars will burst), and set into a kettle or boiler with a board containing holes or with several thicknesses of cloth or with thin tin rings underneath. Surround jars $\frac{3}{4}$ their depth with water, cover the vessel close so that the steam will be retained, bring to the boiling point and boil rapidly and continuously the required length of time.

Use wrench for tightening covers of Mason jars during the cooking. If Lightning jars do not seem to be airtight, thin bits of wood may be placed under the wires. With corn and peas, it is better to have the water deep enough to cover the jars, for boiling after tops are tightened.

Invert jars after removing from the water, cover to exclude light, cool.

Store in dark, rather cool place.

Use cold water to surround jars at first if contents are cold and warm water if contents are warm.

The length of time given is for cooking quart jars. ½-1 hour less will be required for pints and 1 hour more for 2 quarts.

Asparagus—Prepare asparagus as for the table; blanch tips 3 m., other parts 5 m., dip in cold water, pack in jars—the tips in one, the middle of the stalks in a second, and the inferior ends for soups, in a third.

Fill jars with cold water to which salt has been added in the proportion of 1 teaspn. to the quart.

Fasten covers and cook according to general directions for two hours, tighten covers and cook for one hour longer.

Asparagus in Full Lengths—Place stalks in jars, heads up, and pack as close as possible.

To Use—Open jar, add ½ teaspn. salt, set jar in cold or lukewarm water, heat to boiling, pour water off (save for soups), and draw stalks out carefully on to slices of prepared toast.

Shelled Beans—Follow directions for canning asparagus.

String Beans—Prepare as for the table or leave whole, blanch for 2 m., and follow directions for canning asparagus, using water without salt to fill the jars.

Greens—Narrow dock, milkweed, pigweed, purslane or spinach. Wash the greens thoroughly, drop into boiling salted water and leave just long enough to wilt. Remove from water with skimmer, pack into jars, cover with cold salted water and proceed as with other vegetables.

There are no vegetables that we enjoy more in winter than our “greens.”

Okra—Wash young tender okra, cut off stems and tops, blanch 10 m., dip in cold water, cut in transverse slices or leave whole, and finish the same as asparagus.

Peas—Blanch fresh-gathered, mature, but not old peas, for 5 m. (old for 8 m.), dip in cold water, proceed as for canning asparagus, using sugar, 1 teaspn. to quart of water if peas are not sweet. Boil 3-4 hrs. in all; 1 hr. after tightening covers, with water covering jars if possible.

Corn-Prepare fresh-gathered corn as for drying. Pack at once (filling all spaces) in clean jars to within an inch of the top, cover to the depth of a half inch with slightly salted water, fasten covers on as tight as possible, cook 3 or 4 hours, screw covers down again, cover jars with boiling water and boil for 1 hour longer. Remove boiler from fire and let jars cool in the water.

Ears of corn may be boiled in clear water 5 m. and dropped in cold water before removing kernels.

Corn No. 2-Prepare as in preceding recipe and cook for 1 hr. after the water is boiling; tighten covers, invert and leave until the next day. Cook for 1 hr. the second day and again the third day, that is, 1 hr. each for three consecutive days.

Beets-Boil small dark red beets for 30 m., drop into cold water and rub the skins off. Place in jars, cover with cold water, fasten covers, boil 1 hr., tighten covers and boil for 1 hr. longer.

Mushrooms-Pour boiling salted water over mushrooms and allow them to stand in a warm place until withered; cool, drain, pack close in jars and cover with the water in which they were standing; seal and cook 1 ½ hr. Tighten covers and cook ½ hr. longer. Invert jars until cool.

TO DRY VEGETABLES

Corn-Boil corn 2-5 m., score down the center of each row of grains with a sharp knife. With a large sharp knife cut off the thinnest possible layer from each two rows, then with a dull case-knife scrape out the pulp from the hulls on the cob. Mix pulp with that which was cut off, spread on plates or granite pans and dry in a warm oven, stirring often. If the oven is too warm, the corn will turn dark. Corn may be dried in the sun if it is hot, but must be brought in before the dew begins to fall and spread out in the house. It is better to dry a little at a time in the oven and have it out of the way in a few hours. With proper care it can be done in an afternoon.

When dry, put at once into dry clean jars and seal, or into paper sacks tied tight so that no insects can get at it.

With care to keep it from souring, the corn may be dried without cooking.

Any dried corn has a richer flavor than canned corn, but words are inadequate to express how rich and fine flavored the yellow sweet corn is when dried.

Corn for drying should be nice and tender; a little younger, if anything, than for cooking green.

Directions for cooking dried corn are among the vegetables.

Shelled Beans—Lima and all green beans may be dried after shelling by being spread out in a dry, airy place and stirred occasionally, and are quite different in flavor from dry, ripened beans.

String Beans—Cook beans until half done; drain, dry in sun, pack in paper bags, keep in cool place. To cook—soak over night, cook shorter time than usual.

Mushrooms—String mushroom caps, also stems, on a cord the same as apples, for drying, hang in sun and wind until just before the dew begins to fall and finish drying over the stove, or, dry entirely over the stove.

Put into dry, close covered jars or thick paper sacks. (May wrap in waxed paper before putting into sacks). Keep in dry place.

When first dried, mushrooms may be pulverized in a mortar and the powder put into clean, dry jars. It is delightful for flavoring soups and sauces.

=String Beans in Brine=

Put layer of salt 1 in. deep in bottom of stone jar or cask; then a layer of nice, tender string beans 3 in. deep; continue layers until cask is full. Cover beans with a board a little smaller around than the inside of the cask or jar and put a heavy stone on it so that the beans will be well covered with the brine. The beans may be put in at different times, but must be covered with the board from the first.

To Cook—Soak over night in cold water, changing the water several times in the early part of the evening. Cook the same as fresh beans, changing the water once or twice while cooking.

They are as nice and fresh as when picked.

=Corn in Brine=

Put layers of fresh picked corn, cut from the cob, in crock the same as string beans except that the layers of corn should be 1 to 2 in. deep only, and salt ½ in. deep. Have the top layer of salt, and thicker than the others and keep the corn well under the brine with a board and

stone.

Soak over night for cooking, changing the water 2 or 3 times. Cook in unsalted water.

Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Book of American Baking*, by Various

Vanilla Jumble, No. 1.

One and one-half pounds sugar, 1 ½ pounds lard, 6 eggs, 1 pint milk, 1 ounce powdered ammonia, 3 pounds flour, flavor with vanilla.

Take sugar and lard, put in the bowl, mix with a cream. Next add the eggs, mix. Take the milk and ammonia, dissolve the ammonia in the milk and mix together. Take your sieve, put over the bowl, put the flour in and sieve through. Mix light and put in jumble bag with plain tube. Lay out on cleaned pans in jumble form. Bake in heat of 550 degrees F. Flavor with vanilla. Sell these cakes at one cent each, or six for five cents.

Velvet Cake.

1 ½ lbs. Sugar.

¾ lb. Butter.

9 Eggs.

1 ½ gills thick Cream.

1 big spoonful Rosewater.

1 ½ lbs. Flour.

1 oz. Bitter Almonds (blanched and powdered).

2¼ teaspoonfuls Baking Powder.

Separate yolks and white of eggs. When butter and sugar are thoroughly creamed, add yolks whipped thick. Next pour in the cream, almond paste and flour. Beat until smooth. Then add the flour and whites, which have been previously beaten stiff. Bake in shallow pans lined with buttered paper. Do not have the oven too hot.

Recipes from the Project Gutenberg EBook of *Simple Italian Cookery*, by Antonia Isola

VERMICELLI WITH FISH

Boil one-half pound of vermicelli in salted water, drain, and mix with two tablespoons of olive-oil and a little chopped-up parsley. Then set to one side to get cool.

Take five smelts, split them, take out the bones, and fry them slightly in one teaspoon of olive-oil.

Butter a pan and sprinkle it with bread crumbs. Then put into it one-half of the cold vermicelli. Pour over this some thick tomato sauce (one tablespoon of tomato paste cooked in two tablespoons of olive-oil). Then put in the smelts cut in two, some anchovy, a few capers, and three or four ripe olives chopped up with one mushroom. Then add the rest of the tomato sauce, then the other half of the vermicelli, and on top a layer of bread crumbs. Season all well with salt and pepper. Put the pan into a moderate oven, and cook about an hour and a quarter, adding a little olive-oil when necessary, so that it will not dry up too much.

Any fish may be used instead of the smelts, cutting it into thin strips.

TIMBALE OF VERMICELLI WITH TOMATOES (_Neapolitan Receipt_)

Take ten medium-sized fresh tomatoes and cut them in two crosswise. Put a layer of these into a baking-dish with the liquid side touching the bottom of the dish. Now put another layer with the liquid side up, sprinkle on salt and pepper. Break the raw vermicelli the length of the baking-dish and put a layer of it on top of the tomatoes. Now add another layer of the tomatoes, with the skin side touching the vermicelli, a second layer with the liquid side up, salt and pepper, and another layer of the raw vermicelli, and so on, the top layer being of tomatoes with their liquid side touching the vermicelli. Heat three or four tablespoons of good lard (or butter), and when the lard boils pour it over the tomatoes and vermicelli; then put the dish into the oven and cook until the vermicelli is thoroughly done. After cooling a little while, turn it out into a platter.

FLAN OF VEGETABLES

Wash, chop up fine, and boil several vegetables, a potato, some spinach, a carrot, and a small beet, etc., then boil them again in a saucepan with some stock; then add a half a cup of cream or milk, stir well together, take them off the stove, and let them cool. When cool add the yolks of two eggs, some grated cheese, and the whites of the eggs beaten up. Put the vegetables into a mold which has been well buttered and lined with bread crumbs, and cook in the oven.

PLEBEIAN LIFE IN VENICE.

By HORACE ST. JOHN.

Project Gutenberg's *With the World's Great Travellers, Volume IV*, by Various

[Venice is not all made up of palaces and patricians, not all bronze and marble, pictures and statuary. Out of the range of all this, unseen by the ordinary traveller, lies another and humbler Venice, where the poor pass their straitened lives, but which has a character and attraction of its own, worthy of being seen and described. We give St. John's story of discovery in this realm of what he calls "vulgar Venice."]

It may not be a discovery, but it is a fact not often noticed, that there is an every-day Venice which is decidedly vulgar,—which means that it is not all Rialto, Bridge of Sighs, Grand Canal, or Doge's Palace. But, to judge from poems, pictures, and tourists, the city is one beautiful dream, of marble and bronze, of jasper and vermilion, of pictures and the sculptor's breathing models. The temptation is, no doubt, seducing to pass all your time where the great columns stand, where the bronze horses, near St. Mark's, glow with all the colors of the sunset, and where that strangely composed young girl shows you through the horrible labyrinths of the state prison.

Yet there is another Venice which artists rarely touch, as if all low life were confined to the Low Countries, where they are eager enough to sketch fish-stalls and kitchens by the light of "single candle" Schendel. And this Venice has not a solitary element of romance or beauty about it. Step into the "omnibus gondola"—the very thought is enough to obliterate an epic of enthusiasm—and it will land you where the Venetians lead their common lives, without any Byron to bewail them. The songless gondoliers of these public boats are a miserable

set of folk. They never save anything; their fathers never saved anything before them; but they keep up their spirits notwithstanding. Thus, between Giacomo passing Beppo, "Good luck to you!" "Thanks!" "Be hanged, you and your thanks!" Or, "Many patrons?" "Many." "You and your patrons be hanged!" These affectionate greetings are universal.

But the grimy gondola has stopped, and the buying and selling quarter has been reached. No stately ladies, or very few, here "serpentine," as Balzac says, whatever he may mean, along the pavement, and not too many of the white-bodiced damsels, who look so graceful on canvas, as if they were always clean and dark Madonnas into the bargain; because, to tell the truth, these ladies are accustomed, in warm weather, to lay aside those pretty bodices, and work in an attire at once more light and more loose. They are exceedingly busy, and the scene is wonderfully animated.

Venice, providing its dinner, has been compared with a huge ship in port, taking in provisions. Padua and Vicenza have brought their corn and oil; the islands have sent their indescribably superb fruit; Friuli, Istria, Illyria, and the Turkish Archipelago contribute grain, meat, game, preserves, and pickles; Austria, Hungary, and Dalmatia supply wine, which is diluted, by the humbler sort of consumers, with sea water, which the "stick girls," so called from the yokes they carry on their shoulders, bring about. They are from Friuli, whose snow-white summits are just visible from here,—and striking enough they are in their bright bodices, short blue or green skirts, with red borders, and white Calabrian hats, daintily tipped on one side, in order that the massive gold hair ornaments or polished steel pins may be admired. But these charming water-carriers are despised; they live apart from the other inhabitants; and not a Venetian will ever marry one of them. Still, they often return to their mountains, tolerably rich, and their Titian faces are quite as proud with scorn of the Venetians as those of Venetians are for them.

However, it is market-time, which must not be wasted upon international antipathies. Nearly everything in Venice is sold, and nearly everything eatable is eaten, among the inferior classes, in the open air,—polenta, beef, mutton, fish, frying, grilling, roasting, and perpetually passing hot into the hands of the *al fresco* customers. It is generally very good; but best of all is the bread made "on the Continent" expressly for Venice, in the incomparable little district of Piava. Armed with a "tasting order," which a few of the smallest coins imaginable will command, you pass through the hungry throng. This is soup, by no means bad, at two-thirds of a half-penny the basin. That is calves'-head; these are lamb- and pork-chops, with heart and tripe, the savor whereof is suggestive of ancient sacrifices.

Some of the people keep stalls; others shops, without doors or windows. It appears odd to a stranger, upon entering a wine-hall, to be offered a plateful of highly-salted mutton, a comestible which everybody appears to be devouring. After it a service of fish, the entire flavor of which has been absorbed in brine. Then you are ready to drink; but the wine is salted also! There are two delicacies, however, in which persons of every degree delight, and which induce the denizens of the opulent quarter to bring their nobility here. The first is a small white biscuit, made of the most exquisite flour and fresh butter, so speckless, light, and fragile that they crumble at a rough touch, and will not keep longer than twelve hours. Who wants to feast upon them, then, must come to the oven, and, tenderly handling the _bianchetti_, dip them in the wine of Cyprus, and believe in solid ambrosia. The second rarity-uniqueness I would say, if there were such a word—is a little fish, fried in oil, which is sold from morning till night, all through the season. You shall see a maiden of Venice, gloved like a Parisian, "well knotted," elegant of costume, and in air patrician, buy two pennyworth of these dainties,—the whitebait of Italy,—smelling of oil, fire, and the frying-pan, wrap them in paper, take them to a cabaret, sit down, and relish them unmistakably over a flask of Cyprus. She is never alone, however, but accompanied by an escort, who is stamped a gentleman by that sign infallible in Venice, whether or not it be so elsewhere,—his dress. At the same table may be seated, possibly, the very fisherman who provided the banquet.

But what is the meaning of the phrase just used, "well knotted"? Let her wear the richest silk ever spun in Italy, and the haughtiest Hungarian hat, with its aigrette of a dove's wing, your Venetian lady of blue blood is not distinguishable, except by what she has upon her neck. And this is a gold chain, of apparently countless links, beautifully brilliant, with that reddish tinge which has so often been the perplexity of painters, though Titian mastered it, as he did everything else; and falling from the throat is gathered in a coil at the waist, where, the larger and heavier the knot, the higher the patent of social splendor.

Though I am not concerned at present with the aristocracy of the sea-born city, still, if lofty dames will eat little fishes in a market-place, they cannot complain of personalities, should the remark be made that some are dark as ever Giorgione or Carpaccio painted; while others, to borrow the ejaculation of a rapturous wanderer from Paris, who was not really in a rapture, and who, of course, did not mean what he was saying, might be mistaken for the daughters of Aurora, a contrast reminding you of Adam's two wives in the Talmud.

But madame has finished her _gouter_, and, once more taking a liberty with my Frenchman, I remark that she "undulates always with an

appearance of perfect satisfaction." She will not be seen here again until the same freak of appetite seizes her. For, as a rule, the lower classes—as, indeed, they do everywhere—have their own neighborhoods to themselves, though in Venice, naturally, owing to the peculiarity of its position, there are subdivisions. The workmen and artificers and traders are quite distinct from the boatmen and fishermen, upon whom they look with contempt, and with whom they were formerly in a state of incessant feud. The former wear red caps and belts; the belts and caps of the latter are entirely either black or blue, the capes having tassels of the same color, which give an Oriental character to a Venetian crowd.

[Illustration: THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK, VENICE]

And here a curious point occurs. Your great lady prides herself upon the knot in her gold chain; your fisherman or ferryman wears a scarf round his neck, and the bigger the knot he can tie the prouder he is of himself. Again, the gondoliers have their grades of rank. The lords of the black "water broughams," as some one very much in want of a smart saying termed them, are in the service of private families, and hold themselves ready for orders like coachmen. The second degree is composed—to carry on the analogy—of the canal cabmen, who live upon chance, upon travellers, and upon Romeos and Juliets, whenever these young persons are engaged in adventure. Lastly, there are the gondoliers with fixed stations and fixed destinations, ferrymen who float to and fro. But they are all very important to Venice. They are the links of its life; for, singularly enough, it has not bridges enough, and in this respect is utterly unlike Amsterdam, with which it is so often and so absurdly compared. If, however, they swear at one another, they swear at the railway in a chorus. It is rarely, in these days, that any good luck befalls them. Now and then, to be sure, a music and singing party, dizzy with the juice of the Dalmatian grape, attempt to wake the echoes of Tasso among the lagoons, or two fond fools, fresh from their nuptials in the north, glide over the moonlit sea, regardless of expense, and look at life through the stars; yet such Jessica evenings are few and far between, and the Venetian gondoliers, seen by daylight, look like anything rather than Fenimore Cooper's hero, or even a daub in a Canaletti canvas. Still, his ancient art has not deserted him, and he can push his craft along at a wonderful speed.

There is one peculiarity about them which the stranger does not readily understand. They speak as though their language was as limpid as the water on which they live, and made up almost entirely of vowels. You wish to be set ashore at the steps of the "Luna" hotel? Certainly; your gondolier knows the "Una" hotel perfectly well. He has another characteristic, not quite so uncommon: he is an unblushing cheat.

His Venetian customers pay him tenpence, when you, being a stranger, must pay him half a crown, which is an Italian method of expressing patriotism, I suppose. Yet he is continually to be found upon his knees before the altar, and has a patron of his own, whom he invokes upon every necessary or unnecessary occasion.

From him I turn for a moment to another type,—the *ciceroni*,—only, however, to mention a single example. She was a young girl who undertook to show the visitor, fresh from the glories of the ducal palace, through the black labyrinths of the ducal prison. She took two wax tapers, lighted them, gave him one, keeping the other herself, and jingled a great bunch of keys. Then the really pretty and graceful maiden led the way down a worn, slippery, dark staircase, up another across the Bridge of Sighs, down again, telling all the way fearful legends of the place, and plunged deeper into the shadowy recesses at every step.

"Are you not afraid?" she is asked.

"A Venetian girl feels no fear," is her answer.

That is a terrible interior, however, with its range upon range of hideous cells; but worst of all is a vault, without a spark of natural light in it, which seems as if dug in the rock. Its roof is stained by lampblack; its walls bear traces of clamps and chains. "Here the secret executions took place; here the son of a doge was beheaded for daring to love a foreign lady. Only great criminals—that is, great lords—were put to death here." I wonder whether this tender turnkey, if she had prisoners under her charge, would be pitiless to them. There is something painful in the contrast between such a gaol and such a gaoler.

Leaving her, you pass across the square with its corner group of beggars, its swarm of bare-headed children, its clusters of boys with their hair flowing wild, and their brown necks and chests exposed, who give you an idea that they are expecting their photographs to be taken, but who, nevertheless, bask themselves in the sun languidly enough, and act upon the national maxim, "*bisogna stare allegro*." There is but a solitary influence which can rouse your true Venetian to a state of excitement, and that is the presence of death. Rich or poor, he hates it; rich, he rides or rows away to the farthest possible distance; poor, he hides, if he can, until the object of his abhorrence is removed. Somehow these vagrants of the island city never starve. They earn, by one means or another, sufficient for the day, which signifies sufficient for dinner,—two pennyworth of fish, ready cooked, as already described; one pennyworth of soup, and one of bread; and it may be suspected that women and girls do a principal part of whatever work

is done in Venice at all.

You turn into a sequestered nook, resembling one of the smaller courts opening upon Fleet Street, and a number of damsels, without dulcimers, are chattering or singing. These are the pearl-threaders, for pearl-threading is a universal occupation, just as embroidery was at one time in England. The wealthy do it for amusement, the humbler classes for gain, of which, as I have said, a very little goes a long way. It is a popular saying, "You may die of love or hatred in Venice, but not of hunger;" still, you see many ragged, hollow-eyed, and pallid wretches, who, in former days, might have been mistaken for lottery-hunters; but those times, happily, have passed away, though they presented a spectacle sufficiently interesting four or five years ago....

Some one has compared Venice to a page of music, with its curious streets, palaces, museums, canals, and bridges; resembling lines, notes, double notes, points, crotchets, pauses; its long and straight, its short, narrow and crooked ways; its open spaces scattered up and down; its mounting and descending of bridges. I cannot myself see the truth of the comparison; but so much may be readily admitted,—that the stranger can easily lose his way, and not easily find it again, in this maze of land and water, worse than Amsterdam. Unless, however, the wanderer has some business on hand, the very best way to see Venice is to be lost in it; because then, instead of the regulation round of sights, a thousand unexpected novelties strike the eye, in the narrow, ill-paved, and generally noiseless streets that intersect the islands, though the hoof of a horse or rumbling of a wheel is never heard in them.

Opening upon these dingy and tortuous thoroughfares are many of those back entrances to the mansions of the opulent, which play so prominent a part in romance and drama, though, as a rule, they are inhabited by the poorest of the poor to whom an abode is a retreat, not a home,—since their lives are habitually passed out of doors. As for furniture, a bedstead and a huge chest or coffer, with a stool or two, and a small but solid table, constitute the inventory,—if exception be made of the bowls, and spoons, and bread-knives which the inmates carry abroad when they intend to banquet beneath that sky in which Tintoretto and Veronese exulted.

Nothing of marble or mosaic here; nothing of gold or purple; only squalor, such as is never seen in a town of Holland; such as is seldom met with, indeed, anywhere out of Ireland or Italy. The water, however, mingles so intricately with the land that it is impossible to go many steps without coming upon a bridge and a canal,—not the canal of the artist, all blue except where richer tints are reflected

by the architecture on either side, but narrow, crooked, overhung by ugly houses, and rather less sweet to the nostrils than becomes a city famous for its love of violets. Hither come the itinerants of the public places when the last loiterers have left the square of St. Mark's and there is no longer a chance of selling fried cakes or fish, salt mutton or salt tripe, mock pearls or gold thread to string them upon; and here my glimpse closes upon Venice, a thousand times described, yet rarely, I think, from this particular point of view.

VENUS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Orpheus in Mayfair and Other Stories and Sketches*, by Maurice Baring

John Fletcher was an overworked minor official in a Government office. He lived a lonely life, and had done so ever since he had been a boy. At school he had mixed little with his fellow school-boys, and he took no interest in the things that interested them, that is to say, games. On the other hand, although he was what is called "good at work," and did his lessons with facility and ease, he was not a literary boy, and did not care for books. He was drawn towards machinery of all kinds, and spent his spare time in dabbling in scientific experiments or in watching trains go by on the Great Western line. Once he blew off his eyebrows while making some experiment with explosive chemicals; his hands were always smudged with dark, mysterious stains, and his room was like that of a mediaeval alchemist, littered with retorts, bottles, and test-glasses. Before leaving school he invented a flying machine (heavier than air), and an unsuccessful attempt to start it on the high road caused him to be the victim of much chaff and ridicule.

When he left school he went to Oxford. His life there was as lonely as it had been at school. The dirty, untidy, ink-stained, and chemical-stained little boy grew up into a tall, lank, slovenly-dressed man, who kept entirely to himself, not because he cherished any dislike or disdain for his fellow-creatures, but because he seemed to be entirely absorbed in his own thoughts and isolated from the world by a barrier of dreams.

He did well at Oxford, and when he went down he passed high into the Civil Service and became a clerk in a Government office. There he kept as much to himself as ever. He did his work rapidly and well, for this man, who seemed so slovenly in his person, had an accurate mind, and was what was called a good clerk, although his incurable absent-mindedness

once or twice caused him to forget certain matters of importance.

His fellow clerks treated him as a crank and as a joke, but none of them, try as they would, could get to know him or win his confidence. They used to wonder what Fletcher did with his spare time, what were his pursuits, what were his hobbies, if he had any. They suspected that Fletcher had some hobby of an engrossing kind, since in everyday life he conveyed the impression of a man who is walking in his sleep, who acts mechanically and automatically. Somewhere else, they thought, in some other circumstances, he must surely wake up and take a living interest in somebody or in something.

Yet had they followed him home to his small room in Canterbury-mansions they would have been astonished. For when he returned from the office after a hard day's work he would do nothing more engrossing than slowly to turn over the leaves of a book in which there were elaborate drawings and diagrams of locomotives and other kinds of engines. And on Sunday he would take a train to one of the large junctions and spend the whole day in watching express trains go past, and in the evening would return again to London.

One day after he had returned from the office somewhat earlier than usual, he was telephoned for. He had no telephone in his own room, but he could use a public telephone which was attached to the building. He went into the small box, but found on reaching the telephone that he had been cut off by the exchange. He imagined that he had been rung up by the office, so he asked to be given their number. As he did so his eye caught an advertisement which was hung just over the telephone. It was an elaborate design in black and white, pointing out the merits of a particular kind of soap called the Venus: a classical lady, holding a looking-glass in one hand and a cake of this invaluable soap in the other, was standing in a sphere surrounded by pointed rays, which was no doubt intended to represent the most brilliant of the planets.

Fletcher sat down on the stool and took the receiver in his hand. As he did so he had for one second the impression that the floor underneath him gave way and that he was falling down a precipice. But before he had time to realise what was happening the sensation of falling left him; he shook himself as though he had been asleep, and for one moment a faint recollection as though of the dreams of the night twinkled in his mind, and vanished beyond all possibility of recall. He said to himself that he had had a long and curious dream, and he knew that it was too late to remember what it had been about. Then he opened his eyes wide and looked round him.

He was standing on the slope of a hill. At his feet there was a kind of green moss, very soft to tread on. It was sprinkled here and there with

light red, wax-like flowers such as he had never seen before. He was standing in an open space; beneath him there was a plain covered with what seemed to be gigantic mushrooms, much taller than a man. Above him rose a mass of vegetation, and over all this was a dense, heavy, streaming cloud faintly glimmering with a white, silvery light which seemed to be beyond it.

He walked towards the vegetation, and soon found himself in the middle of a wood, or rather of a jungle. Tangled plants grew on every side; large hanging creepers with great blue flowers hung downwards. There was a profound stillness in this wood; there were no birds singing and he heard not the slightest rustle in the rich undergrowth. It was oppressively hot and the air was full of a pungent, aromatic sweetness. He felt as though he were in a hot-house full of gardenias and stephanotis. At the same time the atmosphere of the place was pleasant to him. It was neither strange nor disagreeable. He felt at home in this green shimmering jungle and in this hot, aromatic twilight, as though he had lived there all his life.

He walked mechanically onwards as if he were going to a definite spot of which he knew. He walked fast, but in spite of the oppressive atmosphere and the thickness of the growth he grew neither hot nor out of breath; on the contrary, he took pleasure in the motion, and the stifling, sweet air seemed to invigorate him. He walked steadily on for over three hours, choosing his way nicely, avoiding certain places and seeking others, following a definite path and making for a definite goal. During all this time the stillness continued unbroken, nor did he meet a single living thing, either bird or beast.

After he had been walking for what seemed to him several hours, the vegetation grew thinner, the jungle less dense, and from a more or less open space in it he seemed to discern what might have been a mountain entirely submerged in a multitude of heavy grey clouds. He sat down on the green stuff which was like grass and yet was not grass, at the edge of the open space whence he got this view, and quite naturally he picked from the boughs of an overhanging tree a large red, juicy fruit, and ate it. Then he said to himself, he knew not why, that he must not waste time, but must be moving on.

He took a path to the right of him and descended the sloping jungle with big, buoyant strides, almost running; he knew the way as though he had been down that path a thousand times. He knew that in a few moments he would reach a whole hanging garden of red flowers, and he knew that when he had reached this he must again turn to the right. It was as he thought: the red flowers soon came to view. He turned sharply, and then through the thinning greenery he caught sight of an open plain where more mushrooms grew. But the plain was as yet a great way off, and the

mushrooms seemed quite small.

"I shall get there in time," he said to himself, and walked steadily on, looking neither to the right nor to the left. It was evening by the time he reached the edge of the plain: everything was growing dark. The endless vapours and the high banks of cloud in which the whole of this world was sunk grew dimmer and dimmer. In front of him was an empty level space, and about two miles further on the huge mushrooms stood out, tall and wide like the monuments of some prehistoric age. And underneath them on the soft carpet there seemed to move a myriad vague and shadowy forms.

"I shall get there in time," he thought. He walked on for another half hour, and by this time the tall mushrooms were quite close to him, and he could see moving underneath them, distinctly now, green, living creatures like huge caterpillars, with glowing eyes. They moved slowly and did not seem to interfere with each other in any way. Further off, and beyond them, there was a broad and endless plain of high green stalks like ears of green wheat or millet, only taller and thinner.

He ran on, and now at his very feet, right in front of him, the green caterpillars were moving. They were as big as leopards. As he drew nearer they seemed to make way for him, and to gather themselves into groups under the thick stems of the mushrooms. He walked along the pathway they made for him, under the shadow of the broad, sunshade-like roofs of these gigantic growths. It was almost dark now, yet he had no doubt or difficulty as to finding his way. He was making for the green plain beyond. The ground was dense with caterpillars; they were as plentiful as ants in an ant's nest, and yet they never seemed to interfere with each other or with him; they instinctively made way for him, nor did they appear to notice him in any way. He felt neither surprise nor wonder at their presence.

It grew quite dark; the only lights which were in this world came from the twinkling eyes of the moving figures, which shone like little stars. The night was no whit cooler than the day. The atmosphere was as steamy, as dense and as aromatic as before. He walked on and on, feeling no trace of fatigue or hunger, and every now and then he said to himself: "I shall be there in time." The plain was flat and level, and covered the whole way with the mushrooms, whose roofs met and shut out from him the sight of the dark sky.

At last he came to the end of the plain of mushrooms and reached the high green stalks he had been making for. Beyond the dark clouds a silver glimmer had begun once more to show itself. "I am just in time," he said to himself, "the night is over, the sun is rising."

At that moment there was a great whirr in the air, and from out of the green stalks rose a flight of millions and millions of enormous broad-winged butterflies of every hue and description—silver, gold, purple, brown and blue. Some with dark and velvety wings like the Purple Emperor, or the Red Admiral, others diaphanous and iridescent as dragon-flies. Others again like vast soft and silvery moths. They rose from every part of that green plain of stalks, they filled the sky, and then soared upwards and disappeared into the silvery cloudland.

Fletcher was about to leap forward when he heard a voice in his ear saying—

"Are you 6493 Victoria? You are talking to the Home Office."

* * * * *

As soon as Fletcher heard the voice of the office messenger through the telephone he instantly realised his surroundings, and the strange experience he had just gone through, which had seemed so long and which in reality had been so brief, left little more impression on him than that which remains with a man who has been immersed in a brown study or who has been staring at something, say a poster in the street, and has not noticed the passage of time.

The next day he returned to his work at the office, and his fellow-clerks, during the whole of the next week, noticed that he was more zealous and more painstaking than ever. On the other hand, his periodical fits of abstraction grew more frequent and more pronounced. On one occasion he took a paper to the head of the department for signature, and after it had been signed, instead of removing it from the table, he remained staring in front of him, and it was not until the head of the department had called him three times loudly by name that he took any notice and regained possession of his faculties. As these fits of absent-mindedness grew to be somewhat severely commented on, he consulted a doctor, who told him that what he needed was change of air, and advised him to spend his Sundays at Brighton or at some other bracing and exhilarating spot. Fletcher did not take the doctor's advice, but continued spending his spare time as he did before, that is to say, in going to some big junction and watching the express trains go by all day long.

One day while he was thus employed—it was Sunday, in August of 19—, when the Egyptian Exhibition was attracting great crowds of visitors—and sitting, as was his habit, on a bench on the centre platform of Slough Station, he noticed an Indian pacing up and down the platform, who every now and then stopped and regarded him with peculiar interest, hesitating as though he wished to speak to him. Presently the

Indian came and sat down on the same bench, and after having sat there in silence for some minutes he at last made a remark about the heat.

"Yes," said Fletcher, "it is trying, especially for people like myself, who have to remain in London during these months."

"You are in an office, no doubt," said the Indian.

"Yes," said Fletcher.

"And you are no doubt hard worked."

"Our hours are not long," Fletcher replied, "and I should not complain of overwork if I did not happen to suffer from—well, I don't know what it is, but I suppose they would call it nerves."

"Yes," said the Indian, "I could see that by your eyes."

"I am a prey to sudden fits of abstraction," said Fletcher, "they are growing upon me. Sometimes in the office I forget where I am altogether for a space of about two or three minutes; people are beginning to notice it and to talk about it. I have been to a doctor, and he said I needed change of air. I shall have my leave in about a month's time, and then perhaps I shall get some change of air, but I doubt if it will do me any good. But these fits are annoying, and once something quite uncanny seemed to happen to me."

The Indian showed great interest and asked for further details concerning this strange experience, and Fletcher told him all that he could recall—for the memory of it was already dimmed—of what had happened when he had telephoned that night.

The Indian was thoughtful for a while after hearing this tale. At last he said: "I am not a doctor, I am not even what you call a quack doctor—I am a mere conjurer, and I gain my living by conjuring tricks and fortune-telling at the Exhibition which is going on in London. But although I am a poor man and an ignorant man, I have an inkling, a few sparks in me of ancient knowledge, and I know what is the matter with you."

"What is it?" asked Fletcher.

"You have the power, or something has the power," said the Indian, "of detaching you from your actual body, and your astral body has been into another planet. By your description I think it must be the planet Venus. It may happen to you again, and for a longer period—for a very much longer period."

"Is there anything I can do to prevent it?" asked Fletcher.

"Nothing," said the Indian. "You can try change of air if you like, but," he said with a smile, "I do not think it will do you much good."

At that moment a train came in, and the Indian said good-bye and jumped into it.

On the next day, which was Monday, when Fletcher got to the office it was necessary for him to use the telephone with regard to some business. No sooner had he taken the receiver off the telephone than he vividly recalled the minute details of the evening he had telephoned, when the strange experience had come to him. The advertisement of Venus Soap that had hung in the telephone box in his house appeared distinctly before him, and as he thought of that he once more experienced a falling sensation which lasted only a fraction of a second, and rubbing his eyes he awoke to find himself in the tepid atmosphere of a green and humid world.

This time he was not near the wood, but on the sea-shore. In front of him was a grey sea, smooth as oil and clouded with steaming vapours, and behind him the wide green plain stretched into a cloudy distance. He could discern, faint on the far-off horizon, the shadowy forms of the gigantic mushrooms which he knew, and on the level plain which reached the sea beach, but not so far off as the mushrooms, he could plainly see the huge green caterpillars moving slowly and lazily in an endless herd. The sea was breaking on the sand with a faint moan. But almost at once he became aware of another sound, which came he knew not whence, and which was familiar to him. It was a low whistling noise, and it seemed to come from the sky.

At that moment Fletcher was seized by an unaccountable panic. He was afraid of something; he did not know what it was, but he knew, he felt absolutely certain, that some danger, no vague calamity, no distant misfortune, but some definite physical danger was hanging over him and quite close to him—something from which it would be necessary to run away, and to run fast in order to save his life. And yet there was no sign of danger visible, for in front of him was the motionless oily sea, and behind him was the empty and silent plain. It was then he noticed that the caterpillars were fast disappearing, as if into the earth: he was too far off to make out how.

He began to run along the coast. He ran as fast as he could, but he dared not look round. He ran back from the coast to the plain, from which a white mist was rising. By this time every single caterpillar had disappeared. The whistling noise continued and grew louder.

At last he reached the wood and bounded on, trampling down long trailing grasses and tangled weeds through the thick, muggy gloom of those endless aisles of jungle. He came to a somewhat open space where there was the trunk of a tree larger than the others; it stood by itself and disappeared into the tangle of creepers above. He thought he would climb the tree, but the trunk was too wide, and his efforts failed. He stood by the tree trembling and panting with fear. He could not hear a sound, but he felt that the danger, whatever it was, was at hand.

It grew darker and darker. It was night in the forest. He stood paralysed with terror; he felt as though bound hand and foot, but there was nothing to be done except to wait until his invisible enemy should choose to inflict his will on him and achieve his doom. And yet the agony of this suspense was so terrible that he felt that if it lasted much longer something must inevitably break inside him . . . and just as he was thinking that eternity could not be so long as the moments he was passing through, a blessed unconsciousness came over him. He woke from this state to find himself face to face with one of the office messengers, who said to him that he had been given his number two or three times but had taken no notice of it.

Fletcher executed his commission and then went upstairs to his office. His fellow-clerks at once asked what had happened to him, for he was looking white. He said that he had a headache and was not feeling quite himself, but made no further explanations.

This last experience changed the whole tenor of his life. When fits of abstraction had occurred to him before he had not troubled about them, and after his first strange experience he had felt only vaguely interested; but now it was a different matter. He was consumed with dread lest the thing should occur again. He did not want to get back to that green world and that oily sea; he did not want to hear the whistling noise, and to be pursued by an invisible enemy. So much did the dread of this weigh on him that he refused to go to the telephone lest the act of telephoning should set alight in his mind the train of associations and bring his thoughts back to his dreadful experience.

Shortly after this he went for leave, and following the doctor's advice he spent it by the sea. During all this time he was perfectly well, and was not once troubled by his curious fits. He returned to London in the autumn refreshed and well.

On the first day that he went to the office a friend of his telephoned to him. When he was told that the line was being held for him he hesitated, but at last he went down to the telephone office.

He remained away twenty minutes. Finally his prolonged absence was noticed, and he was sent for. He was found in the telephone room stiff and unconscious, having fallen forward on the telephone desk. His face was quite white, and his eyes wide open and glazed with an expression of piteous and harrowing terror. When they tried to revive him their efforts were in vain. A doctor was sent for, and he said that Fletcher had died of heart disease.

VERBITZSKY'S STRATAGEM.

the Project Gutenberg EBook of *Old Man Savarin and Other Stories*, by Edward Wilson Thomson

What had Alexander Verbitzsky and I done that the secret service of our father, the Czar, should dog us for five months, and in the end drive us to Siberia, whence we have, by the goodness of God, escaped from Holy Russia, our mother? They called us Nihilists—as if all Nihilists were of one way of thinking!

We did not belong to the Terrorists,—the section that believes in killing the tyrant or his agents in hope that the hearts of the mighty may be shaken as Pharaoh's was in Egypt long ago. No; we were two students of nineteen years old, belonging to the section of "peasantists," or of Peaceful Education. Its members solemnly devote all their lives to teaching the poor people to read, think, save, avoid _vodka_, and seek quietly for such liberty with order as here in America all enjoy. Was that work a crime in Verbitzsky and me?

Was it a crime for us to steal to the freight-shed of the Moscow and St. Petersburg Railway that night in December two years ago? We sat in the superintendent's dark office, and talked to the eight trainmen that were brought in by the guard of the eastern gate, who had belonged to all the sections, but was no longer "active."

We were there to prevent a crime. At the risk of our lives, we two went to save the Czar of all the Russias, though well we knew that Dmitry Nolenki, chief of the secret police, had offered a reward on our capture.

Boris Kojukhov and the other seven trainmen who came with him had been chosen, with ten others who were not Nihilists, to operate the train that was to bear His Imperial Majesty next day to St. Petersburg. Now Boris was one of the Section of Terror, and most terrible was his scheme. Kojukhov was not really his name I may tell you. Little did

the Czar's railway agents suspect that Boris was a noble, and brother to the gentle girl that had been sent to Siberia. No wonder the heart of Boris was hot and his brain partly crazed when he learned of Zina's death in the starvation strike at the Olek Mines.

Verbitsky was cousin to Zina and Boris, and as his young head was a wise one, Boris wished to consult him. We both went, hoping to persuade him out of the crime he meditated.

"No," said Boris, "my mind is made up. I may never have such another chance. I will fling these two bombs under the foremost car at the middle of the Volga Bridge. The tyrant and his staff shall all plunge with us down to death in the river."

"The bombs—have you them here?" asked Verbitsky in the dark.

"I have them in my hands," said Boris, tapping them lightly together. "I have carried them in my inner clothing for a week. They give me warmth at my heart as I think how they shall free Holy Russia."

There was a stir of dismay in the dark office. The comrades, though willing to risk death at the Volga Bridge, were horrified by Kojukhov's tapping of the iron bombs together, and all rose in fear of their explosion, all except Verbitsky and me.

"For God's sake, be more careful, Boris!" said my friend.

"Oh, you're afraid, too?" said Kojukhov. "Pah! you cowards of the Peace Section!" He tapped the bombs together again.

"I _am_ afraid," said Verbitsky. "Why should I die for your reckless folly? Will any good happen if you explode the bombs here? You will but destroy all of us, and our friends the watchmen, and the freight-sheds containing the property of many worthy people."

"You are a fool, Verbitsky!" said his cousin. "Come here. Whisper."

Something Boris then whispered in my comrade's ear. When Verbitsky spoke again his voice seemed calmer.

"Let me feel the shape," he said.

"Here," said Boris, as if handing something to Verbitsky.

At that moment the outer door of the freight-shed resounded with a heavy blow. The next blow, as from a heavy maul, pounded the door open.

"The police!" shouted Boris. "They must have dogged you, Alexander, for they don't suspect me." He dashed out of the dark office into the great dark shed.

As we all ran forth, glancing at the main door about seventy feet distant, we saw a squad of police outlined against the moonlit sky beyond the great open space of railway yard. My eyes were dazzled by a headlight that one of them carried. By that lamp they must have seen us clearly; for as we started to run away down the long shed they opened fire, and I stumbled over Boris Kojukhov, as he fell with a shriek.

Rising, I dodged aside, thinking to avoid bullets, and then dashed against a bale of wool, one of a long row. Clambering over it, I dropped beside a man crouching on the other side.

"Michael, is it you?" whispered Verbitzsky.

"Yes. We're lost, of course?"

"No. Keep still. Let them pass."

The police ran past us down the middle aisle left between high walls of wool bales. They did not notice the narrow side lane in which we were crouching.

"Come. I know a way out," said Verbitzsky. "I was all over here this morning, looking round, in case we should be surprised to-night."

"What's this?" I whispered, groping, and touching something in his hand.

"Kojukhov's bombs. I have them both. Come. Ah, poor Boris, he's with Zina now!"

The bomb was a section of iron pipe about two inches in diameter and eighteen inches long. Its ends were closed with iron caps. Filled with nitroglycerine, such pipes are terrible shells, which explode by concussion. I was amazed to think of the recklessness of Boris in tapping them together.

"Put them down, Verbitzsky!" I whispered, as we groped our way between high walls of bales.

"No, no, they're weapons!" he whispered. "We may need them."

"Then for the love of the saints, be careful!"

"Don't be afraid," he said, as we neared a small side door.

Meantime, we heard the police run after the Terrorists, who brought up against the great door at the south end. As they tore away the bar and opened the door they shouted with dismay. They had been confronted by another squad of police! For a few moments a confusion of sounds came to us, all somewhat muffled by passing up and over the high walls of baled wool.

"Boris! Where are you?" cried one.

"He's killed!" cried another.

"Oh, if we had the bombs!"

"He gave them to Verbitsky."

"Verbitsky, where are you? Throw them! Let us all die together!"

"Yes, it's death to be taken!"

Then we heard shots, blows, and shrieks, all in confusion. After a little there was clatter of grounded arms, and then no sound but the heavy breathing of men who had been struggling hard. That silence was a bad thing for Verbitsky and me, because the police heard the opening of the small side door through which Alexander next moment led. In a moment we dashed out into the clear night, over the tracks, toward the Petrovsky Gardens.

As we reached the railway yard the police ran round their end of the wool-shed in pursuit—ten of them. The others stayed with the prisoners.

"Don't fire! Don't shoot!" cried a voice we knew well,—the voice of Dmitry Nolenki, chief of the secret police.

"One of them is Verbitsky!" he cried to his men. "The conspirator I've been after for four months. A hundred roubles for him who first seizes him! He must be taken alive!"

That offer, I suppose, was what pushed them to such eagerness that they all soon felt themselves at our mercy. And that offer was what caused them to follow so silently, lest other police should overhear a tumult and run to head us off.

Verbitsky, though encumbered by the bombs, kept the lead, for he was a very swift runner. I followed close at his heels. We could hear nothing in the great walled-in railway yard except the clack of feet on gravel, and sometimes on the network of steel tracks that shone silvery as the hard snow under the round moon.

My comrade ran like a man who knows exactly where he means to go. Indeed, he had already determined to follow a plan that had long before occurred to him. It was a vision of what one or two desperate men with bombs might do at close quarters against a number with pistols.

As Verbitsky approached the south end of the yard, which is excavated deeply and walled in from the surrounding streets, he turned, to my amazement, away from the line that led into the suburbs, and ran along four tracks that led under a street bridge.

This bridge was fully thirty feet overhead, and flanked by wings of masonry. The four tracks led into a small yard, almost surrounded by high stone warehouses; a yard devoted solely to turn-tables for locomotives. There was no exit from it except under the bridge that we passed beneath.

"Good!" we heard Nolenki cry, fifty yards behind. "We have them now in a trap!"

At that, Verbitsky, still in the moonlight, slackened speed, half-turned as if in hesitation, then ran on more slowly, with zigzag steps, as if desperately looking for a way out. But he said to me in a low, panting voice:-

"We shall escape. Do exactly as I do."

When the police were not fifty feet behind us, Verbitsky jumped down about seven feet into a wide pit. I jumped to his side. We were now standing in the walled-in excavation for a new locomotive turn-table. This pit was still free from its machinery and platform.

"We are done now!" I said, staring around as Verbitsky stopped in the middle of the circular pit, which was some forty feet wide.

Just as the police came crowding to the edge, Verbitsky fell on his knees as if in surrender. In their eagerness to lay first hands, on him, all the police jumped down except the chief, Dmitry Nolenki. Some fell. As those who kept their feet rushed toward us, Verbitsky sprang up and ran to the opposite wall, with me at his heels.

Three seconds later the foremost police were within fifteen feet of us. Then Verbitzsky raised his terrible bombs.

From high above the roofs of the warehouses the full moon so clearly illuminated the yard that we could see every button on our assailants' coats, and even the puffs of fat Nolenki's breath. He stood panting on the opposite wall of the excavation.

"Halt, or die!" cried Verbitzsky, in a terrible voice.

The bombs were clearly to be seen in his hands. Every policeman in Moscow knew of the destruction done, only six days before, by just such weapons. The foremost men halted instantly. The impetus of those behind brought all together in a bunch—nine expectants of instant death. Verbitzsky spoke again:—

"If any man moves hand or foot, I'll throw these," he cried. "Listen!"

"Why, you fool," said Nolenki, a rather slow-witted man, "you can't escape. Surrender instantly."

He drew his revolver and pointed it at us.

"Michael," said Verbitzsky to me, in that steely voice which I had never before heard from my gentle comrade; "Michael, Nolenki can shoot but one of us before he dies. Take this bomb. Now if he hits me you throw your bomb at him. If he hits you I will throw mine."

"Infernal villains!" gasped the chief; but we could see his pistol wavering.

"Michael," resumed Verbitzsky, "we will give Nolenki a chance for his life. Obey me exactly! Listen! If Dmitry Nolenki does not jump down into this pit before I say five, throw your bomb straight at him! I will, at the moment I say five, throw mine at these rascals."

"Madman!" cried Nolenki. "Do you think to—"

He stopped as if paralyzed. I suppose he had suddenly understood that the explosion of a bomb in that small, high-walled yard would kill every man in it.

"One!" cried Verbitzsky.

"But I may not hit him!" said I.

"No matter. If it explodes within thirty feet of him he will move no

more."

I took one step forward and raised the bomb. Did I mean to throw it? I do not know. I think not. But I knew we must make the threat or be captured and hung. And I felt certain that the bomb would be exploded anyway when Verbitzsky should say "Five." He would then throw his, and mine would explode by the concussion.

"Two!" said Verbitzsky.

Dmitry Nolenki had lowered his pistol. He glanced behind him uneasily.

"If he runs, throw it!" said Verbitzsky, loudly. "THREE!"

The chief of the Moscow secret police was reputed a brave man, but he was only a cruel one. Now his knees trembled so that we could see them shake, and his teeth chattered in the still cold night. Verbitzsky told me afterward that he feared the man's slow brain had become so paralyzed by fright that he might not be able to think and obey and jump down. That would have placed my comrade and me in a dreadful dilemma, but quite a different one from what you may suppose.

As if to make Nolenki reflect, Verbitzsky spoke more slowly:-

"If Dmitry Nolenki jumps down into this pit _before_ I say five, do _not_ throw the bomb at him. You understand, Michael, do not throw if he jumps down instantly. FOUR!"

Nolenki's legs were so weak that he could not walk to the edge. In trying to do so he stumbled, fell, crawled, and came in head first, a mere heap.

"Wise Nolenki!" said my comrade, with a laugh. Then in his tone of desperate resolution, "Nolenki, get down on your hands and knees, and put your head against that wall. Don't move now-if you wish to live."

"Now, men," he cried to the others in military fashion, "right about, face!"

They hesitated, perhaps fearful that he would throw at them when they turned.

"About! instantly!" he cried. They all turned.

"Now, men, you see your chief. At the word 'March,' go and kneel in a row beside him, your heads against that wall. Hump your backs as high as you can. If any man moves to get out, all will suffer together. You

understand?"

"Yes! yes! yes!" came in an agony of abasement from their lips.

"March!"

When they were all kneeling in a row, Verbitzsky said to me clearly:-

"Michael, you can easily get to the top of that wall from any one of their backs. No man will dare to move. Go! Wait on the edge! Take your bomb with you!"

I obeyed. I stood on a man's back. I laid my bomb with utmost care on the wall, over which I could then see. Then I easily lifted myself out by my hands and elbows.

"Good!" said Verbitzsky. "Now, Michael, stand there till I come. If they try to seize me, throw your bomb. We can all die together."

In half a minute he had stepped on Nolenki's back. Nolenki groaned with abasement. Next moment Verbitzsky was beside me.

"Give me your bomb. Now, Michael," he said loudly, "I will stand guard over these wretches till I see you beyond the freight-sheds. Walk at an ordinary pace, lest you be seen and suspected."

"But you? They'll rise and fire at you as you run," I said.

"Of course they will. But you will escape. Here! Good-bye!"

He embraced me, and whispered in my ear:

"Go the opposite way from the freight-sheds. Go out toward the Petrovsky Gardens. There are few police there. Run hard after you've walked out under the bridge and around the abutments. You will then be out of hearing."

"Go, dear friend," he said aloud, in a mournful voice. "I may never see you again. Possibly I may have to destroy myself and all here. Go!"

I obeyed precisely, and had not fairly reached the yard's end when Verbitzsky, running very silently, came up beside me.

"I think they must be still fancying that I'm standing over them," he chuckled. "No, they are shooting! Now, out they come!"

From where we now stood in shadow we could see Nolenki and his men rush furiously out from under the bridge. They ran away from us toward the freight-sheds, shouting the alarm, while we calmly walked home to our unsuspected lodgings.

Not till then did I think of the bombs.

"Where are they?" I asked in alarm.

"I left them for the police. They will ruin Nolenki—it was he who sent poor Zina to Siberia and her death."

"Ruin him?" I said, wondering.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"They were not loaded."

"Not loaded!"

"That's what Boris whispered to me in the wool-shed office. He meant to load them to-morrow before going to His Imperial Majesty's train. Nolenki will be laughed to death in Moscow, if not sent to Siberia."

Verbitzsky was right. Nolenki, after being laughed nearly to death, was sent to Siberia in disgrace, and we both worked in the same gang with him for eight months before we escaped from the Ural Mines. No doubt he is working there yet.